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JANUARY.
1888.

THE COLONEL'S SABRETTACHE.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER I.

"I CAN'T help it, Barton. You know me. I've never been a man to carry on flirtations. I've stuck to my profession, and tried to master that."

"True, my dear boy."

"But now I have seen the woman I can love and do love, I can't master my feelings."

"And Lucy does love you?"

"Heaven bless her! yes. Well, I acted as an officer and a gentleman should. I went straight to Sir Murray, and told him like a man."

"Yes? What then?"

"What then? By George, sir, if I had been Tommy Atkins, brought up for drunkenness and absence without leave, he could not have abused me worse. He bullied me; he swore at me; he called me a beggarly young poverty-stricken impostor for daring to presume as I did, and ordered me back to my quarters."

"Ah well, you took the old fellow by surprise. Weather's cold. Old wounds bothered him. He was in a bad temper. Don't take any notice of it."

"Not take any notice? It's a floorer, Barton. It's all over, I'm not to see her again, and I shall exchange into a regiment going on foreign service."

"Nonsense, man. The old boys peppery, but he's a true-hearted gentleman, and if you'll take my advice, you'll let all this pass."

"Pass? What after those insults? No, sir, I'm the wrong man."

"And Lucy?"

"Don't—don't, Barton, old fellow. Have some pity on a man. Do you think I don't suffer enough? I tell you I have my orders from the old martinet to see her no more."

"And yet you've received your invitation to the ball?"

"That's Lady Ogilvie's doing. Bless her for a sweet true lady! And heaven help her for being the wife of such an old tyrant. By George! Barton, old fellow, my blood boils when I think of the way he has bullied us in the regiment time after time!"

"There isn't a smarter regiment of cavalry in the service, and H.R.H. said he was proud of us."

"Yes, yes; but it's heart-breaking work."

"Nonsense, man! You're as peppery as the Colonel. You don't know him yet as I do."

"Ah! you're his son-in-law, and have to submit to his tyranny."

"Nonsense! Helen and I make allowances for his irritation. There—come to the ball."

"Not I."

"Well, you've your invitation; you are still in the regiment, and that card, my dear Jack Lisle, lieutenant of Lancers, is tantamount to an order. If you don't come, I will have a sergeant and a file of men to arrest you. So come."

Captain Barton and Lieutenant Lisle clanked out of the latter's quarters, with spurs jingling, to mount their horses, waiting for them to go on parade, and arrived on the ground just as Sir Murray Ogilvie, the fierce-looking grey old Colonel, rode up, stern and frowning, ready to receive their salutes.

CHAPTER II.

JUST about the same time Mrs. Captain Barton entered the Colonel's quarters, where Lady Ogilvie, a pleasant, handsome elderly woman, was seated busy at work, and Lucy, her second daughter, was at a side table writing. The mother looked placid and contented, and in no wise suffering from the tyrannical old officer's harsh ways: but her graceful-looking, girlish daughter was pale, and her eyes bore unmistakable traces of tears.

"Ah, my darling," cried Lady Ogilvie, kissing her married daughter affectionately; and then, in a whisper, "Try and comfort her; she's terribly low."

Mrs. Barton pressed her mother's hand, and then kissed her sister affectionately, as Lucy rose and came forward.

"There, I'll leave you two," said Lady Ogilvie. "You didn't want anything particular, Helen?"

"Oh, no, mamma. I only came in for a chat."

Lady Ogilvie left the room as Mrs. Barton seated herself by the fire; and as soon as they were alone, the latter just exclaimed—

19th, Thursday.

William Congreve, poet, d. 1729. James Watt, b. 1736. Isaac Disraeli, d. 1848. Isabel of Austria, Queen of Denmark, d. at Ghent 1525.

20th, Friday.

St. Fabian, vir. and mar. St. Agnes' Eve. Sir James Fergusson, d. 1753. David Garrick, d. 1779. John Howard, philanthropist, d. 1790. The meeting of the first Parliament (1295) in Westminster Hall.

21st, Saturday.

St. Agnes, vir. and mar. 4h 49m A.M. Henry VII. b. at Pembroke Castle, 1456. Miles Coverdale, translator of Scriptures, d. 1538. Lord Erskine, b. 1750. Henry Hallam, d. 1859. Execution of Louis XVI. 1792.

22nd, Sunday.

3rd after Epiphany. St. Vincent, martyr, 304. Lord Byron, b. 1788. Sir Robert Cotton 1570. Lessing, poet, b. 1729. Lord Byron b. 1788. The South Sea Bubble "blown" 1729.

23rd, Monday.

James, Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland, d. 1570. Opening of first Royal Exchange by Queen Elizabeth 1570. William Pitt, statesman, d. 1806.

24th, Tuesday.

Charles, Earl of Dorset, poet, b. 1637. The Long Parliament dissolved 1679. Frederick the Great b. 1712.

25th, Wednesday.

Deposition of Edward II. 1327. Marriage of Princess Margaret of England to James IV. of Scotland 1503. Robert Burns, poet, b. 1759. James Hogg b. 1772. Daniel Maclise b. 1811.

26th, Thursday.

Thomas Noon Talfourd b. 1795. Dr. Jeimerd. 1825. Francis Jeffery d. 1850.

27th, Friday.

St. Julian, bp., 3rd century. St. John Chrysostom, abp., 407. St. Murus, ab. 555.

28th, Saturday.

11h 18m P.M. Charlemagne, d. 814. Henry VIII. d. 1547. Edward VI. began to reign 1547. Sir Francis Drake, d. 1606. Sir Thos. Bodley, d. 1612. Peter the Great d. 1725. W. H. Prescott, historian, d. 1859.

29th, Sunday.

Septuagesima. Aurelian, emperor, d. 275. Swedenborg b. 1688-d. Thomas Faine b. 1737. George III. d. 1820.

30th, Monday.

William Chillingworth, d. 1644. Walter Savage Landor b. 1775. Lord Charles Maccall b. 1785. The Execution of Charles I. at Whitehall, 1649.

31st, Tuesday.

Ben Jonson, b. 1574. Prince Chas. Ed. Stewart d. 1788. Proclamation of George IV. 1820.

January 1st, Sunday.

Circumcision.

First instituted as the commencement of the year on the formation of the Roman Calendar about B.C. 670. Louis XII. of France d. 1515. Charles II. crowned at Scone, 1651. G. A. Burger, poet, b. 1748. The Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1801.

2nd, Monday.

Bank Holiday, Scotland.

Ovid, Roman poet, d. 18; Livius, Roman historian, d. 18. Granada surrendered by the Moors to Ferdinand and Isabella, 1492. General Wolfe, b. 1727.

3rd, Tuesday.

St. Genevieve, Virgin, patroness saint of the city of Paris. Marcus Tullius Cicero, b. B.C. 107. Gen. Monk d. 1679. Josiah Wedgwood d. 1795. Douglas Jerrold b. 1813.

4th, Wednesday.

Introduction of Silk Manufacture to Europe, 530. Attempted Arrest of the five members in the House of Commons by Charles I., 1641-2.

5th, Thursday.

Twelfth-Day Eve.

Edward the Confessor, 1063. Catherine de Medicis, d. 1580. Attempt d. Assassination of Louis XV., France, 1757.

6th, Friday.

Epiphany. Twelfth Day. 11h 43m A.M. Richard II. b. 1369. Joan d'Arc, 1402; Benjamin Franklin, 1706. Retreat of the British Forces from Cabul, 1842.

7th, Saturday.

Called St. Duff's Day, as the day on which labour was resumed after Christmas. Fenelon, d. 1715. Allan Ramsay, Scotch poet, d. 1757. Robert Nichol, Scotch poet, b. 1814. J. Hookham Frere d. 1846.

January 8th, Sunday.

1st after Epiphany.

Galileo d. 1642. H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor b. 1864.

9th, Monday.

Plough Monday, rustic festival on resuming farm labour after Christmas. Fire Insurance days of grace expire. Bernard de Fontenelle, philos., d. 1757. Caroline Herschel, astronomer, d. 1848. The Davy safety lamp first used 1816.

10th, Tuesday.

Abp. Laud beheaded 1645. Admiral Boscawen d. 1761. Linnaeus, naturalist, d. 1778. Mary Russell Mitford d. 1855. The Penny Post established 1840.

11th, Wednesday.

Hilary Sittings commence.

Drawing for the first lottery held in England commenced at west door of St. Paul's Cathedral 1569 and continued, day and night, until May 6.

12th, Thursday.

Emperor Maximilian I. d. 1519. The Duke of Alva, d. 1583 at Lisbon. John C. Lavalier, d. 1801 at Zurich.

13th, Friday.

Hilary, Bp. 8h 38m A.M. New Year's Day, old style. George Fox, founder of the sect of Quakers, d. 1690. Charles James Fox, statesman, b. 1748. Monasteries suppressed in France 1790. Lord Eldon d. 1838.

14th, Saturday.

Mallard Day celebrated in All Souls College, Oxford. The Feast of the Ass, held in commemoration of the flight into Egypt. Alexandrian Library of 700,000 books burnt by Calif Omar 690.

15th, Sunday.

2nd after Epiphany.

Dr. Samuel Parr b. 1747. Thomas Croft Croker b. 1793.

16th, Monday.

Edmund Spenser, poet, d. 1599. Richard Savage, poet, b. 1697. Edward Gibbon, historian, d. 1794. Sir John Moore d. 1809.

17th, Tuesday.

St. Anthony, patriarch of monks, 350. Moza-t b. 1796. Royal warrant issued 1859, abolishing the services held up to this date in memory of Gunpowder Plot, Execution of Charles I., and the Restoration of Charles II.

18th, Wednesday.

St. Prisca, virgin and martyr. Festival of St. Peter's Chair celebrated at Rome. Corelli, founder of the ancient school of violinists, d. 1713. Sarah, Countess of Exeter, the original Village Maiden of Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh," 1797.

"My poor dear Lu!" when her sister sank upon the carpet at her knees, and laid her fair head in her lap.

"Oh, Nelly, Nelly," she sobbed, "my heart's broken!"

"Nonsense, darling; hearts don't break."

"You don't know, dear," sobbed Lucy. "Everything went smoothly with you. Oh, how can papa be so cruel!"

"And is it so bad as that, dear? Do you really love John Lisle?"

"Do I really love him!" cried Lucy, reproachfully. "Isn't he everything that is manly, and true, and brave? And papa has treated him like—a dog, and scolded me for being weak and foolish. As if I could help it all."

"Come, come, dear, be my brave little sister. Papa surely knows what is best for us. He has forbidden you to speak or correspond, of course?"

"There was no need," said Lucy, proudly. "I should not have written without his consent."

"And what are you going to do, dear?"

"My duty, I hope. John Lisle has written to me, and told me all. He says he can never—"

There was a pause here, for a very big sob beat the next word and got out first, while Mrs. Barton drew her sister closer to her, and kissed her.

"Never forget me, but he has resolved to exchange, and go on foreign service, and if he falls in the service of his country—oh, Nelly, Nelly, Nelly, I'm a wretched, miserable girl."

Mrs. Barton caressed and fondled her weeping sister till she was more calm, and after a time they sat together talking, Lucy seeming more resigned.

"I wanted to talk to you about the ball and the dresses," said Mrs. Barton.

"Ball! dresses!" said Lucy, piteously, and with a look of reproach.

"Yes, dear. What shall you wear?"

"I shall not be at the ball," said Lucy, gravely. "I could not go now."

"Lucy! Why, John Lisle will be there."

"The more reason for me to stay away," said Lucy. "But he will not be there."

"He will, for I sent Dick to see him, and talk to him, for I anticipated his refusal."

"Even if he will, I could not meet him now, dear."

"You could, Lucy dear. You talked about doing your duty. Be brave, then; a soldier's daughter should be brave."

"I could not."

"For mamma's sake. Oh, Lucy, don't go about the house red-eyed and pale like this. Papa's wishes are our law, and you know how he loves us."

"I always thought so, dear," said Lucy, sadly.

"And you know it now, if you will only think. Is it duty to go about like this because he has opposed your wishes over this attachment, which has come upon him like a surprise. Come, bear it like a woman, and wait."

"I'll try, dear."

"Do, for mamma's sake. She has set her mind on this party. Everything has been prepared, and if you stay away on the plea of illness—"

"I do feel very ill," said Lucy, sadly.

"Then try and master it, dear, for it is mental, not bodily. Be a little woman, and show your pride."

"Pride, Nelly?"

"Yes. It is a woman's duty to suffer in silence, even as those who are dearest to us would their wounds. Come, come."

"I'll try, dear."

"That's my own, brave sister," cried Mrs. Barton, caressing the suffering girl once more. "Papa loves us both dearly; and if he sees that this is for your happiness, he will—I know he will—make up for all the pain he has caused you. And I know he likes John Lisle."

Lucy shook her head, despondently.

"But for mamma's sake you will hide all this?"

"Yes, dear," said Lucy, with a smile; and just then Lady Ogilvie came back, to chat pleasantly with her elder daughter about the dance to be given on New Year's night, and to compare notes about the invitations which had been sent.

CHAPTER III.

CYNICS who are condemned to wear evening dress always sneer at regimental uniforms, just as cynics who scorn the civilians' war-paint, sneer at the swallow-tail and claw-hammer dress-

coat; but all the same, given a handsome *suite* of rooms brilliantly lit, abounding in flowers, and in which are gathered together a large party of young and old, with the ladies' dresses sweeping and rustling over carpet and waxen floor, he must be hard to please who does not find a mingling of smart cavalry uniforms an addition to the scene.

He is said advisedly, for there is no occasion to question the opinion of She.

The New Year's party at Colonel Sir Murray and Lady Ogilvie's was a triumph, and the rooms were just full enough to give the dancers ample room to glide here and there to the strains of the regimental band, half hidden in a mass of greenery inside the great conservatory.

The *élite*, as the reporters call it, of the town of — were there, and from the handsome old Colonel down to Cornet Leaf, whose moustache had not even threatened as yet to grow, every officer was gallant in the gayest cloth and gold the regimental tailors could produce.

But *place aux dames*. The party was to some extent in honour of Lady Ogilvie's jubilee, and every visitor was ready to declare that, with the exception of her grey hair, which, after all, only looked as if she wore powder, the noble old Colonel's lady looked *almost* as young as her daughters.

And yet Mrs. Captain Barton was at her best—a brilliant brunette, and Lucy, fair in her white satin, was, in spite of her pallor, the admired of all.

John Lisle, as manly and handsome an officer as ever bestrode charger, saw it with a pang, as, in obedience to his friend's wish, he was present, and saw partner after partner present himself and be accepted.

They had met early in the evening, and Sir Murray frowned as he was a witness of the encounter; but his stern old face lightened, and he gave Lady Ogilvie a satisfied nod.

"Couldn't be better," he said. "She behaved like a good, sensible girl, and as for Lisle, well, his conduct was that of a sensible fellow."

The music floated through the room, eyes brightened, cheeks grew more ruddy, and every one declared that the dance was a triumph.

"No rule without exceptions," Captain Barton said to his handsome wife. "Poor old Jack! he looks very miserable, but he is full of pluck, Nelly."

"He's a grand fellow, Dick," said Mrs. Barton—"a dear grand fellow, and I'm sorry papa was so hard. Lu's holding up bravely, but she feels it deeply."

The young people did. There were no delicious waltzes for them, as many as for decency's sake they could crowd into their programme. Only one quadrille, which was to be after supper.

But it was supper-time at last, and John Lisle was near Mrs. Barton, talking gravely about an exchange contemplated, when he started slightly, for Lady Ogilvie's voice was heard to say—

"Mr. Reynoldson, will you take in Miss Ogilvie?"

Lisle exchanged glances with Lucy's sister, and she read a question in his eyes. The question was:—

"Is this to be the man?"

For Lucy's cavalier was a good-looking wealthy gentleman of the neighbourhood, and just then he passed Lisle with his partner on his arm, looking flushed and triumphant, for it was notorious that he was an admirer of the Colonel's child.

Poor Lisle had to take in a plain elderly lady, to whom he behaved—well, as politely as could be expected under the circumstances.

The supper passed off brilliantly; there was a toast—the hostess, and a reply from the Colonel, whose eyes looked just a little moist, and whose voice quivered a little for a moment, as he talked of the partner of his long married life, his companion abroad in more than one campaign.

Then all rose to adjourn to the ball-room, for the music was beginning to invite, but the old officer cried "*Halt!*" in a voice of thunder, and there was a dead silence.

"Only a whim of mine," he said, and he took from his regimental servant's hands a tarnished old sabretache and held it ready.

"This is one I wore when I was a lieutenant," he said, "at Sobraon, and Chillianwallah, and Aliwal. It has been in the wars, now it is to do duty in peace. Lucy, my child, come and dip in the lucky bag."

It was rather a faint smile that played on Lucy's cheek, as she advanced, and taking off her glove, plunged her hand into the sabretache to take out a tiny white packet.

"Give it to me. I'll read," said the old Colonel: "Mr. Reynoldson."

Lisle, in spite of himself, bit his lip, as the packet was playfully pitched to the guest, caught and opened, to be found to contain a playful trifle, and on which there was a laugh.

The dipping went on, the Colonel read, and graceful as well as playful presents were distributed; rings and bouquet-holders for the ladies, pipes, cigar-cases, pouches, and the like for the gentlemen.

Then a packet came, and in rather a nervous voice, the Colonel cried out, "Lady Ogilvie."

There was a burst of applause, for it was a magnificent bracelet.

Then more presents, and among them a ring for Mrs. Captain Barton, while Lucy grew more nervous as the moments fled, and no packet came to her hand directed to Lieutenant Lisle.

There was one packet which made her colour faintly as she handed it to her father, and he read the name, opened it himself, took out a plain gold heart-shaped locket, with a single large diamond in the centre, and clasped the chain about her neck.

It was as if in a dream, during which she felt half sick, that Lucy finished her task of drawing from the lucky bag, for there were only three more trifling packets, all for gentlemen, and every one had received a gift save the lieutenant.

"Why, Lisle, old man," said the cornet, in his blundering way, "why have they left you out?"

"An accident, I suppose," said Lisle, smiling. But to himself—"A studied insult, but he shall not see that it stings."

He met the Colonel's eye soon after, as he saw the old man dancing with his own child, but Lisle did not stir a morsel.

His turn at last, and he approached Lucy, feeling that he was being watched, and that dance might have been between two people who had met for the first time. Lisle tried once to say a few words of farewell, as they glided slowly round the room, but he knew that he could not command his voice—his words, and only their eyes bade each other be of good heart, be patient, and wait.

The music ceased, and Lisle, with a sickening sense of misery, was leading Lucy to her sister's side, when, in a hoarse whisper, she said:—

"It must have been an accident that you were forgotten."

He turned to look in her face, but bit his lip, and was silent; and, just then, the Colonel came over quickly.

"Lucy," he cried, "where is my gift?"

"Your gift, papa?" she cried, and her hand went to her bosom, but the locket was no longer there.

"As I expected," said the Colonel, fiercely. "Close those doors; servants, leave the room."

His orders were obeyed, and in the midst of a wondering silence, the guests gathered in the ballroom, Lady Ogilvie, who looked alarmed, crossing to her daughter's side, while Mrs. Barton and her husband found themselves close to Lisle, who looked very stern and white, for he felt that some insult was at hand.

He was almost the centre of the group, and the silence was painful in the extreme, as the Colonel stood frowning, and with his long white moustache seeming to bristle.

"A glass of wine," he cried, hoarsely. "I'm half choked."

It was handed to him, and he tossed it off; and then, drawing himself up, he said:—

"We are all friends here, ladies and gentlemen, and I am a rough old soldier, plain-spoken, accustomed to command."

Here was a pause, and then he went on speaking as if with suppressed rage, while Lisle caught a pitying glance from Lucy's eyes, which nerved him for what was to come.

"I prepared a little surprise for you to-night, ladies and gentlemen," the Colonel continued. "Trifles were distributed as an excuse for making a present to my dear wife and child."

There was a murmur from the assembled guests.

"You saw the bracelet I gave my wife, the locket I gave my child. That locket has been stolen."

A sound like a loud hiss ran through the brilliant lighted room.

"What would you say, ladies and gentlemen, to the man who has been admitted to the inmost recesses of your domestic circle, and who in return for your confidence betrays you by no less a crime than theft?"

"Colonel Ogilvie!" cried Lisle. "This——"

"Tention!" roared the old officer; and, discipline taught, the

young lieutenant drew himself up stiffly, and the Colonel went on.

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser," he cried, fiercely. "Listen, all of you; this man has come into my house—he, the son of a brave old comrade; and in return for my trust has cruelly robbed me of what was almost as dear to me as life. What am I to do to the man who has committed this cruel theft? I'll show you," he continued, in the midst of the terrible silence; and, clenching his hand, he took one step towards the young officer, who did not blench.

At that moment there was a faint cry, and Lucy caught her father's arm, all else seeming unable to even stir.

"Yes, John Lisle," he said, in the same fierce tone, "you are the thief, and——"

He changed his tone.

"As you have the heart, there take the empty case."

"Colonel Ogilvie!" cried Lisle.

"My dear boy!" said the old man, laying his hands upon the young man's shoulders, and his voice sounded broken and apologetic, "it was all a plan, but I couldn't put her in the sabretache."

"Papa!"

"My darling! and I thank God I shall have so true a son!"

NOTABLE OCCURRENCES AND EVENTS.

AUGUST TO DECEMBER, 1886.

AUGUST, 1886.

19. Meetg. of Parliament. Queen's Speech read, and Address in reply agreed to by the Lords.

21. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria abducted, and conveyed from his palace at Sofia to Rens in Russia.

25. The City of Ripon celebrated its thousandth anniversary.

29. Prince Alexander returned to Rustchuk, and formally received the restoration of his sovereignty in Bulgaria.

30. International Sculling-match opened on the Thames.

31. Earthquake in the United States, great damage and loss of life at Charleston.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

1. The International Sculling-match won by William Beach of New South Wales.

— The British Association met at Birmingham.

3. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria returned to Sofia, and enthusiastically received.

7. Abdication of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. A Council of Regency appointed.

— Race between the Mayflower and Galatea for the American Cup. Won by the Mayflower.

11. Second International Yacht Race won by the Mayflower.

— Sculling race, Putney to Mortlake. Lee beat Matterson.

13. Royal National Eisteddfod inaugurated at Carnarvon.

— Volta propelled by electricity; crossed from Dover to Calais.

15. St. Leger Stakes won by the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde; St. Mirin, 2; Exmoor, 3.

— Fall of the Albert Bridge over the Laggan at Belfast. Several lives lost.

18. The Marquis of Londonderry made his State entry into Dublin as Lord Lieutenant.

— Sculling-match on the Thames for the Championship of the World between William Beach, of Sydney, and J. Gaudaur, of St. Louis. Won by Beach.

19. Riots at Belfast. Two people killed.

20. First crop of English-grown tobacco gathered. Four varieties out of seventeen proved successful.

25. Six people killed and twenty injured out of a party of visitors who entered the quarries at Loch Fyne after the blasting of the rocks, and before the fumes had dispersed.

27. Meeting at the Mansion House to consider the formation of the Colonial and Indian Institute, in connection with the Jubilee.

29. Sir Reginald Hanson elected Lord Mayor of London.

OCTOBER, 1886.

1. Duc d'Aumale presented Chantilly to the French nation.

— Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the administration of the Metropolitan Police issued.

2. Colliery explosion at Altofts, near Wakefield, loss of 21 lives.

— London Banks commenced closing at two o'clock.

5. The Church Congress opened at Wakefield; twenty-sixth annual gathering.

11. A statue of Sister Dora (Miss Dorothy Patterson) unveiled at Wakefield.

12. The Cesarewitch Stakes won by Mr. Vyner's Stone Clink; The Cob, 2; Eurasian, 3.

13. Prince Albert Victor opened the Victoria Hospital at Burnley.

18. Meeting at Lambeth Palace to appoint a Committee in connection with the erection of a Church House as a Church of England Jubilee Memorial.

22. Fleet and business of the Inman Steamboat Company sold to the International Navigation Company for £205,000.

25. Doomsday Celebration commenced.

26. Cambridgeshire Stakes won by Sailor Prince; St. Mirin, 2; Carlton, 3.

28. Dedication of the Statue of Liberty (presented to the United States by the French nation) on Bedloe's Island, New York.

30. The Island of Socotra formally annexed by Brigadier-General Hogg, the British Political Resident at Aden.

— Gravel Pit Wood, Highgate, dedicated to the use of the public by the Lord Mayor.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

2. Notification by the Commissioner of the City Police prohibiting

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK AND ANNUAL FOR 1888.

the Socialist Demonstration on Lord Mayor's Day.

8. Close of the International Exhibition, Liverpool, 2,682,516 visitors admitted since the opening.

9. Lord Mayor's Show passed off quietly, the Socialist Demonstration proving abortive.

— A new Naval and Military Order, to be styled the Distinguished Service Order, announced by the *London Gazette*.

10. Parliament prorogued to December 9.

— The Indian and Colonial Exhibition closed; 5,550,749 persons visited the place since the opening.

— Prince Waldemar of Denmark elected by the Bulgarian Sobranje as Prince of Bulgaria. The offer declined.

11. Proclamation of the Eisteddfod (to be held in London in 1887) in the Temple Gardens.

19. Fire at Hampton Court Palace.

23. Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenburg) delivered of a son.

25. Mr. A. J. Balfour elected rector of St. Andrew's University, defeating Sir John Lubbock by 20 votes.

— Libel suit brought by Mr. Adams against his father-in-law Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Mr. Bernard Coleridge. Verdict for defendants.

26. Commencement of the Divorce Suit of Lord and Lady Colin Campbell.

30. Parliament prorogued to Jan. 13.

DECEMBER, 1886.

3. Resignation of the French Ministry under M. de Freycinet.

6. President Cleveland delivered his message to Congress.

8. Heavy Gale over United Kingdom. Loss of life.

9. The Gale unabated. Barometer in London fell to 28.32, the lowest known for 40 years.

— Opening of Guildhall School of Music on the Embankment.

10. Twenty-seven of the crew of the Southport and St. Ann's Lifeboats lost while attempting the rescue of the crew of the barque Mexico on Frimley Sands.

— Formation of a new French Ministry under M. Goblet.

14. Mr. John Dillon ordered to enter into his own recognizances in £1,000, and to find two sureties in a like amount, with the alternative of six months' imprisonment, for incendiary speeches.

15. The Prince and Princess of Wales opened Sion College on the Embankment.

— Merlati completed his fast of 50 days in Paris.

16. Mr. Dillon, M.P., Mr. M. Harris, M.P., Mr. D. Sheehy, M.P., and Mr. W. O'Brien arrested for conspiracy while collecting rents from the tenants of Lord Clanricarde.

17. The Queen held the first investiture of the Distinguished Service Order at Windsor.

— The Plan of Campaign proclaimed an illegal conspiracy in the *Dublin Gazette*.

20. Termination of the divorce suit of Campbell v. Campbell and the Duke of Marlborough, Capt. Shaw, Dr. Bird, and General Sir W. Butler. Both petitions dismissed. The hearing lasted 18 days.

23. Resignation by Lord Randolph Churchill of the post of Chancellor of Exchequer.

21. Great Snowstorm in London and the South and West of England. Telegraph communication completely suspended.

30. Lord Hartington declined to take office under Lord Salisbury's Government, but promised to afford it hearty support.

31. Parliament further prorogued to Jan. 27.

Cross, Alfred, late of Grantham, Jan. 15 ... £170,000

Balfour, Alexander, late of Mount Alyn, Denbighshire, Jan. 6 ... 132,000

Crampton, Sir John Fiennes Twissleton, Bart., Jan. 26 ... 104,000

Stewart, William, late of Wakefield, Jan. 29 ... 175,000

Begg, Mrs. Eliza Macfarlane, late of Edgware, Middlesex, Feb. 11 ... 112,000

Oskey, John, late of Surbiton ... 157,000

Godden, William, late of South Norwood Park, Feb. 24 ... 180,000

Shaw, Thomas, late of No. 8, Hyde Park-square, Feb. 28 ... 102,000

Atsell, John Harvey, late of Woodbury Hall, Cambridgeshire, March 1 ... 138,000

Whitworth, Sir Joseph, Bart., March 12 ... 361,311

Cowner, Henry Alexander, late of 23, Fitzwilliam place, Dublin, March 12 ... 150,000

Farr, William Widdham, late of Iford, near Chichester, March 9 ... 128,000

Schlusser, Alexander, late of Belvedere, Wimbledon, March 25 ... 269,000

Arkwright, Alfred, late of Wirksworth, Derbyshire, March 28 ... 165,000

Beaumont, Mrs. Eliza Maria, late of Kenwood Park, Shetfield, March 15 ... 116,000

Phillimore, William Brough, late of No. 7, Hyde Park-gardens, April 2 ... 367,000

Rushill, Christopher, late of Hinderton, Chester, April 1 ... 119,750

Barbour, George Freeland, late of Bonskied, Perth, April 6 ... 454,000

Kennard, Stephen Ponder, late of 17, Kensington Palace-gardens ... 113,000

Rothschild, Baroness Betty de, late of 19, Rue Lafitte, Paris, April 19 ... 377,000

Snook, John, late of Belmont Castle, Hants, April 18 ... 134,000

Andrew, Sir William Patrick, late of 29, Bryanstone-square, April 23 ... 102,000

Lancaster, Benjamin, late of Sunnyside, Burnemouth, April 15 ... 135,000

Meyer, Johann, late of Dresden, April 26 ... 117,000

Eyre, Vincent Anthony, late of Lindley Hall, Lincolnshire, May 5 ... 459,500

Bingley, Charles Bentley, late of Stanhops Park, Greenford, Middlesex, May 13 ... 167,000

Harvey, Sir Robert Bateson, late of Langley Park, Bucks, May 17 ... 147,000

Fraser, Mrs. Emilie, late of Bayswater, May 25 ... 207,000

Gerard, Robert Toher B., late of Garsword, Lancashire, May 25 ... 197,000

Barnard, W., late of Friar Green, Sawbridgeworth, Herts ... 169,172

Morrison, Mrs. Mary Ann, late of Basildon, Berks, June 1 ... 617,000

Davidson, William, late of Torquay, June 1 ... 103,000

Alexander, William Dollin, late of Tunbridge Wells, June 15 ... 381,000

Cusar, William Hannay, Arbroath, June 4 ... 263,000

De Gex, Sir John Peter, G.C., late of 20, Hyde Park-square, June 20 ... 115,000

Cousins, Samuel, late of 24, Camden-square, June 20 ... 112,000

Erle-Drax, John Samuel Wanley Sawbrige, late of Holnest Park, Dorsetshire, June 27 ... 139,000

Rigg, Jonathan, late of Wrotham Hill Park, Kent, June 24 ... 110,000

Purves, Charles Hyde Home, late of Purveshall, Berwickshire, June 17 ... 101,000

Crosfield, George, late of 109, Lancaster-gate, July 4 ... 320,000

Henderson, Charles Paton, late of 77, Lancaster-gate, June 13 ... 404,000

Currie, the Rev. Maynard Wodehouse, late of the Rectory, Hingham, Norfolk, July 12 ... 107,000

Geaves, J. R., late of Hatfield House, Twickenham ... 104,000

Burgoyne, J. C., late of 116, Harley-street, July 15 ... 103,000

Swift, John, late of Eastbourne, July 21 ... 384,000

Gurney, John, late of Sprowston Hall, Norfolk, July 22 ... 204,000

Barnett, John, late of Beckenham, July 26 ... 126,000

Marshall, G. Hibbert, late of Patrington, Yorkshire, July 6 ... 101,000

Watson, Thomas, late of Horse Carrs, Rochdale, July 14 ... 182,300

Case, Charles, late of 23, Lowndes-street, Aug. 23 ... 613,000

Fanning, W., late of Bozodon, Oxford, Aug. 4 ... 136,000

Pearson, John, late of Golborne Park, Newton-le-Willows, Aug. 17 ... 188,866

Winchester, the Most Hon. the Marquis of, Aug. 27 ... 107,000

Stewart, John, late of Cleveland Row, St. James, Aug. 9 ... 295,000

Lygon, the Right Hon. William, Earl of Longford, Aug. 11 ... 130,000

PERSONS WHO HAVE DIED LEAVING FORTUNES OF £100,000 AND UPWARDS.

(From the "Illustrated London News" Weekly Report of Wills and Bequests.

1885.	£
Hedley, George, late of Burnhopsides, Durham, Aug. 27 ...	127,000
Little, James, late of Freemont, West Derby, near Liverpool, Sept. 1 ...	225,000
Ferguson, William, late of Elm Bank, Hornsey-lane, Sept. 17 ...	180,000
Ollivant, Elizabeth, Miss, late of Symonstone Hall, near Burnley, Lancashire, Sept. 29 ...	140,000
Knowles, Kaye, late of the Warrington-crescent, Malda Hill West, Oct. 2 ...	247,000
Firbank, Joseph, late of St. Julian's, Newport, Monmouthshire, Oct. 15 ...	298,000
Cheape, George Clerk, late of Strathtyrum and Wellfield, Oct. 12 ...	308,000
Savory, Albert, late of Kirkham Hall, Kirkham Abbey, Yorkshire, Oct. 22 ...	114,000
Berners, John, late of Woolverstone Park, Suffolk, Nov. 1 ...	222,000
Kelk, John, Sir, J.P., D.L., M.P., late of Tedworth House, Hants, Nov. 9 ...	438,000
Forster, John, late of Malerleys, East Woodnay, Southampton, Nov. 4 ...	147,000
Rodewald, Frederick, late of Fedheim, Wimbledon Common, Nov. 5 ...	137,000
Don, William Gilbert, of Rothesay-terrace, Edinburgh, Nov. 3 ...	104,000
Longton, Rev. Charles, late of Eastwood, Bournemouth, Hants, Nov. 10 ...	103,000
Dupre, Caledon George, late of Wilton Park, Buckingham ...	358,000
Boddington, Henry, late of the Cove, Silverdale, Lancashire, Nov. 11 ...	146,000
Mann, Thomas, late of Roseneath House, Winchmore Hill, and the Albion Brewery, Mile End, Nov. 25 ...	410,000
Heathcote, William, late of Moorcroft House, Hillingdon, Dec. 1 ...	201,000
Naylor-Leyland, Col. Tom, J.P., late of Narclwyd, Dec. 3 ...	241,000
Hannaford, Thomas Charles, late of Dartmoor, Dec. 11 ...	124,000
Brown, George Henry, late of No. 8, White Rock, Hastings, Dec. 11 ...	135,000
Robinson, George, late of No. 11, St. George's-place, Hyde Park-corner, Dec. 22 ...	126,000
Rose, Alderman Thomas, late of 14, Bank-street, Manchester, Dec. 20 ...	191,000
Laverton, Abraham, late of Farleigh Castle, Hungerford, Somersetshire, Dec. 8 ...	647,000

1887.

Coope, Octavius Edward, late of Rochetts, near Brentwood, Jan. 1 ...	542,000
Schillizzi, Stephen Peter, late of Park Point, Higher Broughton, Jan. 12 ...	223,000

FIRES IN THEATRES.

The following is the list of the Parisian theatres destroyed by fire since 1733, in the order in which they were burnt down.—The Opera, 1763 and 1718; Délassements-Comiques, 1781; Théâtre-Lazari, 1798; Le Cirque, 1798; Théâtre-Français, 1799; Théâtre-Français, 1818; Cirque-Olympique, 1826; Gaîté, 1837; Théâtre-Italien, 1837; Vaudeville, 1838; Diorama, 1839; Théâtre des Nouveautés, 1866; Théâtre de Belleville, 1866; Hippodrome, 1869; Porte-Saint Martin, 1871; Opera, 1733; Opera Comique, 1857. In the provinces the chief disasters of the kind were the destruction of theatres at Bordeaux in 1855; at Angers, 1865; at Brest, 1866; and Lyons, 1880. In other countries we may recall the following:—Destruction of the Amsterdam Theatre, 1772; Glasgow, 1780; Haymarket, London, 1783; Saragossa, 1788; Manchester, 1789; Falmouth, 1792; Amphitheatre at London, 1794, 1830, 1841; Colombian Museum in America, 1803 and 1804; Surrey, London, 1805; Covent Garden, 1808; Drury Lane, 1809; Saint-Charles at Naples, 1816; Munich, 1823; Lyceum, London, 1831; Grand Theatre, Berlin, 1843; Quebec, 1846; Garrick, 1846; Grand Ducal at Baden, 1847; Park, New York, 1848; Olympic, 1849; Adelphi, Edinburgh, 1853; Covent Garden and Pavilion, London, 1856; Namur, 1860. In 1863, the Grand Theatre at Boston; the theatres at Plymouth, Glasgow (second time); Quai Franz-Josef, Vienna; Albra, Rome; and that in Barcelona were burnt down. In 1865, the Surrey Gardens Theatre, London; the Edinburgh Theatre; the Surrey, Shetfield; Park, Stockholm; Mondini, Verona; and Theatre Royal, Breslau. In 1866, the Cincinnati Opera House; Imperial Theatre, Constantinople; Standard, London; Grand Theatre, New Orleans. In 1867, the Naur Theatre (third time); Bowery and Winter Garden, New York; Varieties, Philadelphia; Her Majesty's, London; Grand Theatre, San Francisco. In 1868 the Nora Theatre, Turin; Butler, New York; Trevisa, Venice. In 1869, Glasgow, Hull, and Cologne Theatres. More recently still occurred the lamentable disaster at the Brooklyn Theatre, when over 200 victims perished, and that at Rouen, when there was also loss of human life. To this list must now be added the disastrous fire at the Exeter Theatre, the details of which are fresh in the public mind.

FEBRUARY.
1888.

A CASHMERE ADVENTURE.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW J. MACPHERSON.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir."—*Geo. Cowring.*

February 1st, Wednesday.

St. Bridget, patroness of Ireland, 523.
Lord Chief Justice Coke b. 1532. John Philip Kemble, actor, b. 1757. The Bell Rock Lighthouse first lighted 1811.

2nd, Thursday.

Purification of V. Mary, Candlemas. Palestrina, musician, d. 1594. Dr. Borsale, the Cornish antiquary, b. 1696. Pope Clement XIII. d. 1769.

3rd, Friday.

St. Blasius, Bishop and Martyr. Sweeny, King of Denmark, d. 1014. John of Gaunt d. 1399. Surrender of Hume Castle to Cromwell's army 1651. Beau Nash d. 1761. Spanish Inquisition abolished 1813.

4th, Saturday.

(7h 25m P.M.)
Lucius Septimius Severus, Emperor of Rome, d. 211. York 312. Rogers, first Marian martyr, burnt at Smithfield 1555. Frost Fair on the Thames 1814.

5th, Sunday.

Sexagesima.
St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr, 251. Battle of Plassey 1757. Sir Robert Peel, statesman, b. 1788. Lewis Galvani, discoverer of galvanism, d. at Bologna, 1799. General Paoli, Corsican patriot, d. 1807.

6th, Monday.

St. Dorothy, Virgin and Martyr, 304. Queen Anne b. 1665. Charles II. d. at Whitehall 1685. Joseph Priestly, chemist and electrician, d. 1804.

7th, Tuesday.

Charles Dickens, novelist, b. 1812. Mrs. Radcliffe, novelist, d. 1823. Henry Neele, poet, d. 1828.

8th, Wednesday.

Half-Quarter Day.
Queen Mary b. at Greenwich 1516. Mary, Queen of Scotland, beheaded at Fotheringhay, 1587. Aaron Hill, poet, d. 1790.

9th, Thursday.

Bishop Hooper b. at Gloucester 1555. David Hazzard b. 1692. Lord Darvel murdered 1807. Lord Mayo assassinated 1872.

10th, Friday.

Dr. Benjamin Hoare b. 1709. James Smith ("Rejected Addresses") b. 1775. Rev. Dr. Henry H. Milman, historian, b. 1791. Queen Victoria married, 1840.

11th, Saturday.

(1h 52m P.M.)
New Testament burnt at St. Paul's Cross, 1526. William Shenstone, poet, d. 1763. Maevoy Napier, editor of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," d. 1817.

12th, Sunday.

Quinquagesima.
Lady Jane Grey beheaded 1555. Assassination of Mr. Thynne in Pall Mall 1681-2. Elias de Cribbiel, French romanticist, b. 1797. Sir Astley Cooper, surgeon, d. 1841.

13th, Monday.

Catherine Howard beheaded 1543. Bonvenuto Cellini, Florentine sculptor, d. 1570. Bill of Rights passed 1689. Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord, diplomatist, b. 1754. Duc de Berri assassinated 1820.

14th, Tuesday.

Shrove Tuesday.
St. Valentine. Old Candlemas Day. Richard II. murdered 1400. Captain Cook killed at Owhyhee 1779. Sir William Blackstone, author of the "Commentaries on the Laws of England," d. 1780.

15th, Wednesday.

Ash Wednesday. First day of Lent. Galileo, astronomer, b. at Pisa 1564. Louis XV. of France b. 1710. John Hadley, inventor of the sextant, d. 1744. Cardinal Wiseman d. 1875.

16th, Thursday.

Coligny b. 1510. Baron Trenck b. 1726. Dr. Richard Mead, virtuoso, d. 1754. Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, d. 1857.

17th, Friday.

Michael Angelo, painter, sculptor, architect, and engineer, d. 1564. Moliere d. 1673. John Braham, singer and composer, d. 1856. Explosion in the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, 1880.

18th, Saturday.

George, Duke of Clarence, murdered 1478. Martin Luther d. 1546. Balzac d. 1854. Charles Lamb b. 1775.

If you could have peeped into the coffee-room of "The Rag" on a certain drizzling afternoon in the month of February, 18— (a red-letter day at Aldershot), you would have seen it full of the flower of our Army, with just a sufficient seasoning of veterans, to take the edge off the spring-tide of animal life, and to give a neutral tone to the vivid predominance of dash and animation.

At a table just inside, and to the left of the door, sat four men, who had apparently finished lunch, and were in that happy frame of mind which bodily wants amply attended to induces.

One was a bronzed greybeard—he evidently had seen service in other lands; the others were of the rising generation, stamped unmistakably with the well-defined professional Hallmark. Their bearing indicated a loyal deference towards the senior in age and standing, to whom, light-hearted and sociable, though old in years, one might justly apply the French proverb, "On a l'âge de son cœur."

Chatting on everlasting shop and the current topics of the day, the conversation had begun to flag, when—

"Did you ever hear, you other fellows," said Stewart, the youngest of the party, "of the Colonel's scarecrow; a something he met with on his travels in Cashmere?"

"Pray do tell us the story, Colonel."

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell; but let us adjourn to the smoking-room, and perhaps I may divulge what certainly at the time gave me a start, though not naturally nervous; even now the bare recollection gives me a qualm that needs an S. and B.; so come along, my boys, for a pipe and a retrospection."

The brethren-in-arms were soon seated in a snug corner of that snugest of all smoking-rooms, around a small table. The Colonel received his mixture at the hands of the attentive waiter, and having filled and lighted his pipe, was soon enveloped in clouds and lost in thought, while his companions, following his example, were silently smoking in eager, new-born anticipation of the promised incident in the life of the Colonel, who, having sufficiently chewed the cud, broke the silence—

"What I am about to recount may pass away the time; you alone are to blame for exciting my garrulity, and must bear the consequences."

"Drive away, Colonel, please; we are all at attention."

"In the spring of 1856, before the great mutiny had transformed India, our regiment was quartered at Peshawur, a far-away station near the Khyber Pass, the hottest of all Indian stations in the hot weather. I had been some time in the service, and for a quiet man was fairly popular with my comrades, some of whom distinguished themselves so gallantly in the trying time which followed.

"About the middle of April, when the heat was just beginning to make itself felt, I was fortunate enough to get sixty days' privilege leave, which I determined to spend in Cashmere. If any of you fellows have been there, you will know what an earthly paradise it is; if you have not, I fear I can do but scant justice to its countless beauties. It being my first visit, I took counsel as to kit, etc., with old stagers, one of whom, I well remember, strove to impress upon me the absolute necessity of imbibing a strong dose of Exshaw's brandy, to take the tremor out of my limbs ere making a venture to cross the river on the 'Jhūla' (a dangling bridge of ropes) stretched at some height over the roaring, whirling torrent, requiring no ordinary amount of steadiness and nerve to traverse. My mentor, poor fellow! has long since taken the quiver out of his own legs for ever; may he rest in peace."

Here the Colonel meditatively shook the ashes out of his pipe, loaded, and lit again.

"Pardon, gentlemen; I was thinking of an old comrade; there are but few of us now left of a once jovial band. War, climate, and Anno-Domini have been unusually busy, and most of my restless companions of yore are now asleep; their names appear no longer on the earthly muster-roll.

"Waiter! yes, another if you please?"

"One morning, a few days before that of my departure, I was taking my accustomed ride after morning parade, and while cantering in the neighbourhood of the Peach Gardens, heard a sharp, loud cry for help. Urging my horse forward to a full gallop, I made for the spot

19th, Sunday.

1st in Lent. Ember Week.
Henry, Prince of Wales, b. 1594. Bernard Barton, poet, d. 1840. Sir William Napier, military historian, d. 1860.

20th, Monday.

(3h 59m A.M.)
St. Mildred. Voltaire b. 1694. David Garrick b. 1716. Andrew Hfer, Tyrolean patriot, shot by the French 1810. Joseph Hume, statesman, d. 1855.

21st, Tuesday.

James I. of Scotland murdered 1437. Rev. Robert Hall, Baptist preacher, d. 1831. Charles Rossi, R.A., sculptor, d. 1830.

22nd, Wednesday.

Ember Day.
George Washington, first President of the United States, b. 1731. Rev. Sydney Smith, wit and litterateur, d. 1845.

23rd, Thursday.

Samuel Pepys, diarist, b. 1632. Sir Joshua Reynolds, painter, d. 1792. Cato Street conspiracy 1820. Joanna Baillie, poet and dramatist, d. 1851.

24th, Friday.

Ember Day.
St. Matthias, apostle. George Frederick Handel, musical composer, b. 1684. Lord Clive b. 1726. John Keats, poet, d. 1821. Thomas Coutts, banker, d. 1822.

25th, Saturday.

Ember Day.
William Lilly, grammarian, d. 1523. Count Wallenstein, commander, assassinated 1634. Frederick I. of Prussia d. 1713. Sir Christopher Wren, architect, d. 1723. Battle of Praga, 1831.

26th, Sunday.

2nd in Lent.
Victor Hugo b. 1802. J. P. Kemble, actor, d. 1828. Dr. William Kitchener d. 1827.

27th, Monday.

(1h 57m A.M.)
John Evelyn, diarist, d. 1706. James Robinson Planché b. 1796. Lord William George Frederick Bentinck b. 1802. Henry W. Longfellow b. 1807. Corn Laws repealed 1840. Indian Mutiny 1857. Battle of Majuba Hill 1881.

28th, Tuesday.

Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, murdered 1447. Michael de Montaigne, essayist, b. 1533. Dr. Daniel Solander, naturalist, b. 1766. Lamartine d. 1869.

29th, Wednesday.

Edward Cave, printer, b. 1682. Gioacchino Rossini b. 1792. John Landseer, engraver, d. 1852.

whence the sounds came, where I saw a group of desperadoes struggling together, in the midst of whom, a captive or hostage, was a beautiful young native girl of about sixteen years, plainly dressed in the simple costume of her country, but from whom the struggles of the moment had torn the veil which always hides the loveliness of the high-caste native woman from alien eyes. I never knew how the quarrel began, or what was the object of the strife; I only know that I dashed forward into the midst of the group, firing the revolver, which happily I had with me, with perhaps more energy than precision, and that in less than a minute the men had decamped, leaving me like a genuine old-world knight, the successful champion of beauty in distress. A difficulty, however, was now before me. The beautiful creature who had so suddenly and unexpectedly fallen upon my hands could not speak a word of English, and I was equally ignorant of her dialect. The embarrassment of the moment was extreme, and I could not but reflect that it was sometimes far easier to secure a prize than to dispose of it afterwards. A sudden thought came to my rescue. I remembered that almost within sight of that very spot was the home of a worthy German missionary, with whom I had scraped acquaintance through a mutual fondness for the game of chess. To despatch a camp-follower who had been attracted by the sound of the shots for my old friend was but the work of a moment, and, thank heaven, to bring him upon the scene was but the work of another. The worthy missionary had no difficulty in making my fair prize understand him, and when she looked up as he questioned her I thought I had never seen a more beautiful face or a more fascinating expression. I was a young man then, you know, as young and almost as foolish as some of you are, and I am afraid I must confess that my captive had enslaved me. The girl, whose name was Motee, was easily induced to accompany us to the missionary's house, where she was placed under the care of his wife, until inquiries could be made concerning her; and I returned to my quarters. It wanted now but ten days to the time of my departure, and speaking at this distance of date I should not like to say whether it was from my interest in the beautiful girl I had rescued or from my desire to finish a chess tournament, which I had begun with the old missionary, that I found myself spending the greater part of these days at his house. I only know that I went down each time to conclude the chess match, and that to this day it remains unfinished. I saw very little of Motee alone; my old friend was too wise and good not to view with some anxiety the possibility of my taking a step which I might have occasion to rue for the rest of my life, to have any compunction in playing gooseberry on all occasions, and it was not until the night before my departure that I gained a few moments with her by herself. We had neither of us made much progress in the other's language, but eyes can speak in any tongue, and sighs need no interpreter. All I need say of this is that we exchanged keepsakes, and that I rivetted on my wrist the slender gold bangle which had hitherto adorned her faultless arm, clasping upon it (she nothing loth) a massive similar ornament.

"All preparations had been duly made for my departure. The servants had been sent on some days before, and I started as early as possible on the morning of the first day of my leave, speedily reaching Abbotabad, where I found myself in a delightfully cool climate, in the middle of the Hills, quite European in scenery, with refreshing green grass under foot, and around large timber and diversified flowering shrubs in clumps and coppices.

"I had for travelling partner my favourite subaltern, young S—, one of the cheeriest of chums, and I am thankful that he still remains to join me occasionally in a smoke, and a chat on 'auld lang syne.'

"We were soon over the pass and into Cashmere, proceeding by a mule track, running along the course of the river, here a broad mountain torrent, rushing and thundering through the narrow gorge which forms the pass, the line of road on the right bank of the stream falling and rising in steep gradients along the hill side, plentifully strewn with rocks and boulders, and skirted in many places by a steep, giddy precipice. We found black partridge and chicore in abundance; my chum, a keen sportsman and good shot, often contributed to the pot a welcome addition to our ordinary humble fare. Occasionally we fell in with a troop of monkeys, leaping from branch to branch, also apparently travelling. Proceeding onwards, the river gradually grows narrower, falling in a roar, and tumbles over its steep, rocky bed, in splashing cataracts, constantly

being fed by tributary rivulets, cascading from the adjacent hills, clad with feathery fir trees, right away down to the water's edge. Oh! the fragrant aromatic perfume of those pines, so grateful, so delicious to the wanderer from the arid plains below. Many of the gorges are extremely beautiful. The mountains white topped with snow, the river with foam—all was novel and exhilarating. Charming was the rest at eventide, drinking in scenes of quiet beauty in some picturesque spot, handy for pitching a small hill tent, and sharp was the appetite for whatever sort or condition of provender our cook had ready—and how wonderfully do these natives manage to supply a dinner in the most unpromising of situations, with but some 'chatties' (earthen pots) and a cleverly-contrived fireplace made of a few sods and stones."

"Couldn't you cut the picturesque, Colonel," saucily chirped young Stewart, "and get on to the *dénouement*?"

"Choop!" (Anglice, Silence) muttered the veteran.

"One memorable hot day while tramping towards a halting-place called 'Ginglee,' wearied by a long march and the steep ascent, I felt almost overcome by thirst; my lips were sore, parched, and cracked, and I could find no water. Jogging longingly onwards, at last the gentle murmur of a ripple reached me, and I saw a little wooded dell, through which the welcome stream was gurgling. I darted on a few paces, entered, and flung myself on my knees to drink. While thus engaged, I heard the voice of my sub. from behind calling me in an excited tone. My first thought was of some wild beast, and I hesitated to stir.

"'For God's sake, look up!' this time shouted S—, 'come here, quick! quick!'

"I backed out from my stooping position, fortunately without rising to my full height; and well for me was it that I did not extend myself, for just above me, in startling proximity, its feet almost touching my cap (a collision with the thing might have toppled it down upon me, in a sudden ghastly embrace) shrivelled, drained, and black, all but mummified by sun and wind, a corpse hung by the neck from a branch, one hand seeming to point a finger in fearful significance to where I had just knelt.

"Oh! but it was a gruesome sight! 'a thing to shudder at, not to see.' The tattered, loose garments, disclosing the torn, withered flesh, from which the foul carrion birds had just been scared, leaving their hideous banquet in scraggy strips; the grinning skull, still swathed with a ragged turban; the empty sockets, the dropped jaw, the loathsome body, of which the sudden sight and the thought of where I had been drinking, gave me a creeping shudder all over, and a faint, sickening sensation. Need I say Exshaw was called in?"

"It was, as I afterwards discovered, the corpse of an assassin—a servant who had throttled his master, a native travelling merchant from the Punjab, during his mid-day siesta in this peaceful dell; he was hanged there by order of the Maharajah, over the very spot where the murder had been committed, and left to rot. A veritable scarecrow, gentlemen!"

"Evidently did not scare away the buzzards; though you did, Colonel," stammered forth young Irrepressible.

"And had you no curiosity to inquire into the circumstances of the murder, Colonel?"

"I was most curious indeed anent all that concerned my decomposed friend, and through the agency of my faithful Seikh servant, Goormuck Singh, gleaned what follows, which I will endeavour to narrate as it was told me.

"Hera was the prettiest damsel among the floating population of the Cashmere lake, her rosy mouth showing pearly teeth; her tiny hands and feet a sculptor might envy to model; her lithe and slender figure, which the loose, dirty cotton robe she wore could not wholly conceal; on her head a faded scarlet skull-cap; her hair, plain on the temples and knotted behind, with a gleam of chesnut through its darkness, was usually decked with a spray of jasmine. Her splendid eyes had a cruel, feline expression, totally wanting in that dog-like, truthful softness so characteristic of Eastern orbs. Her heart, such as she had, was given to Aziz, a comely young boatman. She was, moreover, as avaricious as a Cashmere could be, and tired of her dull work on the Wular lake, gathering the water-nut, or assisting in propelling the boat.

"The old merchant, who was rich and amorous, thought that, fittingly attired, she would make a charming addition to his already well-stocked zenana. A bargain was speedily concluded with her impecunious, indifferent parents, and the purchased girl started with her lord and master on his return journey to the Punjab.

"But Hera had no desire to quit her beloved valley—to dwell among strangers, in a foreign land, with a man whom she utterly loathed; so she contrived on the road to seduce the young servant, and to win him over by her beauty and promises to consent to murder the old man, and share with her the money they rightly supposed he carried about him.

"Lalloo, a treacherous, mild Hindoo, had not sufficient pluck to attack the stalwart Punjabee openly, who was strong and very vigorous for his years, well armed, wary, and especially watchful at night. Thus craft was necessary to accomplish the object. While resting in the dell described, after a plentiful repast, the young girl lovingly brought him his hubble-bubble (a kind of small hookah). She was, however, careful stealthily to moisten the fragrant tobacco with the juice of a narcotic plant, the properties of which she was well acquainted with.

"Hera, light of my eyes,' murmured the drowsy merchant, over whom the benumbing effect of the soporific fumes he was inhaling was fast creeping, 'I feel strangely wearied, and my thoughts wander.'

"The sun was hot,' she replied, 'and the road long to-day. Let my lord yield to the balmy influence of rest in the cool air, with his faithful slaves to watch over him. Hera shall fan her master's heated brow and sing him the slumber song he loves.'

"At once the monotonous chant stole on his ear, while she waved her graceful arms over his head, which speedily dropped in heavy sleep.

"Now, Lalloo,' hoarsely whispered Hera, 'be alive; off with your kummerbund, and twist it round his throat—he can't hurt you.'

"Two or three turns of the muslin round the victim's neck, a combined and steady pull together, a struggle, a muffled cry, and all was over.

"On stripping the dead body, a belt was found, well stuffed with gold mohurs. Over the division of the spoil the greedy partners in guilt quarrelled, and the girl, seriously alarmed at the savage menaces of the now excited murderer, fearing for her own life, fled like a young antelope by a zig-zag she knew of, and on reaching the near hamlet, informed the headman of what had just occurred. The village watchman secured the murderer ere he could escape from the scene of his crime. What befell him you know."

"And what happened to the girl?" inquired Stewart.

"You shall learn.

"Soon after I had arrived at Serinuggur, I went one day with a friend who was in the Civil Service, to see the shawls in Hadji's 'dookan,' where, while discussing the usual refreshments, consisting of Russian tea, cakes, and sweetmeats, I recounted the adventure I had met with on my journey, which my friend interpreted for the benefit of Hadji. It was from this man that I heard a little of the fate of the murderess, which you may well believe I listened to with all the anxiety of interest incident to its being interpreted to me a little at a time. He told us that having betrayed the man she had incited to the crime, she found the place too hot for her, and that she had finally escaped to British territory, where she was known to have adopted the name of *Motee*.

"Whether or not it was the stuffy smell of the stock-in-trade, or the heat of the close room, or the exciting events of the past days that affected me, it would be useless to surmise; I suddenly fainted. When I came to myself I was bathed in perspiration and perfumes, and being fanned by Hadji with a hand punkah. Excusing myself by saying I was subject to sudden fainting fits, I got to my bungalow as quickly as possible. In a few days after, feeling very downhearted, I bade farewell to the Happy Vale of Cashmere, and returned to Peshawur, when I found that my *Motee* had escaped from the good old missionary's house within a few days of my departure, carrying with her every valuable on which she could lay her hands.

"Now, as the weather has cleared, do you boys be off to the Park, and I'll away to the library, and dose over the fire, perchance to see faces in the coals, and feel happy, for my reminiscences are not all sad."

The boys walked for some distance from the club in silence; at length Stewart exclaimed—

"Did you fellows notice, when a spark from the dear old Colonel's pipe fell upon the back of his hand, and he was rubbing his wrist, the glimmer of a gold bangle hidden under his sleeve? I would just like to know if the old man wears that, as some of those Indian fellows do, in memory of a love in days of yore."

NOTABLE OCCURRENCES AND EVENTS.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1887.

JANUARY, 1887.

3. Mr. Goschen accepted office under Lord Salisbury as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

4. More than 20 persons burned to death in a railway accident in America.

5. Lord Northbrook and the Marquis of Lansdowne refused offers to join the Ministry.

6. Mr. W. H. Smith became First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons, Mr. E. Stanhope taking his place as Secretary for War.

7. The evidence of Sir M. Hicks-Beach and Sir R. Buller, charging Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, and others with unlawful conspiracy in connection with the "Plan of Campaign," taken at Dublin.

—The Bulgarian Regents addressed a circular to the Powers, asking that the wishes of the nation with regard to the appointment of a ruler should be considered.

10. Sir Henry Holland appointed Colonial Secretary in the place of Mr. Stanhope.

—British troops commenced to leave Egypt.

11. Resignation of Lord Chief Justice May (of Ireland).

—Important speeches in the Reichstag on the German Army Bill by Count von Moltke and Prince Bismarck.

—Committal for trial of Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, Crilly, and Sheehy for unlawful conspiracy in connection with the "Plan of Campaign."

12. President Cleveland requested by Senate to negotiate with the Government of Nicaragua for the construction of a Central American Ship Canal.

—Meetings at St. James's Palace and Mansion House to establish an Imperial Institute as a Jubilee memorial.

—Mr. E. Macnaghten, Q.C., M.P., appointed Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, in succession to Lord Blackburn.

13. Mr. H. M. Stanley presented with the Freedom of the City of London.

—Evictions at Glenbeigh, County Kerry.

14. Defeat of the German Government on the Army Bill and dissolution of Reichstag by Imperial proclamation.

—Privy Council at Osborne. Seals of office taken over by Mr. Goschen and other Ministers.

15. Funeral of Lord Idlesleigh at Upton Pynes, Devon.

—Sir W. Hart-Dyke appointed Vice-President of the Council.

—Seventeen persons killed in a panic at the Hebrew Dramatic Club, Spitalfields.

19. The Chancellor of the Exchequer received an important communication from the Metropolitan Board of Works on the Coal and Wine Dues.

20. Sinking of the emigrant ship *Kapunda* by collision with the *Ada Melmore*. Loss of 298 lives.

—Sir Michael Morris appointed Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.

24. Bill passed by the United States Senate authorising retaliatory measures against Canada in connection with the fisheries question.

25. Completion of Evacuation of Tamatave by the French.

26. Prohibition by the Emperor of the export of horses from Germany.

—Liverpool (Exchange Division) Election—Neville (G), 3,217; Goschen (U), 3,210.

27. Parliament assembled.

—Statement in Parliament by Lord R. Churchill with reference to his resignation.

28. Unveiling of Memorial to Professor Fawcett in Westminster Abbey.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

2. Sir W. Hart-Dyke returned unopposed for Kent (Dartford Division) on his acceptance of office as Vice-President of Council.

—Opening of Fisheries Conference at Fishmongers' Hall.

3. Rumours of war between France and Germany, and consequent panic on Stock Exchange and Continental Bourses.

—South Donegal Election—M'Neil (P), 4,604; Munster (C), 933.

4. Deputations from Fisheries Conference to Lord Stanley, and on the subject of State-aided Emigration to Lord Salisbury.

7. Amendment to the Address by Mr. Parnell in favour of such reform in the law and system of government in Ireland as would satisfy the Irish people.

—Bubear beat Perkins on the Tyne for the Sculling Championship of England.

—Mr. E. Kennedy returned unopposed for South Sligo.

8. Resignation of Italian Ministry.

—Extraordinary Credit for 80,000,000 francs for new armaments voted by French Chamber.

—Prohibition of Socialist torch-light procession. Meeting at Clerkenwell Green and subsequent rioting.

9. Return of Mr. Goschen (U) for St. George's (Hanover Square), 5,702; Mr. Haysman (G), 1,545.

10. Trial of the 110-ton gun at Woolwich.

11. Defeat of Mr. Parnell's Amendment to the Address by 332 to 246.

14. Great fire at Draper's Wharf, Battersea.

15. *Gazette* contained a Royal Warrant instituting the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, and adding a new class.

16. Celebration of the Queen's Jubilee throughout India; 25,000 prisoners released.

—Lord Onslow appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies in the place of Lord Dunraven, resigned.

17. The Address carried in the House of Commons, after two applications of the Closure and several divisions.

21. Debate commenced in the Commons on the Closure.

23. 1,500 lives lost by earthquake in the Riviera.

24. Failure of the jury to agree in the prosecution of Mr. Dillon and others for conspiracy in promoting the "Plan of Campaign."

25. Treaty maintaining a strictly defensive alliance signed between Italy, Germany, and Austria.

—A Women's Liberal Federation formed in opposition to the Primrose League.

MARCH, 1887.

1. The attention of the House of Commons called to the alleged corrupt expenditure of public money on the part of the Corporation of the City of London, by Mr. Howell.

—Native rising in Mozambique against the Portuguese.

—Revolt at Rustchuk.

3. Opening of the New German Reichstag.

4. Defeat by 177 to 130 of Mr. Whitbread's amendment to expunge the intervention of the Speaker from the Closure rule.

6. Execution of Bulgarian insurgents at Rustchuk.

7. Defeat of Motion to reduce the Diplomatic Vote by the cost of Sir H. D. Wolff's mission.

8. Dismissal of Mr. Young Terry, one of the principal draughtsmen at Chatham Dockyard, for divulging information to foreign Governments.

9. Presentation to Mr. Schnadhorst of £10,000 in recognition of his services to the Liberal party.

10. Bookmakers' stands suppressed on Auteuil racecourse.

11. German Army Bill passed the Reichstag.

— Earthquake shocks along the Riviera.

— Execution of fourteen non-commissioned officers at Rustchuk for revolt.

13. Arrest in St. Petersburg of several persons possessing explosives on the Czar's route to the anniversary, service of the late Emperor.

14. Railway accident in America; thirty-nine lives lost.

— Opening by the Prince and Princess of Wales of Alexandra House for the accommodation of lady students at South Kensington.

15. Heavy snowfall in London.

18. Adjournment of the House of Commons moved by Mr. Dillon to call attention to the arrest of Father Keller, parish priest of Youghal, under a warrant issued by the Judge of the Dublin Bankruptcy Court. Violent speeches by Irish members. Motion negatived by 228 to 88.

— Closure rule carried and made a standing order.

— Several lives lost by fire at Richmond Hotel, Buffalo.

— Select Committee into the charges of malversation against the Corporation of the City of London commenced its sittings.

22. Nearly twenty-four hours' sitting of the House of Commons on Mr. W. H. Smith moving precedence for the Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill. Mr. J. Morley moved an amendment, declining to set aside the business of the nation for the purpose of increasing the stringency of the criminal law in Ireland without security against the abuse of the law by the exaction of excessive rents.

— Celebration of 90th birthday of Emperor William.

23. Foundation-stone of New Law Courts at Birmingham laid by Her Majesty.

— Lincolnshire Handicap won by Oberon, Renny 2, Isobar 3.

25. Rejection by 349 to 260 of Mr. Morley's amendment to the motion for precedence for the Crimes Bill.

— Sir W. Foster (G), elected for Ilkeston, 5,572; Mr. S. Leeke (C), 4,180.

— Gamecock won the Grand National Steeplechase, Savoyard 2, Johnny Longtail 3.

26. The University Boat Race. Cambridge won by $\frac{3}{4}$ lengths.

APRIL, 1887.

1. The Irish Land Bill introduced into the House of Lords, and passed its first reading.

4. Opening of the Colonial Conference at the Foreign Office.

5. Sir B. Samuelson moved an amendment on the Motion for the second reading of the Crimes Bill declining to proceed further with the measure.

— Deputation of hop and barley growers to Mr. Goschen, asking that measures might be taken to secure the purity of beer.

— Dismissal with costs of Mr. Joseph Arch's petition against the return of Lord H. Bentinck for North-west Norfolk.

11. Volunteer reviews, etc., held at Dover, Eastbourne, Aldershot, and elsewhere.

— Radical and Socialist demon-

stration in Hyde Park to condemn the Irish Crimes Bill.

12. Appointment of Colonel King-Harman as Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

13. Fifteen lives lost in wreck of channel steamer, Victoria, near Dieppe.

15. Scenes in House of Commons during debate on Irish Crimes Bill. The epithet, "liar," applied to Colonel Sanderson. Suspension of Mr. T. Healy.

18. The Times published the facsimile of a letter, purporting to come from the pen of Mr. Parnell, approving of the assassination of Mr. Burke. Mr. Parnell denied the authenticity of the Times letter.

— Sir B. Samuelson's amendment on the Crimes Bill defeated by 370 to 289. Bill read a second time.

— Motion in favour of a cessation of the Sunday delivery of letters rejected in favour of an amendment to refer the subject to a select committee.

20. Elevation of Mr. R. Burke to the peerage as Lord Connemara.

21. The Budget introduced in House of Commons by Mr. Goschen. A reduction of one penny in the income tax announced; 4d. per lb. on the tobacco duty, and other modifications. The estimated revenue was £91,155,000; expenditure, £90,180,000; certain reductions in marine insurance reduced the surplus to £289,000.

22. Excitement in France on the arrest of M. Schnaebele, Commissary of Police, at Pagny sur Moselle, by the German Police on the frontier.

27. Enterprise won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, Phil 2, Eglamore 3.

28. Amendment to the Motion to go into committee on the Crimes Bill rejected by 341 to 240. The House went into Committee on the Bill.

29. Return of the Queen to Windsor from Aix les Bains.

— Release of M. Schnaebele by order of the Emperor.

MAY, 1887.

2. Closure applied during the discussion in Committee of the Crimes Bill in House of Commons.

3. In the House of Commons Sir C. Lewis called attention to the *Times* article, charging Mr. Dillon with having in his speech in the House, on the 22nd ult., when excusing his connection with P. J. Sheridan, "invincible, dynamitard, and assassin," uttered a wilful and deliberate falsehood, and moved that the article was a breach of privilege. The adjournment of the debate agreed to by 213 to 174.

— Opening of the Manchester Exhibition by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

— Explosion at Hounslow Powder Mills.

4. Reception by the Queen of Colonial Delegates at Windsor.

— Carlton won the Chester Cup; Ironclad 2, Hungarian 3.

— In the House of Commons, Mr. W. H. Smith stated that the Government did not regard the article in the *Times*, relating to Mr. Dillon, as a breach of privilege, but acknowledging the claims of the Irish members to have a full investigation into the charges against them, suggested that the Attorney-General, coupled with any Queen's Counsel they might select, should be instructed to prosecute the *Times*. The offer refused by the Irish members. The Solicitor-General proposed an amendment refusing to regard the *Times* article as a breach of privilege.

5. Sir C. Lewis' motion defeated by 297 to 218, whereupon the amend-

ment of the Solicitor-General became a substantive motion. Mr. Gladstone moved an amendment that the charge of wilful falsehood against Mr. Dillon be referred to a Select Committee of the House.

6. Mr. Gladstone's amendment rejected by 317 to 233.

— Expression of opinion by Colonial Conference in favour of an extension of the Queen's title, so as to include some reference to the colonies.

9. Presentation of address by the Corporation of London congratulating the Queen on her Jubilee.

— An all-night sitting, till 6 a.m., on the Crimes Bill.

10. Drawing room held by the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

11. Application of the Closure during discussion of the Crimes Bill in Committee.

— Meeting of Nonconformist ministers, addressed by Mr. Gladstone, in favour of Home Rule, which question, he said, alone stood in the way of Disestablishment for Wales and Scotland.

12. Vote of £17,000 for celebrating the Jubilee in Westminster Abbey—carried by 208 to 84.

13. Consols sold at highest price on record, 103 $\frac{1}{2}$.

— Announcement of annexation of Zululand with the exception of the new Boer Republic.

14. People's Palace, Mile End-road, opened by the Queen. Enthusiastic reception of her Majesty.

16. Opening of Liverpool Exhibition by Princess Louise.

— Unopposed election of Mr. W. O'Brien for North-east Cork.

17. Resignation of ministry of M. Goblet, on the defeat on the Budget.

18. St. Austell election—McArthur (G), 3,540, defeated Brydges Wiliams (C), 3,329.

— Withdrawal of sixty members from the Eighty Club, in consequence of the determination of the majority to identify the club with Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme.

19. The adjournment of the House moved by Mr. Labouchere, in order to discuss the Annexation of Zululand. The Closure applied, and the motion for adjournment lost by 280 to 142.

20. Heavy gale; hail and sleet fell in London, and snow in various parts of the country.

23. Closure applied several times during discussion of Crimes Bill (Ireland).

— Issue of report of Select Committee on Alleged Malpractices in the Purchase, etc., of Warlike Stores.

24. Adjournment of House of Commons until June 6th.

25. Merry Hampton won the Derby Stakes. The Baron, 2; Martley, 3.

— Sixty lives lost in burning of Opera Comique, Paris.

26. M. de Freycinet announced that he had failed to form a new ministry.

27. New French Cabinet formed by M. Rouvier.

— Rêve d'Or won the Oaks Stakes. St. Helen, 2; Freedom, 3.

30. Boulanger demonstration in Paris.

— Distraints and sales for tithes in Wales prevented by force. Great excitement. The auctioneers assaulted.

31. The new French Ministry entered on their duties.

JUNE, 1887.

1. National Radical Union Conference at Birmingham. Resolutions condemnatory of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme adopted. Important letter from Mr. Bright read.

— Surrey Cricket Club beat Notts at the Trent Bridge grounds by 157 runs.

2. Announcement of the occupation of Kerki by a Russian force, in a despatch from Merv.

— Carlton won the Manchester Cup. Quilly, 2; Radius, 3.

3. Inauguration by the German Emperor of works of a canal to connect the Baltic and North Seas.

— Evictions at Bodyke, County Limerick.

6. Reassembling of House of Commons.

7. Mr. W. H. Smith announced the intention of the Government that the Crimes Bill be reported to the House on the 17th.

— Bird of Freedom won the Ascot Gold Cup. Carrasco 2, The Barun 3.

— More evictions at Bodyke. Extraordinary scenes.

10. Motion for urgency for the Crimes Bill carried by 245 to 93.

13. Great Masonic meeting in the Albert Hall in connection with the Jubilee, to vote an address to the Queen.

14. Departure of eleven yachts from South-end for Jubilee race round the United Kingdom.

15. Centennial Cricket Match at Lord's—England beat M.C.C. by one innings and 117 runs.

16. Rejection by 246 to 165 in House of Commons of Mr. Dillon's motion for the adjournment of the House to call attention to the Bodyke evictions.

17. In accordance with previous announcement, it was moved that clause 6 of the Crimes Bill then under discussion stand part of the Bill. The Irish members left the House, and the motion was carried by 332 to 165. Mr. Gladstone and his followers then left the House, the remaining clauses were agreed to, and the Bill reported.

20. Gazette issued containing list of Jubilee honours.

— Jubilee celebrations commenced in different parts of the country.

21. The 50th Anniversary of the Accession of the Queen. General Holiday. Jubilee Service of Thanksgiving at Westminster Abbey, attended by Her Majesty and distinguished personages. Beacon fires on the principal eminences from the Border to the Land's End.

22. 30,000 children entertained at a Jubilee Fête in Hyde-park. Visit of the Queen, who subsequently unveiled a statue of herself at Windsor.

23. Censure of the House of Commons pronounced by the Speaker on Reginald Bidmead at the Bar, for forging 1,600 signatures to petitions in favour of the Coal and Wine dues.

— Jubilee Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's. Children's Jubilee Fête and Torchlight Procession at Windsor.

27. The Genesta won the Jubilee Yacht Race round the British Isles. Time, 12 days 16 hours 53 minutes.

— Mr. John Morley proposed a clause limiting the duration of the Crimes Act to three years. Rejected by 160 to 119.

— Jubilee Ball at Guildhall.

29. Grand Garden-party given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

30. Indian Princes and deputations received by the Queen at Windsor Castle.

— Sir Wilfrid Lawson moved the adjournment of the House to discuss the Egyptian Convention. Motion defeated by 278 to 115. Mr. W. H. Smith moved that the report stage of the Crimes Bill be closed on the 4th July. Carried by 220 to 120. The Irish members then declined to proceed with the amendments standing in their names. These were gone through and the Bill reported.



THE BOAR HUNT.

MARCH.

1888.

March 1st, Thursday.

St. David, arch.
William Caxton commenced printing the first book printed in Europe 1483-40. The National Covenant of Scotland 1638.

2nd, Friday.

St. Chad.
Horace Walpole d. 1797. Escape of Louis Philippe to England 1848. Attempt to assassinate the Queen 1882.

3rd, Saturday.

Copley Fielding, landscape painter. d. 1855. Serfdom in Russia abolished 1861. Dr. Forbes Winslow d. 1874.

4th, Sunday.

8th in Lent.
Saladin, sultan. d. 1193. British and Foreign Bible Society formed 1804. John Timbs, author, d. 1875.

5th, Monday.

9th in Lent.
Dr. Thomas Arne, musical composer, d. 1788. Battle of Barossa 1811. War with Burmah declared 1824.

6th, Tuesday.

Michael Angelo, painter, sculptor, and architect, b. 1474. Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier b. 1780.

7th, Wednesday.

St. Perpetua, mart.
Admiral Lord Collingwood d. 1810. Sir Arthur Helps d. 1875.

8th, Thursday.

William III. d. 1702. Battle of Aboukir 1801. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, d. 1844.

9th, Friday.

St. Katharine of Bologna, vir., 1493. Cardinal Mazarin d. 1661. William Cobbett, political writer, b. 1762.

10th, Saturday.

Bishops excluded from Parliament 1540. Benjamin West, painter, P.R.A., d. 1820. Prince of Wales married 1803.

11th, Sunday.

14th in Lent.
Tasso, Italian poet, b. 1544. First London daily paper 1702. Rev. George MacDonald d. 1873.

12th, Monday.

10th 21m P.M.
St. Gregory, Bp. of Roch.
Bishop Berkeley b. 1684. State entry of Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh into London 1874.

13th, Tuesday.

Discovery of the planet Uranus 1781. Richard, Lord Braybrooke, editor of Penny's "Diary," d. 1853. Alexander II. of Russia assassinated 1881.

14th, Wednesday.

Admiral Byng executed 1756. First reading of the Reform Bill 1831. King of Italy b. 1844.

15th, Thursday.

Julius Caesar assassinated B.C. 44. Charles II. issues Declaration of Indulgence 1671. Indian newspapers suppressed 1873.

16th, Friday.

Commencement of Prince Hohenlohe's miraculous cures 1823. M. Julien, musician, d. 1880. Duchess of Kent d. 1861.

17th, Saturday.

St. Patrick's Day.
Marcus Aurelius d. 180. Jean Baptiste Rousseau, eminent French lyric poet, d. 1741.

18th, Sunday.

5th in Lent.
St. Edward, West Saxons.
Robert Walpole (Earl of Oxford), Prime Minister to George I. and II., d. 1745. Laurence Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy," d. 1768. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) b. 1818.

19th, Monday.

St. Joseph.
First recorded eclipse of the moon B.C. 720. Admiral Palliser d. 1780. Sir Joseph Banks, naturalist, forty-two years P.R.S., d. 1820.

THE WAY OF THE WIND.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER I.

I DO not consider myself an especially sensitive person; and if I were such by nature, six long years spent in pastoral work among the natives of the Capricorn Islands were enough to turn every nerve in a man's body to steel. I had gone through that experience; and had—I trust—left the work a little easier for my successor than I had found it. But for the depot of an enterprising commercial firm which exchanged beads and potato spirit for birds of paradise, jade, and coolies, I had been the only white man in a group of islands more than suspected of cannibalism, and unquestionably given over to strange and often horrible superstitions.

And thus two questions spring upon me at the very outset of a narrative which I have the best of all reasons for telling. Why had I, who had, when no more than thirty years old, been presented by my college to the Rectory of Lancemoor—why had I thrown up the best and pleasantest of livings, and a hundred brilliant prospects, in order to throw in my lot with the Capricorn Islanders? And why do I insist upon my freedom from more than ordinarily sensitive nerves?

As to the first question—I was that most unfortunate of beings: a clergyman under a cloud: a terrible cloud. Does anybody, in these days when events crowd one another out of mind, remember the trial, at Redchester assizes, of the Reverend Stephen Lake, rector of Lancemoor, for destroying a will? I am that Stephen Lake, who was acquitted after a trial that lasted two whole days. But the acquittal was on a technical point only, which I myself never rightly understood; while the evidence against me was so strong that I could not blame my best friends for believing me guilty. Yes—I could not with my reason (I will say nothing of my heart) blame her for whom I had transformed myself from a college rector into a country parson for breaking her troth-plight to one who would have been a convict but for the cruel mercies of the law. Well—I had never felt the faintest vocation for the career of a missionary. I had dreamed of domestic happiness; of scholarly usefulness; and I was not—in those days—wholly without ecclesiastical ambition. But all these things were wrenched away from me at a blow. And it was no zeal for the souls of the Capricorn Islanders that originally led me to hide my humiliation and ruin in the most perilous solitude that the work of the Church could find for one who was only technically not an outcast and an outlaw.

As to my sensitiveness, or my want of it—Do you know what it is to feel towards some human being a kind of repulsion which amounts to fascination? If so, but not otherwise, you will comprehend what I felt towards one Oswald Kenrick, a fellow-passenger on board the *Adelaide*, homeward bound.

Perhaps it was that my health was none the better for those six years of incessant labour, and that I really required that homeward voyage to enable me to carry on my work in my islands for—so I had made up my mind—the remainder of my days. For I had come to take an interest in it, and to believe that perhaps it was for their sake that life had been rendered impossible for an Anglican clergyman in any less congenial surroundings. Perhaps I had qualities that fitted me in some special way for that special work: in any case it was the post where Providence had seen fit to place me, and I intended to spend a year in drawing attention to the needs of the Mission, and then to return. It was a common interest in the ethnology and natural history of that part of the world that first drew me and my fellow passenger together. From the intellectual side he won upon me more and more. But there was something undefinable about him—I could not describe it or account for it if I had volumes at my disposal—that excited a daily increasing antipathy. Such a feeling, being causeless, was so extravagantly unjust that I endeavoured with all my strength to argue myself out of it; but in vain. The more I argued against it, the more it grew. And the more it grew, the less able was I to resist the influence of his presence. His personal magnetism (as people call the most real, but the most incomprehensible of qualities) was such as to make me understand something of the attraction exercised by the cobra over the sparrows. Of the outward man, I have little or nothing to say; which makes the peculiar nature of his influence all the more difficult to describe. He was an ordinarily good-looking man, a little older than myself, with a hearty, somewhat bluff, manner, and with the tone of a man of the world who, in his taste for science, has not lost his reverence for higher things.

20th, Tuesday.

10h 43m P.M.

St. Cuthbert.
Henry IV. of England d. 1413. Sir Isaac Newton d. 1727. Frederick, Prince of Wales, d. 1791.

21st, Wednesday.

St. Benedict, abbot.
Cramer burned 1556. The French defeated at Alexandria 1801. Princess Louise married 1871.

22nd, Thursday.

Suppression of the Templars 1312. Emperor of Germany b. 1797. Goethe, German poet, d. 1832.

23rd, Friday.

Emperor Paul of Russia assassinated 1801. Opera House at Nice burnt 1881. Close of the Transvaal War 1881.

24th, Saturday.

Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.
St. William mar. at Norwich 1137. St. Simon mar. at Trent 1472. Queen Elizabeth d. 1603.

25th, Palm Sunday.

Lady Day.
Annunciation of V. Mary. St. Cammin of Ireland, abbot.
Sir Charles Reed d. 1881.

26th, Monday.

First printing in England 1471. John Vanbrugh, architect and dramatist, d. 1726.

27th, Tuesday.

10h 7m P.M.
St. John of Egypt, hermit, 394. James I. of England d. 1625. Funeral of Alexander II. of Russia 1881.

28th, Wednesday.

Hilar. sitting end.
Trial of Father Cornet for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, 1605. War declared with Russia, 1854.

29th, Thursday.

Maudslayi Thursday.
Henry Percy, third Earl of Northumberland, killed at the battle of Towton 1461. Capt. Coram, originator of the Foundling Hospital, d. 1751. Rev. John Keble d. 1806.

30th, Good Friday.

Henry VIII. proclaimed Supreme Head of the Church 1534. Dr. John King, Bishop of London, d. 1621.

31st, Saturday.

Joseph Haydn, musical composer, b. 1732. Beethoven, musical composer, d. 1827.

The voyage had been thus far entirely uneventful. The *Adelaide* was a fine vessel, with a fair number of first class passengers and a good many others in the steerage, as to none of whom is there any occasion to say anything. I spent my days in the usual manner; but somehow the evening never failed to find me in conversation on all manner of subjects with Oswald Kenrick, though I vowed to myself every morning that I would contrive thenceforth to avoid the company of a man who was becoming to me a sort of detestable necessity. But I never kept my vow; and when I made it I was perfectly aware that I should never keep it; and I looked forward with impatience to the end of a voyage that I ought to have enjoyed as my first taste of rest and leisure since I left my college room—ages ago.

But one day—I am not sailor enough to give the details—the monotony of the voyage of the *Adelaide* was broken in a terrible manner: so terrible that it will haunt my dreams to the end of my days. It was in the month of March, and the equinox was at hand.

At hand? It had come—with a gale. And the gale had grown to a hurricane, wherein the big ship was as helpless as a straw.

We passengers knew our own helplessness, and that was all we knew. For we were imprisoned below under hatches, and all we felt of that elemental war was the upward flight into the clouds, the shuddering plunge into the abyss of waters, the thundering quiver of every plank as every now and then, with ever increasing force, some wave took the vessel broadside. And presently—was it of good omen or ill?—the tremulous shudder with which we rose and sank ceased; we still soared and sank, but in the manner of a dead weight: the ship seemed no longer alive—no longer to feel.

It is the scene in the saloon that haunts me still: the panic of men and women who have not even the help of seeing what they fear. All we knew was that we were in the utmost peril. Husbands and wives, mothers and children, felt themselves and each other to be in the clutch of Death, who is never so terrible as when he comes at sea. Had I been returning to her who was to have been my wife, no doubt I should have been among the most despairing; but to me life was of so little account—death would be so welcome—that I could afford to remember that the clutch of Death is neither less nor more than the grasp of God, which knows no difference between sea and land. I take, therefore, no sort of credit to myself for keeping my head cool enough to do what I could to give my fellow-passengers the only sort of courage worth having. I was the only human being on board with nothing to lose.

• Suddenly I started at the sound of a voice that was calmer than my own.

“My friends,” said the captain, “it is my duty to tell you that we are all in grave peril. I need not tell Englishmen and Englishwomen how to meet it. If I had needed to tell you that I would have told you nothing. Remain quiet for the present; I will presently let you know how I propose to save all here. Mr. Stephen,” he said, turning to me (for I had thought it best to travel under an assumed name), “you ought to know what to say better than I.”

“Is the ship lost?” I asked him in a whisper, as he was leaving the saloon.

He glanced at me quickly, and saw, I suppose, that he might safely let me know the worst.

“She won’t hold together another three hours,” said he, in a low voice. “We are getting ready the boats; keep everybody quiet till I come back again.”

But he had not trusted the passengers of the *Adelaide* in vain; and I was proud of them. If panic is contagious, so also, thank heaven, is courage. The men were as brave as the women; the women as the children. I hope I had helped them, but I know they helped one another—all of them, save one.

I should never have believed it possible that the one exception should have been Oswald Kenrick. I should have looked to him to set the best of examples, to have taken the lead in facing peril with manly courage. And yet he, of all men, and he alone, sat in what was obviously the last extreme of abject terror. Indeed, I do not think I ever saw real, absolute terror before. There was no light in his staring eyes; his jaw had fallen and was stiffly protruding; he was rocking his body and wringing his hands, while his gasps were painful to hear.

I laid my hand on his shoulder. “Come, Kenrick, be a man,” said I.

He started at my touch, but his terror in no wise abated. I

was almost ashamed to see any human being in such a condition, till I bethought me that life might be a dearer thing than to any there; that my state might be even as his if, instead of being what I was, I had been hastening home to the happiness that was once to have been mine. He might be even as I should have been; and if that were so, what could I, who had nothing left to lose, find to say to one who evidently held to life, it might be for the sake of others, as to something the loss of which meant despair? It was clearly no case for platitudes and common-places; and there had been that about Oswald Kenrick that made me shy of touching, at what must have been at random and mere experiment, on deeper and higher things.

“I know what the captain said,” he stammered, in a hollow whisper. “Don’t tell me—I know it, without hearing. The ship’s lost, and as for the boats”—he groaned aloud.

“Think of the others,” I said. “I’m not going to preach; but an Englishman may remind another Englishman of his duty.”

“The others! Yes, it’s easy enough for *them*. *They* are only going to lose their lives—not their souls.”

“Their souls? No.” I looked fully into his face, and I then saw that he was under some influence that was something more than terror. “Kenrick,” I said, as kindly as I knew how, “is it this that troubles you—that you are afraid, not of death, but of the life to come?”

“You are a clergyman—a priest,” he whispered, hoarsely, glancing round to see that he was not overheard. “Tell me—I am a believer, I am not an irreligious man—tell me,” he went on, anxiously, “do you believe that if a man who—under terrible temptation—has committed a great crime, and repents of it, and confesses it—will the Church pardon him? Will it save his soul?”

I saw that I had before me one of the most formidable spiritual cases with which one can be called upon to deal—that of a man who remains untroubled by conscience so long as death seems a far-off thing, but who, when death starts into sight, has to make up the arrears of conscience in the form of despair. All one can do in such cases is to comfort and to encourage, so that true contrition may be rendered possible, which it cannot be in one who desponds: to let the soul disburden itself of its secret, and to employ for the penitent all the power the Church has put into our hands for the cleansing of souls. It is necessary that I should state my own views on this subject, because—but I need give no reason.

I told him what I held to be the doctrine of the Church as to confession, even in cases of extremity; and, to my relief, I saw the worst signs of remorseful terror pass away. There was no need for us to seek a more private place, for our fellow passengers were absorbed in themselves, and could not have heard what we said to one another in a low tone, even had any listened. So presently he began.

“... You are a clergyman—a priest: a missionary priest, delivered over to your work. To comprehend me, you must put yourself in my place. I’m not excusing myself—don’t think that; but surely before you understand the crime, you must understand the temptation. Imagine yourself, then, rich, full of health and life, with no vices worth mentioning, with many friends, and, above all, with a passionate love for a woman who—well, was worthy of the highest love that the noblest of men could give her; and—can you put yourself in my place: only a little?”

Could I put myself in *that* place! Had it not been my very own?

“I do not say I was worthy of her; no man was that. But there was nothing to hinder me from winning her—nothing in the world. We were neighbours in the country; we had known and—liked each other from childhood; our engagement was looked upon as a settled thing. I had not yet spoken; but I had no fear of her answer. She knew there was nothing, absolutely nothing, I would not do for her. I will tell you of one thing. She had an uncle who, for some unaccountable reason, had taken a strange prejudice against me: an unreasonable antipathy, so strong that he chose to will away from her the whole of his large fortune, in order to protect her from marriage with me—as if it was for her fortune that I cared! It was horribly unjust, Mr. Stephen. Fortunately, I found the will on his death before it came into other hands; and I was able to save her from losing the rights of which the caprice of a wretched old man would have deprived her.”

“Good God!” I exclaimed, startled by so sudden a coincidence with the charge which had ruined my own life. But

I recovered myself. "You mean—you secretly destroyed a will?"

"For her sake. Of course I did. What else should I have done?"

"It seems to me it was quite as much for your own," said I.

"Well, I did it; and it isn't that that weighs upon me. Of course I said nothing of it to her; that would not have been fair. But it was then I asked her to be my wife. And her answer was—No."

"Then you gained nothing by your—Crime?"

"By my act of justice? No She had chosen to fancy herself in love with some stranger: somebody she had met on a visit. I had loved her all my life; she had given herself to him in an hour. Can you put yourself in my place *now*?"

"I am trying," said I. Independently of my duty as confessor, and of the fascination he still exercised over me, his having actually destroyed a will interested me so intensely that I well-nigh forgot our impending doom, despite the heaving thunder of the sea, in which the ship lay so dead that she barely rolled.

"Try to imagine the loss of your soul—then you may dimly guess what the loss of Lucy was to me."

"Of *Lucy*!"

"That was her name. What is there so strange about it as to startle you?"

"Nothing. Go on."

"I told you I would do anything for her: anything in the world. The fact of there having been a will and of its having been destroyed, somehow came out; I may not have the time to tell you how, and how doesn't matter. Now, who had an interest in its destruction? Not I; it was nothing to a discarded lover whether she was rich or poor. Who then? Who but the man who had won her—the man who was to marry her fortune and—*her*? . . . I am going to make a clean breast of it for my soul's sake; don't be afraid. . . . The way to part them: it lay straight and clear before me. Suspicion pointed to him already; it only required circumstance to bring suspicion home. . . . Have I confessed? Must I say more?"

"You must say everything," said I. "I can give you no help till you look yourself straight in the face, and conquer pride."

"Then I supplied the Circumstance; I prepared the evidence required to condemn him; I drove the suspicion home. He contrived to escape a gaol; but he was a disgraced and ruined man. . . . I swear to you, as a gentleman—I mean as a Christian—that if Heaven will only grant me life, I will make every reparation; I will give myself up to justice to clear his name and undo the wrong I have done to an innocent man. I see, now, what a villain I have been. But if it is too late to repair—to undo! am I, being sincerely, terribly, agonisingly penitent, to be lost body and—soul?"

"You must tell me his name," said I, with a calmness that startled me.

"The Reverend Stephen Lake, Rector of Lancemoor. . . . Have I made my confession—*Now*?"

But before I could collect my thoughts, much less answer, the *Adelaide*, with a hideous cry, as of a living creature in its death agony, broke in two; and that March wind swept the secret of our lives away and out of the world, across the sea.

CHAPTER II.

It is well-nigh farther than the mind can reach from where the *Adelaide* went down to the village of Lancemoor, where (at least in outer seeming) peace and quiet reigned, from year's end to year's end, supreme. But that is nothing to the unspeakable distance between the mind of one who had said farewell to that peaceful English village six years ago and that of him who was now returning. Six years! Why a single year may be an age—two, an eternity.

For I had been singled out to be the sole survivor of that terrible storm. That last moment had come just when an attempt was made to launch the boats: a desperate attempt, for the waves, though they had spent their first strength, were still swelling mountains high, under which half the deck lay buried. In the general rush upon deck and towards the boats I was careful to hold back to the last, because, though I had something once more to live for, to be the last was only less my place than the captain's. The boats were filled; and what became of them, and the men and women that crowded them—but I cannot write of that. It is more awful, by far, to have been the survivor of such a wreck than among its victims. How I,

and I alone, was found, still alive among the broken fragments of the *Adelaide* when, after two long nights, the sea had become one broad and brilliant smile again—that, also, belongs to the realms of nightmare. I, I alone, had been saved by a vessel that had nearly run foul of the wreck. And I suppose I ought to have been grateful But how can one be grateful when one thinks of those who have *not* been saved in a common shipwreck, and yet had quite as good a right to life as he, if not a better?

It was hard, however, not to believe that my special rescue was not meant in some manner to assert the demands of justice: justice to me, as the victim of a monstrous wrong, and justice to him who had thus been enabled to make reparation before he died. It did look like something more than a coincidence that he and I should have been brought together in so improbable a manner, and that he should have been impelled to make confession of his crime almost at the twelfth hour. It was justice even more to him than to me: to the wronger even more than to the wronged.

I had learned that Lucy Maynard was still unmarried, and that there was no talk of her becoming other than Lucy Maynard. Of course that meant nothing. She was not likely to have remained single for the sake of one whom all but the law held to be the meanest of criminals. Still, it would be simpler to clear my name in the sight of Lucy Maynard than of any other Lucy, and to prove that she had not promised herself, in old times, to one who had been so unworthy as the world believed him to be. Kenrick's confession (somewhat more in detail than I have written it) was full enough to enable me to make everything clear; and it was she who had the first right to know that she had not cared for the meanest and most sordid of criminals, even though she had torn me out of her heart, and cared for me no more. I should return to my islands with an actual zest, in the knowledge that I was once more the Stephen she had loved in Lucy Maynard's grey eyes.

I reached Lancemoor Place, just beyond the village, in such wise as to avoid recognition by my old parishioners, and rang the clattering bell, which set my heart beating so that the clatter of the bell was drowned. I did not give my own name to the servant who, to my relief, was a stranger to me. I sent in word that a Mr. Stephen wished to see Miss Maynard. How shall I try to tell how strange it was to stand waiting *there* while I was being announced as a stranger to the girl who was to have been my wife; it was all like a wild dream—wilder than that scene on board the *Adelaide*. No, I cannot even try. If my pen, all unpractised as it is, failed me when trying to speak of a mere shipwreck, how much more, a thousand times more, must it fail me now! Every pulse-stroke, every heart-beat that I had felt six years ago came back to me with ten-fold force. No, the Capricorn Islands had not hardened my nerves to steel.

I was shown into the drawing-room, full of freshness and flowers. Miss Maynard would see me presently. I hardly knew whether I wished that she should not keep me waiting a moment, or whether for a whole two, for moments at such times are prodigious things.

Presently I heard the faint rustle of a woman's dress. But no—it passed the door. And then—why is something certain to go wrong at such times?—not she, but another visitor was shown into the room. I would have given a year of my new life to see her for the first time alone: and now—

Great Heaven! My eyes and his met—it was Oswald Kenrick, unless ghosts of the drowned return.

But even as the sight of him startled me, so must my reappearance in life have startled him; for he also must have believed himself the sole survivor of the *Adelaide*. It was strange that my first start should have been coloured by the old repulsion. But that evil colour lasted but a moment. I held out both my hands to him who had once been my bitterest enemy, and who, in the face of death, had become my best friend.

"Kenrick," I said, eagerly, "I am no ghost—are you? Though indeed I could almost think that I *am*." But he had not taken my hand; and then it struck me, with dismay, that the new life his repentance had given me would mean shame to him. "Don't think I am going to be ungrateful," I went on, quickly, following impulse, and letting him hear me think aloud. "You know my story—it was you who told it me. . . . We must be friends henceforth and for ever, you and I. I am Stephen Lake, once rector of Lancemoor. . . . But I want no vengeance, Heaven knows. I want no repara-

tion even—except to be put right before one pair of eyes before I go back to my work again. I have a right to that; but—”

For what seemed a long time he regarded me slowly. “Reparation?” he asked, as if he had never heard the word before.

“Yes—you might think that I would condemn you to the life to which I have been condemned: I can read your mind, Kenrick. You are thinking of how you can best set me right with the world, though to your own ruin. Believe me, there is no need. Your repentance is enough for yourself—your sorrow is enough for me. Only tell *her*—Lucy Maynard, that you know me to be guiltless, and—”

“You are Stephen Lake, who destroyed Miss Maynard’s uncle’s will?”

“Who was tried for destroying it, you mean? I am he.”

“And you ask *me* to clear you?”

“Surely—to Miss Maynard,” said I, with no misgiving, but with some surprise.

“When I know you to be guilty? I have only one answer to that: No.”

For a moment, his answer, so appallingly unexpected, took my breath away. If it were a jest, it was a strange one; and a strange time for jesting.

But it was in no jesting tone that he went on.

“I should hardly have thought to meet you here,” said he, coldly and distantly. “Do you want money—for your mission? If so, I shall have no objection to help you—on your return to the field of your labours. But Miss Maynard must not be troubled, by you or any man.”

A more terrible fear came over me. Could the horror of that shipwreck have deprived him of memory? But no—I could not look at him for a moment, or hear his voice, and think him insane. He was absolutely the same Oswald Kenrick I had known on board the *Adelaide*, save during that season of terror. Or had he been mad *then*? No—nor was that to be thought of: unless repentance, and remorse, and passionate desire to repair one’s wrong-doing, are insane.

“Kenrick,” said I, “is it possible that you think of denying what passed between you, death, and me? No—that is the one thing that is impossible. You prayed for life that you might repair a great wrong of which you passionately repented; with which you dared not face eternity. That life has been marvellously given to you. And it is not much you have to do—only to let a woman know that the man who loved her was not—”

“The wreck must have sent you out of your senses!” said he. “What passed between us? A great wrong? Would you be good enough to explain?”

There was no mistaking his tone now, or the dark look on his face, that was half a threat and half a sneer.

“Oswald Kenrick, you are a villain!” I exclaimed, hotly. “Your repentance was cowardice; now that you no longer fear death, you have no fear of—”. But you are mistaken if you think that I am going to suffer for your villainy. It has become my right and my duty to clear myself before the world, since you no longer think it yours to clear me before Her.”

“Indeed! I suppose it would be useless for me to ask you how you intend to proceed?”

“You may ask what you please,” I answered; for my wrongs, and his unheard-of villainy, had fairly carried me away. “You have told me quite enough to put me on the track, and to unravel the whole maze. And I shall not rest until I have cleared myself; and as for you—well, one does not show mercy to tigers and wolves.”

“An excellent plan,” said he, “and no doubt, with proper skilled assistance, as practical as it is bold. Indeed, I see no fault in it, anywhere, but one.”

“And that?” said I.

“Is—that a Priest does not betray a Penitent,” said Oswald Kenrick, looking me straight in the eyes, so that mine fell. “Confession,” he added, quietly, “is a sacred thing.”

And, before I could raise my eyes, Lucy Maynard entered the room.

It was despair. Picture my condition, if you can! I had been lifted out of the depths: I had been raised once more to the heaven of hope, nay, of certainty: nay, when I first met Oswald Kenrick at Lancemoor-place I felt, by anticipation, all the gratitude that would be due to his heroic reparation of his wrong, and no anxiety save to spare him as much as possible, more, perhaps, than would be just, from the consequences of

his repentance. And now—it was as if Heaven itself were mocking: from the height to which I had been lifted, I was dashed down into the uttermost depth once more.

How I left the room, I know not. I remember stammering a few incoherent words—I know not what they were: I remember hearing a voice and, for a moment, touching a hand that I had never thought to hear or touch again: would to Heaven that I never *had* touched or heard again—that I had remained buried among my Islanders, body and soul, till the end of my days. After all, what did it signify what she thought of the manners of one whom she held to be a felon? Of what account was it what Oswald Kenrick might say to her of me when I was gone? But it did signify, it was of great account, that I must carry back with me to the Islands a doubt of the justice of Providence: a sense of the blackest despair.

Does any reader of this even now wholly realise the position in which my enemy had placed me? If I had not been in orders, I should have had my fate and his in my own hands, instead of having to carry to my grave surely the most dreadful secret a man ever had to keep—the secret of his own guiltlessness, without the power to betray it to those who believed him guilty, and would have rejoiced to learn that their belief was wrong.

And Oswald Kenrick—what sort of fiend in human form could *he* be, that so passionate a remorse in what he supposed his hour of death should have passed into the last extreme of remorseless cynicism so soon as that hour had passed? That an agonising prayer for life had been answered only to plunge him yet deeper into wrong? That he had forgotten the bargain he had presumed to make even with Heaven itself, so soon as death seemed once more far away? When it again came in sight, would he be thrown again into that agony? . . . Such were my thoughts of him then; and even now I cannot answer, even though—

CHAPTER III.

I WAS preparing for my return to the Capricorn Islands, *via* London, when, at the inn where I had left my luggage, the parlour-door opened, and, instead of the waitress with my reckoning, there entered—Lucy Maynard!

I would have given the rest of my life never to have set eyes again on the woman I loved. She could not have known I was there; she must have come upon some other errand. Otherwise it would have been fiendish cruelty. It could not be true that her hand moved as if it would come out to mine. Our eyes met, and how mine contrived to meet hers, I cannot tell.

“Stephen!” said she.

I started—I heard the voice I had never thought to hear again.

“Stephen!” I do not know what she was going to say. It all ended in, “Tell me—what does this mean?”

“That—that a felon had no business to be under the same roof with you,” said I, hardly and bitterly. “That, finding myself there, I repented, and came away.”

She looked at me deeply and strangely.

“I thought once that there was one impossible thing,” she said, slowly: “that *you* should say anything but the truth to *me*.”

I was silent. What else could I be?

“You are no felon. Why do you say that you are? Whom is it to shield? If you swore you were a felon, do you suppose that *I* should believe? If I knew you to be one, I should . . . But . . . never mind that. Only—Stephen—though you have forgotten what I thought we once were, I think a little truth is due to me still. Tell me what this means.”

“Miss Maynard, ask me nothing. I have nothing to say but—God bless you, and good-bye. For heaven’s sake, don’t make good-bye harder than I can bear.”

“I *will* make it harder than you can bear! You shall not leave this place till you have told me what crime you say falsely you have committed!—why you came to my house!—why the sight of me drove you away.”

“Surely you know what I was tried for?”

“I know that you were tried, and acquitted, and that you deserted me when I should have thought you knew you had most need of me. Ah! I cared for you the most. If I had done anything, really, even if it had been murder, I should have come to you. Tell me one thing—do you care for me still?”

“So much—so much that—that I say good-bye!”

She looked at me as if she were reading me through and through. I felt her eyes searching my soul.

"I should not have said good-bye," she said, softly. "Why do you let people think you destroyed a will that was never destroyed?"

"It was destroyed," I said, somewhat rashly.

"Well," said she, with a sigh, "I suppose I shall know some day why you persist in taking upon yourself an offence that was never done."

"What! you *do* believe me innocent?" I cried, the worst of the clouds, the only cloud I really cared for, breaking again, if ever so little.

"Do you suppose I—cared for—you without knowing you? I never doubted: I should never have doubted if you had been condemned. A will was destroyed—but not by you; and whoever destroyed it profited himself nothing—nor me." She coloured hotly. "The paper destroyed was no will. My uncle revoked it on his death-bed by another will, for he knew then that there was no chance of—of what he feared. His last will was found twelve months after he died."

"Then there has been no crime? Well—I am glad of that—but it makes no difference to me. The intention was the same. And so——"

She held out her hand, at first timidly, then bravely.

"Stephen," she said, very bravely indeed, "you may try to be as false to me as you please; you cannot succeed. You may try to make yourself out guilty in intention, though not in fact, for some reason of your own—and I shall believe it to be a good reason—but it matters to me nothing. You may pretend that you care for me no longer. I know better. Where are you going now?"

"Home—to my savages in the South Seas."

"When do you start?"

"In eight days from now."

"Ah! that is plenty of time. I shall be quite ready in three!"

CHAPTER IV.

NEED I add another word?

Yes; next to Lucy's last, the chief word of all.

It was a note from Oswald Kenrick—

"I learn from Miss Maynard what an absence from England prevented my learning sooner; that a certain document was never destroyed at all. I have also heard from her what makes me feel that I, though a layman, am better fitted for work in your mission than you; and I have made the society that employs you see things in the same light. You will therefore find yourself superseded. And no doubt you will be reconciled to having this field of work closed to you when I tell you that the seal of confession is removed; nay, that if within twelve months you do not state all the circumstances in your way, I shall state them in *mine*."

No; I never understood Oswald Kenrick, and to this day I understand him no more than I understand the Way of the Wind.

But I think that Lucy Lake understands; and she is still wiser than I.

THE BLACKTHORN.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

From "Our English Months."

WHEN scarce a thing gives sign of life,
And all the woods are bare,
And wrestling winds, in lawless strife,
Go roaring everywhere—

The pretty blackthorn cheers the gloom—
Spring's gayest, sauciest one—
Like some fair girl, too early come,
In her ball-dress, alone.

On the bare hedge, like drifted snow,
She laughs into the sky—
"My pretty sweet-breath'd cousin too
Is coming presently."

Aye, that she will, thou darling mine,
With birds of every wing—
Thanks for that cheery look of thine,
Bold prophetess of spring.

NOTABLE OCCURRENCES AND EVENTS.

JULY AND AUGUST, 1887.

JULY, 1887.

1. Irish Land Bill passed through Committee of House of Lords.

— Mr. Bradlaugh's motion for the Compulsory Acquisition of Waste Lands by Corporations rejected by 173 to 97.

— The Queen present at the march past of 23,000 Volunteers in St. James's-park.

4. Foundation-stone of the Imperial Institute laid by the Queen at South Kensington.

— The Irish Land Bill passed the House of Lords.

— Mr. W. H. Smith's motion, that the Government business should have precedence during the rest of the Session, carried by 146 to 85.

— Rain fell after a drought lasting four weeks.

5. Motion for adjournment of the House in connection with the arrest of Miss Cass by P.C. Endacott. The Government defeated by 153 to 148.

6. Mr. W. H. Smith stated that a full inquiry would be made into the case of the arrest of Miss Cass.

— Oxford beat Cambridge at Lord's by seven wickets.

7. Election of Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg by the Sobranje as Prince of Bulgaria.

— Arrival in Ireland of Monsgr. Persico, Papal Envoy.

— Third reading of the Crimes Bill. Mr. Gladstone moved its rejection.

8. Third reading of the Crimes Bill passed by 349 to 262.

— Election of Mr. J. Aird (C) for Paddington (North) 2,230, E. Routledge (G) 1,812.

— Acceptance of his election as Prince of Bulgaria by Prince Ferdinand.

9. 60,000 troops reviewed by the Queen at Aldershot.

11. Crimes Bill read in the House of Lords.

— Sir W. Lawson moved that the lending of carriages by Peers at elections for the conveyance of voters was a breach of privilege. Motion rejected by 196 to 167.

— Mr. Balfour moved the second reading of the Irish Land Bill.

— Wimbledon Rifle Meeting commenced.

12. Election of Serjeant Madden (C) for Dublin University, 1,376; Hon. C. Parsons (C), 712.

— Meeting at Lord's of delegates of the County Cricket Clubs to form a County Council.

— Sentence of death passed on Franzini for a triple murder in Paris.

— Visit of the Queen to the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield.

14. Foundation-stone of statue of Prince Consort (part of Women's Jubilee Offering) laid by the Queen in Windsor Park. A surplus of £70,000 over the amount needed for the statue.

— Second reading of the Irish Land Bill in the Commons. No division.

18. Crimes Bill read a third time in the Lords.

— Collision between ironclads, Ajax and Devastation, off Portland.

— International Rifle Trophy won by England at Wimbledon.

19. Crimes Bill received the Royal assent.

— Lieut. Warren, 1st Middlesex, won the Queen's Prize.

— Elections: Basingstoke, A. F. Jeffreys (C) 3,158; R. Eve (G) 2,426; Brixton, Lord Carmarthen (C), 3,307; J. Hill (G), 2,569; Hornsey, H. Sternles (C), 4,476; H. Bottomley (G), 2,488.

20. Conclusion of Negotiations at St. Petersburg for the settlement of the Afghan frontier.

— Kolapore Rifle Cup won by England.

21. Elcho Shield won by England.

— Apology by Dr. Tanner to the

House of Commons for improper language used to Mr. Walter Long.

22. Presentation of Naval and Marine Jubilee Gift to the Queen at Osborne.

23. Jubilee Naval Review by the Queen at Spithead.

26. Naval Manœuvres commenced along South Coast.

28. Suspension of Mr. T. Healy for threatening language to Mr. De Lisle.

— Savile won the Goodwood Cup after a dead-heat with St. Michael.

AUGUST, 1887.

2. Election of Sir G. Trevelyan (G) for Glasgow (Brigdeton), 4,654; Mr. E. Ashley (U), 3,253.

— Naval Manœuvres. Capture of Falmouth by attacking squadron under Admiral Fremantle.

3. First Prize at the International Chess Congress at Frankfort-on-Maine, won by Capt. Mackenzie, of New York. Mr. Blackburne, England, second.

— Surrey beat Notts at the Oval by 4 wickets.

4. Naval Manœuvres. Admiral Fremantle seized the Mouth of the Thames and Medway, and was in turn captured by the force under Admiral Hewett.

5. Strike of the Midland Railway engine-drivers and smokers.

8. Judgment in Wreck Commissioners' Court on the loss of the P. and O. steamer "Tasmania."

9. Prince Ferdinand left Austria to take the rulership of Bulgaria.

— Commencement of Eisteddfod at Albert Hall.

10. Banquet by the Lord Mayor to Her Majesty's Ministers.

11. 200 lives lost by railway in Illinois.

— Manifesto of Prince Ferdinand to Bulgarian people.

12. Trafalgar-square Socialist Demonstration.

15. Election of Mr. Brunner (G) for Northwich, 5,112; Lord Grosvenor (U), 3,983.

— Closing of the Sobranje by Prince Ferdinand.

17. Fearful thunderstorm, with great loss of life and property.

18. The Lords Amendments on the Irish Land Bill agreed to by the Commons.

19. National League proclaimed.

— Receipt of news of the burning of the "City of Montreal" Steamer.

23. Royal Assent given to 28 Acts, including the Irish Land Law.

24. English Fishing Boats attacked at Ostend. Belgian fishermen fired on by the Civic Guard, and five of them mortally wounded.

— Escape of Ayoub Khan from Teheran reported.

— Silence won the Great Ebor Handicap; Oliver Twist 2; Agitator, 3.

25. Signature in London of Convention between Great Britain and China in connection with the Annexation of Upper Burmah.

26. 12 lives lost in a boating accident near Ilfracombe.

— Mr. Gladstone's motion for an Address to the Crown for the withdrawal of the Proclamation of the National League negatived by 272 to 194.

— Death of Lord Doneraile from hydrophobia. He had been bitten by a tame fox about five months previously, and subsequently underwent the Pasteur treatment.

31. North Hants Election: Hon. A. Fellowes (C), 2,700; Mr. J. H. Sanders (G), 2,414.

— Franzini guillotined at Paris for a triple murder in the Rue Montaigne.

OBITUARY RECORD.

AUGUST TO DECEMBER, 1886.

Memoirs of all of whom, with the Arms and Portraits of some, will be found in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AUGUST, 1886.

Eden, the Right Rev. Robert, D.D., Primus of the Scotch Episcopal Church, Bishop of Moray, Nairn, and Ross.
 Lennex, the Right Hon. Lord Henry Charles George Gordon, P.C., M.A.,—28.
 Morley, Samuel, M.P., the munificent philanthropist.
 Leyland, Colonel Tom Naylor, Nantclwyd, Ruthin, J.P.—26.
 Wakley, Dr. James G., editor of the *Lancet*.—30.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

Alcock, Rev. J., Archdeacon of Waterford.
 Bickford, Vice-Admiral Joseph Grant.—6.
 Binnie, the Rev. Dr. William, Professor of Church History and Pastoral Theology in the Free Church College, Aberdeen.—22.
 Cardross of Holmes, Lady (Jane Halliday), widow of Henry Lord Cardross.
 Dalkeith, the Right Hon. W. H. M. Douglas, Earl of; accidentally killed while out shooting.—17.
 Davis, Gilbert William Warren, Esq., of Trewarren, J.P.—7.
 Donovan, Alexander, B.A., J.P., D.L., of Framfield Place, Sussex.—10.
 Edwardes, Lady (Louisa Mary Anne), widow of Sir Henry Edwardes.—7.
 Eglington and Winton, the Right Hon. Sophia Adelaide Theodosia, Countess of.—21.
 Fitzgerald, Lord Gerald.—23.
 Fox Strangeways, the Hon. Amelia.—9.
 Gamgee, Joseph Sampson, Esq., M.B.C.S., F.R.S.E., surgeon to the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham.—18.
 Hatton, John Lipton, Esq., the popular musical composer.—20.
 Havilland, General John Von Sonnentag de Havilland, F.S.A., York Herald.—18.
 Heyland, Lieut.-Colonel John Rowley, J.P.—18.
 Hutt, Lady (Fanny), widow of the Right Hon. Sir W. Hutt, K.C.B.—26.
 Ingleby, Clement Mansfield, LL.D., the well-known Shakespearian commentator.—26.
 Kelk, Sir John, Tedworth, Wilts, the celebrated engineer.—12.
 Knox, Arthur Edward, Esq., M.A., J.P., late 2nd Life Guards.—23.
 Lely, W. G., Esq., of Carlton Scroop, Lincolnshire, a descendant of Sir Peter Lely, the Court painter.—26.
 Mainwaring, Lady (Emma), of Over Peover, widow of Sir Harry Mainwaring.
 Molteno, the Hon. Sir John Charles, K.C.M.G., Colonial Secretary to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope.—1.
 Morse, Rev. Francis, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, Prebendary of Southwell, and Rural Dean.—18.
 Ordish, Rowland Mason, the well-known engineer.
 Perth and Melfort, Susan Henrietta Drummond, Countess of.—11.
 Plunkett, the Right Hon. Charlotte, Dowager Baroness.—11.
 Ralli, Miss; accidentally drowned at Guisachan, Invernesshire.—9.
 Ranken, Rev. Dr. Dean of Aberdeen.—21.
 Stevens, the Rev. W. F., D.D.—16.
 Thornton, Henry Samuel Welch, of Beaupre, Hants.
 Webster, Thomas, R.A.—23.
 Whieldon, Rev. Edward, M.A., Vicar of Croxton and Bradley-le-Moors.—1.

OCTOBER, 1886.

Ailesbury, the Most Hon. Sir Ernest Augustus Charles Brudenell Bruce, Marquis and Earl of.—18.
 Baillie, J. Menzies, Esq., of Culter Allers, Lanarkshire.—6.
 Earnes, the Rev. William, the Dorsetshire poet and antiquary.
 Barrow, Lieut.-General Charles Malcolm, C.B., late of the Bombay Staff Corps.—7.
 Blake Humphrey, Robert, Esq., J.P. and D.L. for Norfolk, a Peninsular veteran.—15.
 Burgess, J. Tom, Esq., F.S.A., editor of *Berrow's Worcester Journal* and author of "Historic Warwickshire."
 Byng, Captain the Hon. Robert Lowther, R.N.—15.
 Cloetzy, General Sir A. Josias, K.C.B., K.H.—26.
 Croskery, the Rev. Dr., Professor of Theology at the Magee Presbyterian College, Londonderry.—3.
 Denny, Colonel William, late 71st Highland Light Infantry.—5.
 De Malahide, Monsignor George Talbot, Canon of the Vatican, and cup-bearer to H.H. Pius IX.
 Dickson, Sir Joseph R. L., M.D.—7.
 Duncan, Charles, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal of Aberdeenshire.—14.
 Du Pre, Caledon George, Esq., of Wilton Park, Bucks, J.P. and D.L.—7.
 Dunn, Rear-Admiral Montague Bucleugh.—12.
 Dyce—Davidson, Dr. Alexander, M.A., Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Aberdeen.—22.
 Gibson, the Rev. James Young, an eminent Spanish scholar.—2.
 Godwin, Edward William, Esq., F.S.A., architect and archaeologist.
 Grosvenor, the Hon. Thomas George, C.B.—8.
 Hawtrey, Rev. Stephen, M.A., founder and Master of St. Mark's School, Windsor.—9.
 Hesketh, Colonel Edward, Fleetwood, of North Meols Hall, Lancaster, J.P.
 Hobart, Lady, widow of Frederick John Lord Hobart.—2.
 Humble, Lady (Elizabeth Philippa), widow of Sir John Nugent Humble.
 Kavanagh, the Very Rev. James B., D.D., parish priest of Kildare; accidentally killed in his church.—5.
 Lacy, General R. Walter, late Lieut.-Colonel 36th Regiment.
 Latham, George William, Esq., M.A., J.P., of Bradwall Hall, Cheshire, late M.P. for the Crewe Division of that county.—4.
 Macpherson, Colonel Duncan, of Cluny, chief of a Highland clan.
 Macpherson, General Sir Herbert, Commander-in-Chief of the British military forces in Burma.—21.
 Maude, Capt. the Hon. Francis, R.N.—23.
 Monkswell, the Right Hon. Lord Robert Porrett Collier, eminent lawyer.—27.
 Mountgarrett, the Right Hon. Frances Fenelope, wife of Henry Edward, Viscount Mountgarrett.—19.
 Neville, Parke, Esq., engineer for the Corporation and City of Dublin.—30.
 Pedlow, Surgeon James, M.D., Army Medical Staff.—22.
 Pim, Rear-Admiral Bedford Clapperton Trevelyan Pim, Arctic explorer; one of the brave band who engaged in the search for Sir John Franklin.
 Sheffield, Sir R., Bart.—24.
 Stafford, the Right Hon. George Stevens Byng, Earl of.—29.
 Symes, the Rev. Richard, Prebendary of Wells.—18.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

Archer, Fred, the celebrated jockey.—8.
 Atkinson, J. Beavington, author of "An Art Tour in the Capitals of Europe."
 Ayrton, the Right Hon. Acton Smee, formerly M.P. for the Tower Hamlets.—30.
 Baddeley, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Clinton.
 Barrington, the Right Hon. George William, Seventh Viscount.—7.
 Bennett, the Rev. Edward Leigh, Vicar of Long Sutton.—10.
 Bewicke-Bewicke, Robert Calverley, of Coaly Manor, Yorks, J.P. and D.L.
 Boileau, Major-General John Theophilus, F.R.S.—1.
 Brady, Denis Caulfield, of Newry, formerly M.P. for that borough.—30.
 Bramley-Moore, John, Esq., J.P. and D.L., of Gerard's Cross, Bucks.—19.
 Churchill, the Right Hon. Francis George Spenser, Second Lord.—24.
 Clarke, Lady (Emily Maxwell), widow of Sir Robert Boucher Clarke, C.B., LL.D.—24.
 Cole, Owen Blayney, of Brandrum and Creve, J.P. and D.L.—28.
 Coope, Octavius Edward, Esq., of Rochetts, Essex, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for the Brentford Division of Middlesex.—27.
 Cope, E. W., Esq., Secretary to the British Legation at Stockholm.—4.
 Dacres, Field-Marshal Sir Richard, G.C.B., Constable of the Tower and Colonel Commandant Royal Horse Artillery.
 Delany, the Right Rev. W., D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork.—14.
 Doo, George Thomas, Esq., R.A., F.R.S., the well-known engraver.—13.
 Enniskillen, the Right Hon. William Willoughby Cole, Earl of.—12.
 Edwardes, the Rev. Stephen, for many years Bursar of Merton College.—24.
 Estcourt, Caroline, Lady Bucknall, widow of Major-General James Bucknall Estcourt.—17.
 Festing, Major-General Sir Francis Worgan, K.C.M.G., C.B.—21.
 Fry, Francis, Esq., of Bristol and London.—12.
 Goodwyn, General Henry, R.E.—8.
 Grote, Arthur, Esq., F.R.S., botanist, and brother of George Grote, the historian.
 Guthrie, Dr. F., Professor of Physics, Royal School of Mines.—21.
 Hardwicke, Susan, Dowager Countess of.—22.
 Hastings, the Hon. Henry Cecil Plantagenet.—22.
 Haviland, the Rev. George Edward, M.A., Prebendary of Chichester.
 Humphries, Sir John, senior coroner for East Middlesex.—20.
 Jones, R. O., Esq., of Fommon Castle, stipendiary magistrate for Cardiff.
 Lentaigne, the Right Hon. Sir John Francis O'Neill, P.C., C.B., of Talaght.—12.
 M'Dougall, Bishop, Canon of Winchester and Bishop of Luan.—16.
 Malet, Sir Alexander Charles, K.C.B., the distinguished diplomatist.
 Martin, Sir James, Chief Justice and First Minister of New South Wales.
 Middleton, Ellen, Dowager Viscountess.—13.
 Prendergast, Thomas, Esq., author of the Manuals entitled "The Mastery of Languages."—14.
 Prior, Thomas Abiel, Esq., the well-known line engraver.
 Sanford, T. Hugh, Esq., J.P. and D.L.—25.
 Swetenham, Clement, Esq., J.P.—26.
 Vesey, Capt. the Hon. Eustace, 9th Lancers.—18.

Vulliamy, George, Esq., Superintendent Architect of the Metropolitan Board of Works.—12.
 Waterlow, A. James, Esq., J.P.—30.
 Wilson, Lady (Charlotte Mary), widow of Sir Erasmus Wilson.—3.
 Wood, Canon, the oldest canon of Worcester Cathedral.—9.

DECEMBER, 1886.

Allen, the Ven. John, M.A., Master of St. John's Hospital, Lichfield, and Archdeacon of S-lap.
 Anderson, Sir Samuel Lee, M.L., formerly Crown Solicitor for Dublin.—1.
 Anthony, Mark, Esq., landscape painter.—1.
 Balguy, John, Esq., Metropolitan Police Magistrate (Woolwich and Greenwich).—5.
 Baker, Thomas Barwick Lloyd, of Hardwicke Court, Gloucester, J.P., D.L.—10.
 Bourke, the Lady Margaret Harriett.—29.
 Brooke, the Hon. Lady, widow of Sir Arthur Brinsley Brooke, Bart.—27.
 Butler, the Rev. Thomas, F.R.G.S., Honorary Canon of Lincoln Cathedral.
 Crampton, Sir John Fiennes Twistleton, Birt., K.C.B., the eminent diplomatist.—5.
 Paulet, Sir H. C., Bart.—11.
 Duncan, David, Esq., J.P., M.P. for the Exchange Division of Liverpool.—30.
 Elphinstone, Sir James Dalrymple Horn, Bart., J.P. and D.L., formerly M.P. for Portsmouth.—26.
 Filmer, Sir Edmund, of East Sutton, Kent, formerly M.P. for Mid-Kent.
 Fordyce, Capt. A. L. Dingwall.—10.
 Forsyth, Sir Thos. Douglas, K.C.S.I., C.B., Commissioner in the Punjab, and Envoy and Plenipotentiary on special mission to the Ameer of Kashgar.—17.
 Gonne, Colonel Thomas, Assistant Adjutant-General, Dublin District.
 Hawtrey, the Rev. Montague John Gregg, M.A., Prebendary of Wells.—12.
 Hughes, Sir Walter Watson, late of South Australia, J.P. and D.L.—1.
 Johnson, Matilda, Miss, of Balmallass, at the age of 105.
 Kelly, Bernard, Esq., M.P. for South Donegal.
 Larpet, the Dowager Baroness de Hochspied, wife of Baron de Hochspied.—30.
 Kelsall, Dr. E. W., of the Army Medical Service.—6.
 Lyons, Robert Spencer Dyer, Esq., M.D., formerly M.P. for the City of Dublin.—19.
 Mackenzie, John, Esq., M.D., formerly Provost of Inverness.
 Mole, J. H., Esq., Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.—13.
 Nicholson, Dr., of Penrith, the well-known Oriental scholar.
 Oliphant, Mrs. Henrietta Graeme, of Orchill, Perthshire.—9.
 Patterson, Robert Hogarth, author of "The New Revolution; or, the Napoleonic Policy in Europe."—13.
 Paulet, Sir Henry.—11.
 Pownall, the Ven. Assheton, M.A., F.S.A., J.P., Archdeacon of Leicester.—2.
 Robinson, General Alexander, Bengal Staff Corps.—28.
 Ross, Horatio, Esq., of Inverness, the famous shot.—6.
 Roupell, Robert Prioleau, Esq., M.A., Q.C., of Charlton, Kent, a distinguished Chancery lawyer.—15.
 Salmon, Sir James, M.D., R.N., Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, and Honorary Physician to the Queen.—17.
 Tower, Mrs. Maria, widow of the Rev. William Tower.—1.
 Traill, William, Esq., M.D., J.P., and D.L., of Woodwick, Orkney.—10.
 Wells, Lieut.-Colonel Grenville Hylton, commanding Soudan Mounted Cavalry.—3.
 Wilson, Edward Hugh, Esq., of Dailam Tower, Westmoreland, J.P. and D.L.—8.

APRIL.
1888.

April 1st, Easter Sunday.

All Fools Day.
William Harvey b. 1578. Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, d. 1826.

2nd, Easter Monday.

Bank Holiday.
Battle of Copenhagen 1801. Dr. James Gregory, professor of medicine, d. 1821. Abolition of the Fleet Prison 1814.

3rd, Easter Tuesday.

Holiday at Law Offices. (0h 41m P.M.
St. Richard, bp.
Richard II., King of England, b. 1396.
George Herbert b. 1333. Washington Irving b. 1783.

4th, Wednesday.

St. Ambrose, bp.
Robert Ainsworth, compiler of the Latin dictionary, d. 1743. Oliver Goldsmith d. 1774.

5th, Thursday.

John Stow, historian and antiquary, d. 1605. Danton guillotined at Paris 1794. Robert Raikes, founder of Sunday-schools, d. 1811.

6th, Friday.

Old Lady Day.
Richard Coeur-de-Lion killed 1199. The Koh-i-Noor left India for England 1850.

7th, Saturday.

Battle of Badajoz 1812. William Lisle Bowles, poet, d. 1850. William Wordsworth b. 1770.

8th, Low Sunday.

John the Good, King of France, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, d. 1364.

9th, Monday.

Fire Insurance days of grace expire.
Edward IV., King of England, d. 1483. Francis, Lord Bacon, d. 1626.

10th, Tuesday.

Easter Sittings commence.
Battle of Toulouse 1814. Alexander Nasmyth, painter, d. 1840. Chartist demonstration 1848.

11th, Wednesday.

(0h 7m A.M.
Cardinal Beaufort d. 1447. Gaston de Foix, French warrior, d. 1512. Stanislaus Poniatowski, last King of Poland, d. 1798.

12th, Thursday.

Great victory over the French fleet in the West Indies by Rodney 1782. Opening of the Civil War in America 1861.

13th, Friday.

Edict of Nantes signed 1598. Catholic emancipation 1829. President Lincoln shot 1865. Abyssinian War ended 1868.

14th, Saturday.

Battle of Burnet—Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick (the King-maker), killed, 1471. Charles II.'s Declaration at Breda 1660.

15th, Sunday.

2nd after Easter.
Madame de Maintenon d. 1710. Madame de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV., d. 1764. Thomas Drummond, eminent in physical science, d. 1810.

16th, Monday.

Battle of Culloden, defeat of the Young Pretender, 1746. Clementi, celebrated pianist, d. 1830. Madame Tussaud (wax figures) d. 1850.

17th, Tuesday.

Martin Luther at Diet at Worms 1521. Dr. Benjamin Hoadley d. 1701. Dr. Benjamin Franklin d. 1790.

18th, Wednesday.

Lord Chancellor Jeffreys d. 1680. Dr. Erasmus Darwin, poet, d. 1802. John Abernethy, eminent surgeon, d. 1831. Evacuation of Candahar begun 1881.

GUILTY, BUT GUILTLESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THREE PARSONS," ETC., ETC.

I WONDER whether the story ever *will* grow old?—the story that Adam told Eve in the groves of Paradise—that young men have told maidens ever since—the story that the flowers always seem trying intemperately to tell the sun, and the trees to tell the breezes which frolic in their leafy bowers, and the streams to be murmuring to the green grasses on their banks; the story which Oliver Stafford was whispering in the listening ear of Marler Gordon on Christmas Eve in the porch of the village church—the story of Love!

They had been helping to prepare the church for the morrow's festival—putting the finishing touches to the work which made the little sanctuary so bright and beautiful with flowers and ivy and holly when the Christmas sun lit up the grey old pillars and shadowed roof, and fell on the white-robed figures in the chancel and on all the kneeling faithful. They had been helping the willing hands which had been finishing this labour of love—helping quietly, lovingly, and reverently, and had pricked their fingers fearfully.

All the others, save the bell-ringers, had gone, and the gentle, white-haired vicar—Marler's father—after hearing the last strains of the "Adeste Fideles" from the practising choir of happy boys, who sang the glorious anthem to the rolling notes of the sweet-toned organ, had hurried home into the ivy-covered vicarage adjoining his church. And as Oliver led the vicar's daughter after him, he had taken her hand gravely and tenderly into his, saying, with the quiver in his voice which gives to human language such pathos and such power, "Marler, I love you; how dearly I can never tell you. I haven't any words to tell you with, but I want you to let me try to make you understand how I love you by all my future life. I want you to come to me, and to make me a happier and a better man than ever I have been before. When I go back to my far northern home I want to take with me the fairest rose in all this country of roses. I love you!"

As if she did not know it—had not known it for many a year! There was no one listening, but very low and very short was Marler's answer; but Oliver heard the whisper, for he stretched out eager hands and drew her to him, and her head sunk upon his breast. So in the shadow of the porch of the village church on Christmas Eve they twain plighted their troth—the troth of a love as pure as the virgin snow, which covered the moonlit meadows and far-away hills around them. Only the angels heard that murmured troth, just as the bells, in happy pealing, rang out in memory of the jubilant chant they sang centuries ago to the watching shepherds on the hillsides of Judea:

"*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax, hominibus bonæ voluntatis!*"

The ceremony was over: Oliver Stafford and Marler Gordon were man and wife. From the altar to the vestry swept the stately wedding procession, and there the concluding formalities were gone through. The ceremony, with its indescribable mixture of principals and mothers-in-law, bridesmaids and groomsmen, smiles and tears, longings and regrets, hopes and fears, was all over. Down the aisle, thick with friendly faces, and echoing the solemn notes of the Bachelors' Requiem, and out into the glorious sunshine which streamed on the flower-strewn pathway from the church door went Oliver and his wife. And surely never sun shone on fairer bride or more gallant groomsmen. To match the tints of Marler's blushing face and timid, happy eyes one would have had to lift and look upon the flowers her little feet were treading; and a handsomer six feet of manhood was seldom seen than proud Oliver Stafford as he tenderly led his bride through the cheering people. He bore himself as a proud and happy husband should, his face beaming with triumph and joy, though no one knew better than he that prickly rice was scratching him all down the back.

That horrible institution of nineteenth century civilisation, the wedding breakfast, being brought to an end by the infliction of speeches of the ordinary style and length, during which no casualties to human life or intellect were reported (there is always a special providence exercised on these occasions), the honeymoon journey was started upon.

After a few weeks' ramble over the Continent, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Stafford found themselves at home in St. Petersburg—at home, for there Oliver held a diplomatic position of some importance, and there, in consequence, they were to settle down to the delights and trials of life in double harness.

The love which had led Oliver and Marler to the altar was a very old love, dating almost from the days of childhood. With true love in their hearts, plenty of money in their pockets,

19th, Thursday.

(11h 52m A.M.
St. Alphege, archbp.
Battle of Lexington, commencement of the American War, 1775. Lord Byron d. 1824. Earl of Beaconsfield d. 1881.

20th, Friday.

Cromwell dissolved the "Rump" Parliament 1653. Prince Eugene of Savoy, military commander, d. 1796.

21st, Saturday.

Cromwell created Lord Protector of the Commonwealth 1653. Jean Racine, French dramatic poet, d. 1699. Alexander the Great d. B.C. 323. Diogenes the Cynic d. B.C. 323.

22nd, Sunday.

3rd after Easter.
Last appearance of the Wandering Jew at Brussels 1774. Thomas Haynes Bayley, poet, d. 1839. Bombardment of Callao 1880.

23rd, Monday.

St. George, martyr.
Shakespeare d. 1616. Joseph Nollekins, sculptor, d. 1823. William Wordsworth, poet, d. 1850.

24th, Tuesday.

Daniel Defoe d. 1731. Edmund Cartwright, inventor of the powerloom, b. 1743. Pierre de Beaumarchais, musician and dramatist, d. 1799.

25th, Wednesday.

St. Mark, Evan, and M.
Oliver Cromwell, Protector of Eng'land, b. 1599. William Cowper d. 1800. Princess Alice b. 1843.

26th, Thursday.

(0h 22m A.M.
Funeral of the Earl of Beaconsfield 1881. David Hume, philosopher and historian, b. 1711. Uhland, German poet, b. 1797.

27th, Friday.

Battle of Dunbar 1296. John Anker-3132, regicide, executed 1792. James Bruce, traveller in Africa, d. 1794. Sir William Jones d. 1794.

28th, Saturday.

Mutiny of the *Bounty* 1789. Earl of Shaftesbury, philanthropist, b. 1801. Admiral Codrington d. 1851.

29th, Sunday.

4th after Easter.
Edward IV. of England b. 1441. Admiral De Ruyter d. 1676. Alexander II. of Russia b. 1818.

30th, Monday.

Tilly, military commander, d. 1632. Cromwell detained when about to depart for America in the *Mayflower* 1637. Sir Henry Bishop, musical composer, d. 1855.

no dark memories behind them, and a future full of brightness before them, they were as happy a young couple as any to be found the world over. Stafford had long been a favourite in a wide circle of St. Petersburg society, and the welcome which would in any case have been given to the wife of so popular a member of the diplomatic corps was quickly and heartily extended to Marler for her own sake. The admiration which his beautiful young English bride excited was so general that something like jealous misgivings—so easily aroused in the newly-married—might possibly have arisen in Oliver's heart but for his perfect love and his perfect confidence. With love and confidence so complete, what he laughingly used to call her "conquests" were to him only matters of pleasurable pride. His was the perfect love which casteth out fear. He was pleased and proud that wherever his young wife went, Russian society—not usually demonstratively warm-hearted to English visitors or sojourners—received her as with open arms. Loyal to her as the flowers in the sun, from which they derive their being and their beauty, no single thought of evil came into his heart. Himself a master of the Russian tongue, difficult of acquirement as a talkable knowledge of it is, he was also both surprised and pleased at the way in which Marler seemed to be acquiring an acquaintance with conversational phrases in that language.

So the months went on until there came a time when Marler did not so often accompany her husband into society. And the cause was one which gave an added tenderness to the tones of Oliver's voice as he spoke to her, and an added tenderness to the pressure of his hand and the touch of his lips—a cause which filled Marler's heart with a timid joy, the strange trembling joy a woman feels when the time approaches for the crowning of her life with the holy dignity of motherhood.

If Byron had not forestalled me, I would have said, "There was a sound of revelry by night . . . and bright the lamps shone on fair women and brave men"; or, at all events, I should like to have said it, because it is fine, resonant language. To put it otherwise, a portion of St. Petersburg society was making merry at a ball, and amongst the guests was Oliver Stafford.

Still Marler's sweetheart as much as in the old courting days, he soon wearied of the gay scene without her, and having remained long enough to feel justified in allowing himself a social dispensation from further exercise of the light fantastic toe, he was about to withdraw to rejoin his expectant wife, when the utterance of her name arrested him. There was no mistake—"the immaculate Marler" was the phrase he heard, uttered in a man's voice, and in a familiar, semi-satirical tone which heated his blood in a moment. The voice came from behind a screen in one of the rooms adjoining the ball-room. He raised his hand to push aside the screen when the same voice added (also in Russian), "I could show you proof that she is not so immaculate as she is thought to be!"

Down went the screen with a crash before the sentence was finished, and Oliver's hand was on the speaker's throat—a tall, elegant man, whose clever, cunning, strongly-marked face was flushed red with wine.

"You lie!"

Had Oliver's fingers maintained their hold upon the throat they grasped, the stranger would certainly never have had an opportunity of telling any more lies; but from the doorway two men quietly, sternly, and almost noiselessly approached.

"The secret police!" whispered the man to whom Oliver's victim had been speaking.

"The secret police!" We don't know what that means in England, but in the present case it meant that the unknown challenger of Marler's honour in about forty seconds had taken the first step on the march to Siberia—that is to say, he was arrested for some crime or other cause which might or might not be made public. In Russia arrest is a very long step towards Siberia. The struggle which Oliver made to prevent the man's arrest, in order that he might wreak his own vengeance upon him, was sharp, but brief.

"He shall not leave my sight like this—I will kill him on the spot first!"

"Sir," said one of the officers, politely, "you cannot fight a man like this. He is a common impostor. He has been calling himself Count Zinovieff, but his real name is Slukovitch. He is accomplished and clever, but a thorough scoundrel, and he hasn't been clever enough to escape our hands this time. If you must have an appointment with him you had better make it in Siberia."

Slukovitch winced at the word; the next instant he and his

captors had left the room. Oliver made a hasty stride after them, when his eyes fell on a piece of paper on the carpet. It had evidently fallen from a pocket during the struggle which had taken place. He stooped and picked it up, for it might give a clue. Hastily opening the paper, he read the few words written upon it. For a moment he stood ghastly pale and motionless, as one stricken with sudden paralysis; then, with a strange cry, he reeled upon a sofa. The paper had fallen from the pocket of the man the police had called Slukovitch; it bore Marler's unmistakable handwriting, and these were the words she had written in Russian, the man's own language:—

"I have struggled in vain to repress it, but can conceal no longer that the passion you have expressed for me has kindled a kindred flame. Come soon to me, for I am yours"

White, shivering, dazed, Oliver stood before his wife, her letter in his hand. She glanced, startled, at her husband and the paper he held before her.

"So you have found it out!" she cried.

Like a man in a dream he said, "Yes. How—how—how—"

"How long has it been going on?" she asked. "I will tell you all now—almost ever since we have been at St. Petersburg."

A terrible gesture of his hands, an awful oath, and out into the blackness of the night went Oliver Stafford from his wife for ever.

This was the only letter the sobbing girl received:—

"For ever. I have seen that you are amply provided for. Never seek to find me: never mention my name to your child."

* * * * *

A battle-field. Not with bright gleams of sunlight shimmering on long lines of flashing steel; not bathed in the glitter and glamour of waving pennons and proudly-lifted banners, and nodding plumes and moving masses of brilliant colour; not when the trumpets peal and the drums roll; not when the fierce shock of battle shakes the trembling earth; not when the thunder-tongued cannon roar and the bright steel clashes; not when the rapture of battle thrills the pulse and fires the heart with a mad, awful ecstasy, but a battle-field after the battle—a battle-field as a soldier-poet has described it:

"The fight is o'er—and gently blows
The evening's cooler breath;
The daylight dies, and shadows close
Around the Sport of Death.
The air is rent with groan and scream
Of mortal human pain;
The ground is red with the cursed stream
That damn'd the soul of Cain.

"And from High Heaven itself looks down
The awful eye of God,
Who sees through the shiv'ring sky's black frown
These men on the dripping sod.
Oh! He will not think of the pomp and show,
And the pride of War's parade,
But see only men, in His image, low
By man's red fingers laid.

"Shine not to-night, O silver moon—
Shine not, shine not to-night:
O God of Heaven, 'tis yet too soon
For the starbeams' holy light!
But spread, O night, thy sable pall,
Lest angel eyes should see
What mean men by the thing they call
A glorious Victory!"

One of the bloodiest battles of the American Civil War had been fought, and merciful night had fallen upon the field. Two men, wounded, lay close together upon the redly-oozing soil, both in the uniform, gashed and torn, of the Federal Army. From the white lips of one, in a pitiful, yearning sob, gasped a word—a name—over and over again repeated:

"Marler—Marler—Marler!"

"Who—are you—who know that name?"

They could not rise, these wounded warriors, to face each other, but a gleam of fitful light shone upon their faces, and they saw and knew each other—shone upon their second meeting—for in a Russian ball-room they had met before—Oliver Stafford and the man whom arrest had saved from a husband's wrath.

A fearful light leaped into Oliver's face, and with a pain-smothered cry his hand reached out in a vain effort to clutch his broken sword.

With many a pause of agony the other spoke.

"I am dying. Hear me. I know all—all! How, it matters not. Your wife is innocent. To conceal other schemes I professed to be a teacher of languages. To please you—to help

you as she supposed she could in different little ways—she came to me to learn the language of the people into whose society she had to go. You did not know—she meant to surprise you; but I saw a way to get money—hush-money—from her or you, for I was poor. Under pretence of giving her exercises in Russian, I made her write words of which she did not know the meaning. I told her wrongly. She did not know. I only knew the meaning of the words I made her write. I swear it before Him to whom my soul is going.”

Only just in time the dying Russian spoke, for as the last words of his strange confession passed his lips he himself passed into the everlasting silence.

* * * * *

“Gloria in excelsis Deo!”

In the New World as in the Old, again the bells were ringing their glad thanksgiving, for once more it was Christmas Eve.

Loudly the joyous chimes pealed out, big bells and little bells, bass bells and treble bells, clashing in one grand succession of sounds, as though their iron tongues wanted to send the message over all the world—“The Child is born!” as though they wanted to tell the winter winds that, in their mighty courses, they might sweep the news abroad; as though they wanted to tell the rushing waters of the rivers, “The Child is born!” that the rivers might bear the message to the great sea, whose tides should bear it to every shore.

“*In terra pax!*” The bells were ringing to celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace—but the land was rocked in the throes of a cruel conflict: brother fought brother, father fought son. They rang—in hamlet, town, and city—in the ears of weeping women who mourned for husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, whose footsteps should be heard returning nevermore; where the wail of the widow and the orphan swelled higher day by day, where piteous cries to Heaven in vigils of the night waxed louder and louder. They flung their echoes over a once fair country desolated by the fiery feet of War. They were heard in fort and camp, where warriors stood grimly by their arms, ready to slay or to be slain.

O bells of Christmas, easier far to tell your story to wind, and river, and sea, than to ring it into the hearts of men!

They were heard in prison and in hospital—heard by the captive, and the wounded, and the sick.

Will you come with me, for but a little while, inside a soldiers’ hospital, even though it be on Christmas Eve?

A banner bearing the emblazoned stars and stripes of the Union floats over the low, dark, gloomy walls, and sentries stand silent and grim before the gates.

Inside are stretched long rows of narrow beds. Round some are drawn the curtains—close—for Death is there. Sick and wounded men, who know that the curtains may soon be drawn close around their beds too, lie in all the others—not one is vacant.

They are so pale, so patient, so quiet, these victims of battle and disease, and want and hardship. A groan is heard sometimes, but where the sufferer can move he stifles it in his pillow. And see, they can smile in all their agony; whenever their eyes meet the eyes of the softly-treading, grey-robed nurses who glide so gently through the long lanes of beds, they smile.

Peal on, sweet bells, for your silver tones are heard in here, and God knows what blessed memories may be coming in with your silver chiming through these gloomy walls. Tears are coursing down some of these wan, war-worn cheeks. They are not used to tears, these suffering heroes of many a now historic field: it must be the memory of Christmas-tides long ago—so long, long before “the War;” perhaps it is the memory of a mother’s look, and word, and touch, never to be heard, seen, felt again, that is making these poor faces so wet now. Ring on, for with such memories may come the blessing of the Christ!

At the head of one bed kneels a nurse, the patient sweetness of whose beauty not even her sombre dress can hide, the beauty of young, pure womanhood, but with an added sweetness—the sad sweetness of long-borne, patiently-borne grief. She holds in one hand a book, from which she reads the story of a woman and a Child, and the man to whom she reads holds her other hand in his. She is very weary, very tired; but she reads on, breaking off sometimes to speak words of her own—soothing, softly-uttered words of hope, and peace, and blessing. She reads on, the man who holds her hand in his pressing it closer and closer. She looks upon his face, and kneeling, prays.

Rise, sister, now. Shut quietly the book. Fold the shrivelled hands together; draw close the curtain round the narrow mattress; for the soldier for whom you pray has heard the signal for the last Parade. He has fallen in.

Through the ward, followed by many a moistened eye and muttered blessing, through the long passages to her own little quarters in the far end of the building, goes the wearied sister.

Waiting her there, standing on a chair by the window, is a little child. His wee pink hands have drawn aside the blinds, and he is looking, with big eyes full of wonder, at the shining of a great star. He is waiting for his mother’s last good-night kiss. He does not quite know what it is she does out in those big wards, because from most of them he is kept far away; but he knows she goes to help the poor sick soldiers, for he goes to see some of them sometimes; and then he can never understand why the great bearded men cry so as they stroke his hands and fondle the soft curls upon his head.

“See, mother,” he cries, as she enters the room; “see what a beautiful star the angels have lit to-night! Is that the star of Bethlehem, mother?”

Very tenderly the “sister” draws the little one to her, and very tightly—as though she feared some one would take him from her—she holds him in her arms as they sit before the fire.

And by-and-by, robed in his little white garment, the child kneels by her side to pray.

Then he climbs into his tiny cot, but his eyes are turned to the window through which he saw the star, and the thought of its shining keeps him awake.

“Mamma, who is it you cry out for when you think I’m fast asleep?”

“Hush, my dear one, hush.”

“Is it some one you want to find?”

“Yes; but sleep, my boy, sleep.”

But the little fellow could not sleep, and as he lay awake in his little bed he thought of the star of Bethlehem which led the wise men to the infant Christ, and wondered why the bright star he was looking at that evening should not lead people now to those they want to find.

“Mother, is it father you want to find? You always tell me to pray for father, but he never comes. Don’t cry, mamma; I’m sure it’s father you want to find, and I shall ask God to help me find him for you. I know it’s father.”

* * * * *

In the night the child woke. The star was shining in the room. And he lay a long time thinking.

Then he slipped noiselessly from his bed, folded his little hands together, and knelt by the side of the bed where his tired, worn-out mother slept, and prayed that God would let the big star lead him to his father; and then, rising from his knees, without a sound he opened the door and slipped out, his tiny bare feet awaking no echo as he walked down the long, cold passage.

He lost sight of the big star as he passed out of the room and stood facing the long corridor with its windows here and there, still, as he went, and with what eagerness he looked out at the first window he reached! Yes! sure enough there it was; it had travelled with him thus far, and so it still led him on, and at last he saw something shining at the end of the passage. He almost feared to wander so far, but on he tripped, till a door, partly open, brought him to a standstill. He saw the star shining through a corner of the window which the curtain before it had failed quite to cover. Stretching out his hands he slowly pushed wider open the door and stole in.

Though he knew some parts of the hospital, the room in which he stood was strange to him, for his mother never came to this part of the building. It was a small room, and only one bed was in it. A lamp stood by the side of the bed, but its light was carefully shaded from the face of the man who lay there. He was not asleep, but was lying very quiet and very still.

“Child, how came you here?”

His voice was very low, and gentle, and kind, and the little white-robed intruder was not frightened when he heard the strange man speak so softly.

“I want to find somebody for mother, and I think it’s my father she wants to find, so I’m looking for him, and I ask God to let the big star lead me to him, and when I saw it shining here I came in.”

The light of the lamp fell on the little fellow’s golden hair and eager face, with its wide, questioning eyes and quiver-

ing lips—in all his face his mother's sweet fair beauty—his mother's hair, his mother's eyes.

"Are YOU my father?"

And Oliver Stafford cried:

"My God—I am!"

* * * * *

The war was over. Peace resumed her gentle reign. Brother fought brother no longer—the sounds of battle were heard no more. The Union was preserved; the slaves were free—and the contractors in various countries for the non-supply of the commissariat had all retired on their fortunes.

On the deck of a steamer bound for the old country were Oliver Stafford and his wife, little Oliver near them. As the great home of liberty and mixed drinks faded away on the rearward horizon, they spoke once again of the strange and terrible mistake through which they had been brought there. And as she referred to the secrecy of her lessons in Russian, innocent though the motive for keeping them from her husband's knowledge was, Marler said, as his arm drew her closer and closer to him, and her head sunk upon his breast as it did seven years before in the porch of the village church on Christmas Eve:

"In that, I was guilty—of aught else, guiltless!"

APRIL FOOLS.

THE 1st of April, of all days in the year, enjoys a character of its own, in as far as it, and it alone, is consecrated to practical joking. On this day it becomes the business of a vast number of people, especially the younger sort, to practise innocent impostures upon their unsuspecting neighbours, by way of making them what in France are called *poissons d'Avril*, and with us April fools. Thus a knowing boy will despatch a younger brother to see a public statue descend from its pedestal at a particular appointed hour. A crew of giggling servant-maids will get hold of some simple swain, and send him to a bookseller's shop for the *History of Eve's Grandmother*, or to a chemist's for a pennyworth of *pigeon's milk*, or to a cobbler's for a little *strap oil*, in which last case the messenger secures a hearty application of the strap to his shoulders, and is sent home in a state of bewilderment as to what the affair means. The urchins in the kennel make a sport of calling to some passing beau to look to his coat-skirts; when he either finds them with a piece of paper pinned to them or not; in either of which cases he is saluted as an April fool. A waggish young lady, aware that her dearest friend Eliza Louisa has a rather empty-headed youth dangling after her with little encouragement, will send him a billet, appointing him to call upon Eliza Louisa at a particular hour, when instead of a welcome, he finds himself treated as an intruder, and by and by discovers that he has not advanced his reputation for sagacity, or the general prospects of his suit. The great object is to catch some person off his guard, to pass off upon him, as a simple fact, something barely possible, and which has no truth in it; to impose upon him, so as to induce him to go into positions of absurdity, in the eye of a laughing circle of bystanders.

What compound is to simple addition, so is Scotch to English April fooling. In the northern part of the island they are not content to make a neighbour believe some single piece of absurdity. There, the object being, we shall say, to befool simple Andrew Thomson, Wag No. 1 sends him away with a letter to a friend two miles off, professedly asking for some useful information, or requesting a loan of some article, but in reality containing only the words:

"This is the first day of April,
Hunt the gowk another mile."

Wag No. 2, catching up the idea of his correspondent, tells Andrew, with a grave face, that it is not in his power, etc.; but if he will go with another note to such a person, he will get what is wanted. Off Andrew trudges with this second note to Wag No. 3, who treats him in the same manner; and so on he goes, till some one of the series, taking pity on him, hints the trick that has been practised upon him. A successful affair of this kind will keep rustic society in merriment for a week, during which honest Andrew Thomson hardly can show his face. The Scotch employ the term *gowk* (which is properly a cuckoo) to express a fool in general, but more especially an April fool, and among them the practice above described is called *hunting the gowk*.

Sometimes the opportunity is taken by ultra-jocular persons

to carry out some extensive hoax upon society. For example, in March, 1860, a vast multitude of people received through the post a card having the following inscription, with a seal marked by an inverted sixpence at one of the angles, thus having to superficial observation an official appearance: "Tower of London.—Admit the Bearer and Friend to view the annual Ceremony of Washing the White Lions, on *Sunday, April 1st, 1860*. Admitted only at the White Gate. It is particularly requested that no gratuities be given to the Wardens or their Assistants." The trick is said to have been highly successful. Cabs were rattling about Tower Hill all that Sunday morning, vainly endeavouring to discover the White Gate.

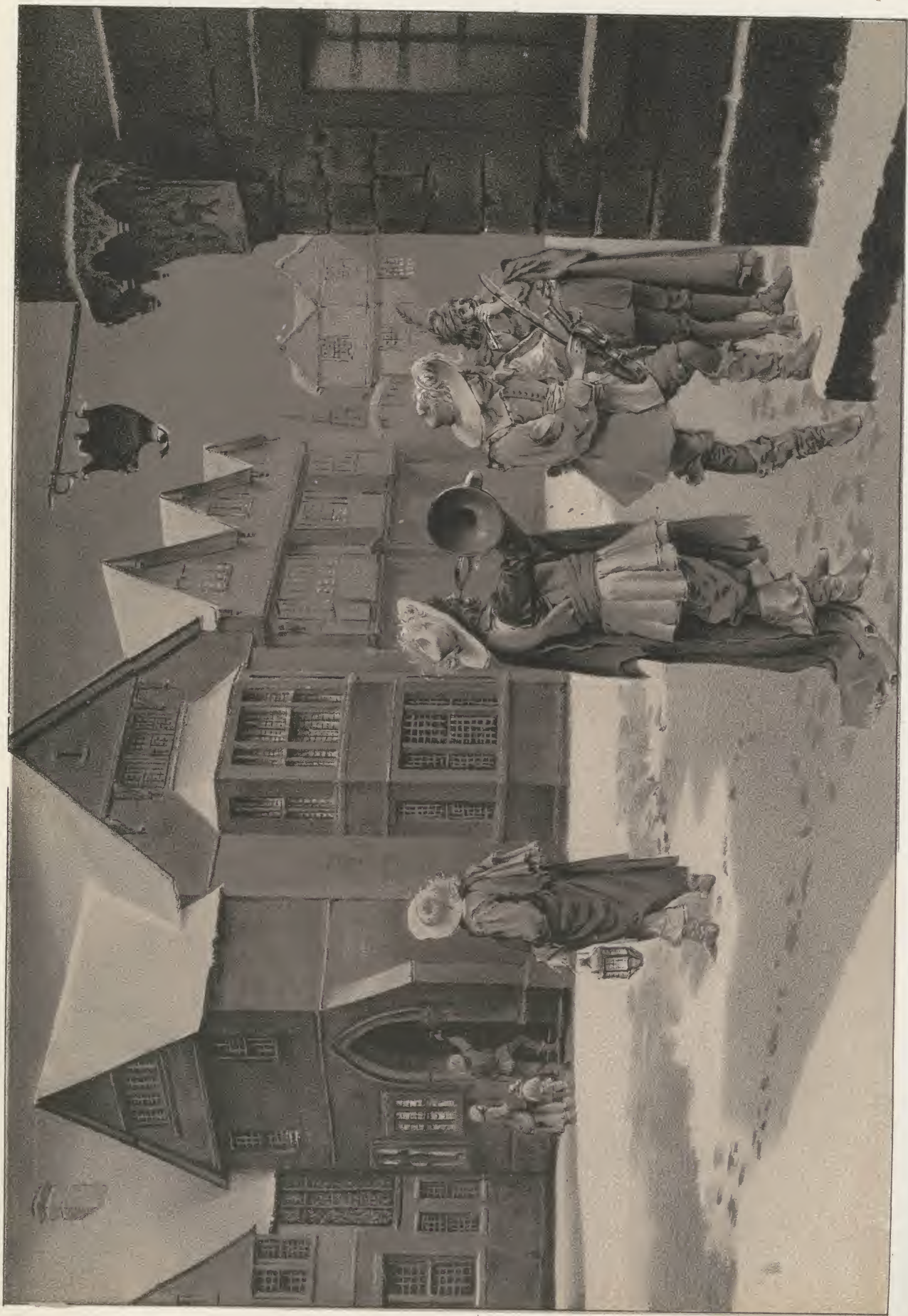
It is the more remarkable that any such trick should have succeeded when we reflect how identified the 1st of April has become with the idea of imposture and unreality. So much is this the case, that if one were about to be married, or to launch some new and speculative proposition or enterprise, one would hesitate to select April 1st for the purpose. On the other hand, if one had to issue a mock document of any kind with the desire of its being accepted in its proper character, he could not better insure the joke being seen than by dating it the 1st of April.

The literature of the last century, from the *Spectator* downwards, has many allusions to April fooling; no references to it in our earlier literature have as yet been pointed out. English antiquaries appear unable to trace the origin of the custom, or to say how long it has existed among us. In the Catholic Church, there was the Feast of the Ass on Twelfth Day, and various mummings about Christmas; but April fooling stands apart from these dates. There is but one plausible-looking suggestion from Mr. Pegge, to the effect that, the 25th of March being, in one respect, New Year's Day, the 1st of April was its *octave*, and the termination of its celebrations; but this idea is not very satisfactory. There is much more importance in the fact that the Hindoos have, in their *Huli*, which terminates with the 31st of March, a precisely similar festival, during which the great aim is to send persons away with messages to ideal individuals, or individuals sure to be from home, and enjoy a laugh at their disappointment. To find the practice so widely prevalent over the earth, and with so near a coincidence of day, seems to indicate that it has had a very early origin amongst mankind.

Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, enters under March 31, 1713, that he, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Lady Masham, had been amusing themselves that evening by contriving "a lie for to-morrow." A person named Noble had been hanged a few days before. The lie which these three laid their heads together to concoct was that Noble had come to life again in the hands of his friends, but was once more laid hold of by the sheriff, and now lay at the Black Swan in Holborn, in the custody of a messenger. "We are all," says Swift, "to send to our friends to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread." Next day the learned Dean duly sent his servant to several houses to inquire among the footmen, not letting his own man into the secret. But nothing could be heard of the resuscitation of Mr. Noble; whence he concluded that "his colleagues did not contribute" as they ought to have done.

April fooling is a very-noted practice in France, and we get traces of its prevalence there at an earlier period than is the case in England. For instance, it is related that Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and his wife, being in captivity at Nantes, effected their escape in consequence of the attempt being made on the 1st of April. "Disguised as peasants, the one bearing a hod on his shoulder, the other carrying a basket of rubbish at her back, they both at an early hour of the day passed through the gates of the city. A woman, having a knowledge of their persons, ran to the guard to give notice to the sentry. 'April fool!' cried the soldier; and all the guard, to a man, shouted out, 'April fool!' beginning with the sergeant in charge of the post. The governor, to whom the story was told as a jest, conceived some suspicion, and ordered the fact to be proved; but it was too late, for in the meantime the duke and his wife were well on their way. The 1st of April saved them."

It is told that a French lady, having stolen a watch from a friend's house on the 1st of April, endeavoured, after detection, to pass off the affair as *un poisson d'Avril*, an April joke. On denying that the watch was in her possession, a messenger was sent to her apartments, where it was found upon a chimney-piece. "Yes," said the adroit thief, "I think I have made the messenger a fine *poisson d'Avril*!" Then the magistrate said she must be imprisoned till the 1st of April in the ensuing year, *comme un poisson d'Avril*.—*Chambers' Book of Days*.



THE WAITS

MAY.
1888.

THE GHOST AT WILDWOOD CHASE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND,

Author of "The Squire's Granddaughters," etc., etc.

May 1st, Tuesday.

St. Philip and St. James, ap.
John Dryden, poet, d. 1700. Duke of Connaught b. 1859.

2nd, Wednesday.

11h 47m P.M.

St. Athanasius.
Opening of the Thames Embankment 1898. Wm. Beckford, author of "Vathek," d. 1844.

3rd, Thursday.

Invention (or discovery) of the Cross. Columbus discovered Jamaica 1492. Kotzebue German poet, b. 1761. Thomas Hood, poet, d. 1845.

4th, Friday.

St. Monica.
Battle of Tewkesbury 1471. Capture of Seringapatam 1799. Sir James Thornhill, painter, d. 1734. Dr. Livingstone d. 1873.

5th, Saturday.

Opening of the States General of France 1789. Battle of Fuentes d'Onore 1811. Napoleon Bonaparte d. 1821. Attempt to blow up Chester Barracks 1881.

6th, Sunday.

Rogation Sunday.

St. John, evan.
Due de Bourbon killed at Rome 1827. James Price, F.R.S., last of the alchemists, committed suicide 1783.

7th, Monday.

Dr. Delany d. 1798. Thomas Barnes, Editor of the Times, d. 1811. Cathedral of Metz burnt 1877.

8th, Tuesday.

Treaty of Bretigny between France and England 1360. Congregational Union of England and Wales formed 1832. Captain Barclay, famous athlete and pedestrian, d. 1854.

9th, Wednesday.

Half-Quarter Day.

Colonel Blood's attempt to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower 1671. Frederick Schiller, illustrious German poet, d. 1805.

10th, Thursday.

Ascension Day. Holy Thursday.
Louis XV. d. 1774. Indian Mutiny begins 1857. Suspension of Overend and Gurney, bankers, 1866. Sir John Goss d. 1880.

11th, Friday.

1h 23m ap.

Spencer Perceval shot in the Lobby of the House of Commons 1812. Madame Récamier d. 1810.

12th, Saturday.

Month of Ramadan commences.
Earl of Strafford beheaded 1641. Christopher Smart, poet, d. 1771. Capitulation of Charleston 1780.

13th, Sunday.

Sunday after Ascension.

J.-M. resigns Archbishop to the Pope 1213. Empress Maria Theresa b. 1717. Cardinal Fesch, uncle of Napoleon Bonaparte, d. 1830.

14th, Monday.

Edward Jenner conclusively established the importance of principles of vaccination 1796. Henry Grafton, statesman, d. 1820. Sir William Congreve, bart., inventor of warlike missiles, d. 1828. Illustrated London News started 1842.

15th, Tuesday.

Seotch Whitsun (Quarter-) Day.
Battle of Hexham 1064. Dr. Colcott, musician, d. 1811. Edmund Kean, tragedian, d. 1833. Daniel O'Connell d. 1847. Emperor Maximilian of Mexico taken prisoner 1867.

16th, Wednesday.

Battle of Viterbo, Pope John XXI. killed, 1277. Dr. Solander d. 1782. Battle of Albuera 1811.

17th, Thursday.

Prince Talleyrand d. 1838. Week of the Triple 1872. Revised New Testament published 1881.

18th, Friday.

Easter Savings end, 11h 5m P.M.
Free Church of Scotland formed 1843. Parliamentary Oaths abolished 1860. Earthquake in New Grenada 1873.

19th, Saturday.

St. Dunstan, abp.
Act of Uniformity passed 1662. Battle of La Hogue 1692. Nathaniel Hawthorne d. 1864.

20th, Whit Sunday.

Pentecost, Ember Week.

Battle of Lincoln, 1217. Christopher Columbus d. 1506. Rev. Bianco White, miscellaneous writer, d. 1841.

21st, Whit Monday.

Bank Holiday.

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, Prime Minister to Queen Anne, d. 1724. Dr. Warton, poet, d. 1790. Rumanian independence declared 1877.

22nd, Whit Tuesday.

Holiday at Law Offices.

First battle of St. Albans 1455. Solemn League and Covenant burnt 1661. Battle of Wirtschien, General Duroc killed, 1813. Calderon Centenary Celebration, Madrid, 1881.

23rd, Wednesday.

Ember Day.

Battle of Ramilies 1766. Richard L. Sheil, poet and politician, d. 1851. Mark Lemon, Editor of Punch, d. 1870.

24th, Thursday.

Linnæus, great naturalist, b. 1707. Albert Smith, comic writer, b. 1816. Queen Victoria b. 1819.

25th, Friday.

Ember Day. 10h 40m P.M.

Great Plague at Marseilles 1720. Dr. Palfy d. 1805. Princess Helena b. 1846. Bank Holidays Act passed 1871.

26th, Saturday.

Ember Day.

St. Augustine, abp.
Samuel Pepys, diarist, d. 1703. Haydn, musical composer, d. 1806. Admiral Sir Sidney Smith d. 1810.

27th, Trinity Sunday.

Ven. Bede.
Calvin d. 1564. Marquis of Argyll beheaded 1691. Habeas Corpus Act 1679. Noah Webster, author of an English Dictionary, d. 1843.

28th, Monday.

William Pitt b. 1759. Thomas Moore, poet, d. 1796. Sir Humphrey Davy d. 1829. Great Fire at Quebec 1815.

29th, Tuesday.

Trinity Law Sittings commence.
Charles II. of England b. 1630. Restoration of Charles II. 1660. Empress Josephine d. 1814.

30th, Wednesday.

Derby Day.

Joan of Arc burnt at Rouen 1431. Restoration of Sultan Abdul Aziz 1876. James L. Planche d. 1880.

31st, Thursday.

Cornus Christi.
Joey Grimaldi d. 1887. Dr. Chalmers d. 1847. Charlotte Brontë, novelist, d. 1855. Daniel Sharps, F.R.S., geologist, d. 1856.

and even as flower and leaf she had vanished, after a short sweet summer of life, with the dews still fresh upon the roses of her lips and cheeks.

She was a fitting companion, friend, chosen love, I thought, for one like me, living a saddened idealised life, threatened with disease, overshadowed by death, uncertain of more than a very short duration of mortal existence. Smiling at this conceit, I visited her every evening at twilight, vowing vows to her, and making believe to be her lover. She had been dust already for nearly a century, and I should be dust perhaps before another year. Therefore I said we should be lovers.

Though of a romantic and idealising nature, and always in love with love, I had never loved any woman in my life before, so that the June romance sprung among roses and nightingales, and, woven round the dream-maiden in the gallery nook whose eyes were dust, and whose voice (what a low sweet voice it must have been!) would never more be heard on earth, was perfectly satisfactory, inexpressibly consoling and delightful to me.

A man can hardly confess all the weak things he does when in low health, and tired of trying and pretending to be strong, when the child in his nature, never quite lost in any of us, rises irresistibly and asserts itself. In such a mood he will cry like a girl over a lock of his dead mother's hair, or babble to himself words of tenderness heard long ago, and only grown precious to memory in the hour of desolation. In such mood I raved softly in the dusk and solitude to my little love, with the hair like new-mown hay and the eyes that seemed to listen to me and answer me. One evening, when I was in a particular fantastic humour, I began to wonder if the spirit that had lived in the creature knew anything of this wayward devotion of mine, and whether, in case she did, she would be pleased or displeased at it. Upon this the idea that my dream-love was after all no dream, but a living being in another world, which might be only separated from us by the veils upon our eyes, struck me with a force which was a new and strange experience to me. It was as if she had indeed been spiritually present, and had made her presence felt by me. I thought how strange that were she to make herself visibly known to me now, it might be only anticipating matters, seeing that in a short time I might be thoroughly qualified to join her where she bides, and it seems to me now that I formed a distinct wish that Mayflower (so she was named), with the eyes like grey water and the hair like new-mown hay, would come as a living spirit and confer with me here in the shadows, and tell me that secret, perhaps the secret of immortality, which it had seemed to me when I first saw her that she was longing to unfold.

I had turned away and walked the length of the gallery, charmed with and half smiling at my fancy, and I was within a few yards of the door when it opened noiselessly and quickly; there was a grey flutter of drapery, shone through by the early-risen moon which looked towards me from beyond the window in the passage on which the end of the gallery gave. I saw a young light-tinted head set against the glistening moon, which formed a golden disc behind it. I saw the spiritual gleam of eyes grey like water; I saw shoulders of a peculiar round and slope, and a light drapery swathing them; and then the door shut, leaving me nothing but the living glance that had been flung towards me from the face, the very face which I had adored and apostrophised on the canvas, now hidden by twilight at the more distant extremity of the gallery.

I remained standing rooted where I was for several minutes. Fantastic as my humour had been, it had not been insane, but now I asked myself whether I had suddenly passed the boundary of sanity. That I had seen a vision of the girl Mayflower, who had bloomed a hundred years ago, there could be no doubt, but whether the vision was conjured up by my own disordered mind was a question which troubled me rather impertinently. I had not been led to expect that my mind was bound to decay sooner than my body, yet I had seen the spirit of Mayflower whom I had adjured to come to me. I believed that I had positively adjured her. And she had come.

Insomnia was part of the ailment from which I suffered, but at Wildwood I had found it scarcely irksome to lie awake and hear all the rich full sounds of the life of the summer night, the occasional rapture of the nightingale, the urgent cry of the landrail in the grass, the distant lowing of cattle, the rustling of the woods. On this night the marvel of Mayflower's spiritual apparition absorbed me, she seemed to float through the air of the glorious midsummer night and dawn, drawing me towards her. During the next week I was feverish, impatient, altogether the worse instead of the better for my absence from London. In

my saner moments I thought of breaking my engagements, pretending inability to work on the portrait, packing up and returning to London. The reason was that I made up my mind that the vision I had seen was a real vision, and that I wanted to see it again. Therefore I would escape while I had a remnant of sanity.

I did not go, however, for the insanity, if insanity it was, kept me rooted to the spot. A week passed, and the weird impression I had received was becoming a very little weakened. Occasionally I admitted to myself that my imagination had played me a trick. One night, in a more than ordinarily rational frame of mind, and tired of lying awake, I rose about two o'clock, and letting myself out by a garden door, went for a long ramble through the park and out on the open downs, where the first faint breaking of dawn soon overtook me.

It was just during that spell of visible darkness, which is the forerunner of the return of light, and while I stood on the verge of a small ragged-edged lake, skirted by trees and bushes—stood smoking calmly, and expectant of nothing but the sunrise, that I had my second vision of the spirit of Mayflower. I threw away my cigar, and stood breathless, as I saw the first flutter of the slim robe coming out of the tall rushes, as it seemed, and beheld her floating towards me, clad in long light draperies, her small head set well backwards, her grey eyes wide open, and full of that expression which of all others in the picture most fascinated me—the high, strange, far-looking gaze which had so followed me at times that I felt unable to escape from it. Her hands gathered the folds of her dress on her breast, as in the picture, and she went by with a gliding movement, like a mist-wraith. I looked her in the face, advanced towards her, involuntarily stepped aside as she took no notice of me, and finally let her pass, daunted by her unconsciousness or indifference. No sooner had she passed than I sprang to follow her. I would speak to her at any cost. I made a spring to reach a mound in front of her, where I might again wait and watch her approach, but missed my footing and fell. When I had got upon my feet again she was gone.

The next day I laid down my brushes, and told my sitter and host that I felt I was going to be ill, and that I had better be ill at home. With much kindness he tried to overcome my resolution, but I left Wildwood Chase that evening.

I went back to London, and had my illness—typhoid fever, the doctor said; and I was extremely shaken when I found myself convalescent. To my great surprise the doctor informed me that this illness had been of much service to me, that it had renewed my constitution, or something to that effect, and that though weak and needing care for some time to come, I was no longer in danger of consumption. If properly cautious I might hope to live to be a healthy man.

Extremely cheered by the news, I began to look back upon my experiences of Wildwood Chase as part of the hallucinations of the fever that had long been creeping over me, and with a sigh for Mayflower and her mysterious dream-sympathy, I dismissed the little romance from my newly-refreshed and invigorated mind. By Christmas-time I was completely recovered, and was gratified by receiving a note from Lord Wylder regretting my illness, and hoping that I would run down to Wildwood during the holidays for change of air. He wrote from Florence, saying the Chase was deserted this winter, but the housekeeper had received orders to make me comfortable. My first impulse was to decline the invitation, but on second thoughts I decided to seize the opportunity of laying in a store of strength for coming work, and of looking on the picture of Mayflower once more, this time with the eyes of bodily health and mental sanity.

After the day of my arrival in London had been arranged, something occurred to detain me in London, and I wrote to the housekeeper naming a later date. Within two days of the later period I found myself free, and telegraphed that I was coming twenty-four hours sooner than had been my latest intention. Owing to the snow, which had fallen in the country before it appeared in London, my telegram was not received at Wildwood Chase. But of that I knew nothing, as I made my way along roads just cleared for travellers and arrived at my destination, unexpected.

The avenue had not been cleared, and I left the trap which had brought me from the station at the lower gates, and walked by the shortest way, the back way, to the house, which showed only a few lights here and there. I walked in and ascended to the great hall without meeting anyone, deposited my wrappings and rugs, and proceeded to make myself at home, awaiting the appearance of the housekeeper. Seeing fire-light under the not

quite closed door of the library, I turned in there, intending to announce my arrival by ringing the bell.

I went in, and as I glanced round the noble old brown-panelled room, book-lined and irradiated with fire-light, I saw a figure rise from the hearthrug where it had been sitting or lying, and stand in a wavering uncertain attitude like a bird poised for flight, between me and the glare of the fire. The form of the head and shoulders was strangely, weirdly familiar, the shine of the eyes as the creature half turned and the light illumined the face fell on me, like a blinding revelation of things inconceivable. This was Mayflower, seen actually, as if in the flesh, not by the ghost-seeing eyes of disease, but by eyes of healthy manhood. So real was she that after a long gasp of surprise, incredulity, complete assurance, I uttered some words of apology for disturbing a lady, and then remained gazing at her to see what she would do.

A few murmured words in Mayflower's true voice—the voice I had endowed her with, but had never heard before—came wafted towards me. What they were I did not catch, but the sound acted on me like a spell, and I stood still, silently gazing at her as she glided past me, and disappeared out of the library.

When she was gone I wakened up and rang the bell, and in a few minutes the housekeeper appeared, bearing lights and full of apologies. She had not expected; she must have misunderstood.

I made my explanations, and then asked her as unconcernedly as I could who the lady was whom I feared my unlooked-for arrival had startled and disturbed.

"Oh, that is Miss Mayflower," she said. "Poor dear! She loves this library, and lives in it mostly when she gets the house to herself. If you had come to-morrow, sir, as we expected, you would not have caught sight of Miss Mayflower."

"Do you mean the lady whose portrait is in the gallery?"

"Well, it is her portrait; everybody says it who looks at her. It proves her to be a true Wylder, as she is, orphan though she may be. These likenesses do turn up after a hundred years or so. There's Lady Gwendolen is the very image of her grandmother in the powdered hair in the left-hand corner as you go out at the drawing-room end."

"I thought I had seen all Lord Wylder's granddaughters," I said, with an unaccountable sinking of the heart.

"Oh, she's none of them, sir, poor child; only the daughter of a far-off branch of the family, and was left in care of Lord Wylder as a sort of charity, and has been educated to be a governess. When her health is a little stronger the ladies will get her a good appointment, somewhere, meantime she's here in my charge, and enjoys herself right well when the family are all away from home. She's too shy to appear when there are people about the place."

I reflected, and drew rapid conclusions.

"She was here during my visit last summer!" I said. "I think I may have seen her for a moment."

"She was here and not very well, and I was greatly concerned about her. Her delicacy took an awkward turn; she walked in her sleep, and only that I watched her well something would have happened to her. Once or twice I found she had been out of the house at night, and might have walked into the lake, or killed herself by falling down a bank. It was a serious anxiety to me, and I did not like to tell the family. She's cured of it now, I am glad to say, and will very soon be able to go out into the world and do for herself. Not that I shall be pleased to lose her, for I am really fond of Miss Mayflower."

I said no more, but during my stay at Wildwood I contrived cautiously and gradually to make Mayflower's acquaintance through my friendship with the good-natured housekeeper.

The rest is too sacred to be told; but Mayflower is the name of my wife. As I look at her this moment she is less mysterious, less dream-like than my first love in the gallery; her cheeks have a warmer tint, her eyes a happier light than the eyes like grey water, which still look stirringly out from the newly-leaved boughs of a hundred springs ago, among the shadows of the old walls of Wildwood Chase. But the likeness of feature is wonderful; and there, now, as the little head, thatched with new-mown hay is lifted under my scrutiny, the very eager whispering look of the picture comes out on the face, and while the smile on her lips fades in wistful wonder, I remember, with a sort of awe mixed with delight, how I twice looked on this living and blooming creature and was fantastic enough to mistake her for a disembodied spirit.

OBITUARY RECORD.

JANUARY TO AUGUST, 1887.

Memoirs of all of whom, with the Arms and Portraits of some, will be found in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

JANUARY, 1887.

- Bagot, the Right Hon. William, Third Lord.—19.
Ballantine, Serjeant, the distinguished advocate.—9.
Bolton, Colonel Sir Francis John, inventor of the system of Telegraphic and Visual Signalling.—5.
Bushe, John Scott, G.M.G., Colonial Secretary of Trinidad.—24.
Broke-Middleton, Sir George Nathaniel, Admiral, R.N., C.B.—14.
Byng, Mrs. Caroline Mary, wife of Colonel Cranmer Byng.—31.
Chesterfield, the Right Hon. Henry Edwyn Chandos Soudamore Stanhope, Ninth Earl of.—21.
Dunsford, General, Henry Frederick, C.B., Bengal Staff Corps.—31.
Gage, Lady Rokewood, widow of Sir Edward Rokewood Gage.
Gifford, Adam, Esq., late Senator of the College of Justice, Edinburgh.—20.
Hayman, Rev. Samuel, M.A., Prebendary of Cork, author of the "Annals of Youghal."
Heslop, the Rev. George Henry, Hon. Canon of Carlisle.—30.
Hughes, Sir Walter Watson, late of South Australia.—1.
Iddesleigh, the Right Hon. Henry Stafford Northcote, Earl of the distinguished statesman.—12.
Jolliffe, Lieut.-Colonel William, late Paymaster R. M. Light Infantry.—13.
Kelly, Captain James William, one of the survivors of the "Charge of the Light Brigade."
Kempster, Lieut.-General F. Greetham, late of Madras Staff Corps.—13.
Macdonald, Lieut., C.B., R.N.—9.
Medleycott, Sir W. Coles-Paget, Bart.—5.
Mosse, Lieut.-Colonel Lorenzo Nickson, late of the 67th Regiment.
Phillips, John Arthur, Esq., F.R.S., the eminent metallurgist.—5.
Ramsay, the Hon. Thomas Kennedy, Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec and Montreal.
Renny, Major-General George Alexander, V.C., Royal Artillery.—5.
Sandham, General George, R.A.—21.
Sawbridge, Erle-Drax J. S. W., Esq., formerly M.P. for Wareham.—5.
Sladen, Joseph, Esq., Sessions Judge of Bareilly, N.W.P. India.—23.
Sleigh, William Campbell, Serjeant-at-Law, and well-known criminal lawyer.
Smith, Sir Henry, Admiral, K.C.B.—18.
Tucker, Stephen, Esq., Somerset Herald.—6.
Weld-Blundell, Thomas, Esq., J.P., D.L., Lancaster.—3.
Wilmot-Chetwood, Knightly Jonathan, Esq.—12.
Whitworth, Sir Joseph, Bart., the celebrated engineer.—22.
Wilson, Lady (Catherine), widow of Sir Belford Hinton Wilson, K.C.B.—13.
Wrottesley, Lady Augusta Elizabeth, wife of Lord Wrottesley.—20.
- Bell, General James, Madras Army.—20.
Brooke, Mrs. Lucy Catherine, wife of the Rev. Edward Perry Brooke.—23.
Cardwell, the Right Hon. (Annie) Viscountess.—20.
Clough, Charles Butler, Esq., J.P. and D.L., in the County of Flint.—1.
Cotes, Lady Louisa Harriet, widow of Mr. John Cotes, M.P. for North Shropshire.—5.
De Pré, Colonel George Charles, Surveyor-General of India.—18.
Deas, Lord, one of the oldest members of the Scottish College of Justice.—8.
Domville, Sir James Graham, M.A., J.P. and D.L.—21.
Douglas, Sir Charles Eurwicke, K.C.M.G., M.A.—21.
Dowdeswell, William, Esq., J.P., D.L., Worcestershire, formerly M.P. for Tewkesbury.
Doyle, Percy William, Esq., C.B., of the Diplomatic Service.—21.
Elphinstone, Sir R. Dalrymple, Hon., Bart., D.L.—10.
Evans, Thomas, F.G.S., H.M. Inspector of Mines.—25.
Gurney, John, of Sprowston Hall, Norwich.—24.
Haigh, George Henry, Esq., J.P. and D.L., of Ganisty Hall, Lincolnshire.
Hamilton-Gray, Mrs. E., widow of the late Rev. T. Hamilton-Gray, of Canby, N.B., authoress of the "Sepulchres of Etruria."—21.
Hanbury-Tracy, the Hon. William.—27.
Hume-Purves, Charles Hyde, Esq., of Purves, N.B.—19.
Johnston, James, Esq., J.P., of Cowbister, Commissioner of Supply for Orkney.—11.
Leinster, the Most Noble Charles William, Duke of.—10.
Lucas, Major-General Charles Shaw De Neufville, R.A.—16.
Macgregor, Major-General Sir Charles, K.C.B., Commander of the Punjab Frontier Force.—5.
Marston, Philip Bourke, poet and essayist.—14.
Massingberd, Charles Langton, Esq., of Gunby Hall, Lincolnshire.—9.
Meilorn, Amelia, Mrs., of Blandford-square.—24.
Moore, Adolphus Warburton, C.B., Political and Secret Secretary at the India Office.—2.
Parker, the Rev. Richard, M.A., J.P., Rector of Claxby and Wells.—23.
Reynell, R. Winter, Esq., D.L., Westmeath.—3.
Rylands, Peter, Esq., many years M.P. for Burnley.
Seymour, Admiral Sir Michael, G.C.B., J.P.—23.
Strahan, Sir George Cumine, G.C.M.G., late Governor of Tasmania, and Governor-elect of Hong Kong.—17.
Warner, Charles W., Esq., C.B.—26.
Watts, Dr. John, educational and social reformer.—7.
Wood, Mrs. Henry, the well-known authoress of "East Lynne" and other popular works.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

- Anketell, Mrs. Catherine Anne Frances, widow of Mr. Matthew John Anketell, J.P., D.L., Monaghan.
Aylmer, Lady (Martha), widow of Sir Arthur Perry Aylmer.—3.
Barnett, Charles Fitzroy, Esq., of Stratton Park, Bedfordshire.—23.
Bartlett, Edward Durlin, Coroner for Berkshire, a well-known antiquarian.—16.
Bateman-Champion, Colonel Sir John Underwood, K.C.M.G., Chief Director of the Government Indo-European Telegraph.—1.
- Andrew, Sir William Patrick, Kt., C.I.E., of St. Bernard's, Midlothian.—11.
Brady, John, Esq., J.P. and D.L., M.P. for Leitrim from 1852 to 1880.—27.
Bruce, Russell R., Esq., of the Inner Temple.—18.
Bryant, James Robertson, Esq., J.P. and D.L. for Pembrokehire.—19.
Collins, Rev. William Lucas, M.A., scholastic author.
Croker, Lady Georgina, widow of Captain Croker, of Ballynagarde.—20.

MARCH, 1887.

Cross, John Kynaston, Esq., formerly M.P. for Bolton.—20.
 D'Irmyple, Sir Hew, of North Berwick, J.P.—27.
 De Jarnac, the Hon. Geraldine Augusta, Comtesse, widow of Comte de Jarnac.—23.
 Denman, the Hon. Richard, M.A., Westergate House, near Arundel.—19.
 Dunlop, W. H., Esq., J.P. & D.L. of Annan Hill, Ayrshire.—25.
 Earle, Lieut.-Colonel W. H., of Andover.—29.
 Eyre, Vincent Anthony, Esq., of Lindley Hall, Leicester.—22.
 Elliott, Sir Walter, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., and F.L.S., of Wolfelen, Roxburgh, late Senior Member of Council at Madras.—1.
 Fielden, Joshua, Esq., J.P., F.A.S., F.R.G.S., formerly M.P. for the East Division West Riding of Yorkshire.—9.
 Gerard, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Tolver, Bart.—15.
 Goldie, George, Esq., the well-known Church architect.—1.
 Grace, Sir William, of Boley, Queen's County.
 Grogan, Major William, J.P., Slaney Park, Wicklow.—20.
 Hamilton-Cox, Major-General Sir J., Bart., C.B.
 Hamilton, James, Esq., J.P., D.L., County Cavan.—28.
 Harris, Captain William Charles, C.B., late Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.—8.
 Hardy, Sir William, Kt., F.S.A., late Deputy Keeper of the Public Records.—17.
 Harvey, Sir Robert Bateson, J.P., D.L., and formerly M.P. for Buckinghamshire.—23.
 Hoskyns, Lieut. John, 51st South Yorkshire Regiment, Army Reserve.—13.
 Hull, the Rev. John, M.A., Hon. Canon of Manchester.—8.
 Hulton, William Adam, Esq., J.P. and D.L., late Judge of H.M. County Courts.—3.
 Jones, Major-General W.S., Bombay Presidency.—16.
 Kelly, General Thomas Conyngham, C.B.—15.
 Learmonth, Colonel Alexander, late 17th Lancers.—10.
 Lightfoot, the Rev. John Prideaux, D.D., Rector of Exeter College, Oxford.—23.
 Loftus, General William James, C.B., late 38th Regiment.—29.
 Neill, Major H. S., 2nd Central India Horse.—14.
 Newdegate, C. N., M.P. for many years for North Warwickshire.
 Pardey, Major John Quin, one of the last survivors of the Peninsular War.—17.
 Parry, Mrs. Louisa, widow of the Right Rev. T. Parry, Bishop of Barbadoes.—23.
 Pleydell, Bouverie, Lieut.-Colonel, formerly of the 78th Highlanders.
 Richards, the Rev. Edward Tew, M.A., Rector of Farlington.
 Richmond and Gordon, the Duchess of.—8.
 Rutherford, Surgeon-General Wm., M.D., C.B., Hon. Physician to the Queen.—24.
 Simpson, Lady Frances Laura Bridgeman, wife of the Rev. William Bridgeman Simpson, M.A.—25.
 Shaen, William, Esq., M.A., philanthropist and educational reformer.
 Smith, William Collingwood, Esq., the well-known landscape painter.—15.
 Strangford, Emily Anne, Viscountess, widow of Percy, late Viscount Strangford. Well known for her philanthropical exertions, especially in regard to hospital nursing.—24.
 Sutherland, Colonel R. Macleod, C.B.—27.
 Titcomb, the Right Rev. J. Holt, D.D., formerly Bishop of Bangor.
 Trotter, William, Esq., of Horton Manor, Surrey, J.P.—26.
 Vernon, John E., Esq., Irish Land Commissioner.—7.

Watson, T., Esq., M.P. for the Ilkeston Division of Derbyshire.—7.
 Wedderburn, Mrs. M. T. Sorymgeour, widow of Thomas Smith, Esq., Physician-General H.E.I.S.—25.
 Whatman, James, Esq., formerly M.P. for Maidstone and West Kent.
 Wynne, John Lloyd, Esq., J.P. and D.L., Denbigh.—4.

APRIL, 1887.

Andrews, Sir Alexander, J.P. and D.L., Lord Provost of Aberdeen.—10.
 Binney, the Right Rev. Herbert, Bishop of Nova Scotia.—30.
 Burton, the Rev. Charles James, M.A., Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle.
 Campbell-Walker, Lieut.-Colonel Arthur, of H.M. Body Guard.
 Chisholm, The. Rogerick Donald Matheson Chisholm.
 Codd, Admiral E.
 Cleasby, Lady (Susan), widow of Sir Anthony Cleasby.
 Clifford, Henry William, of Irnham Hall, Lincolnshire.—7.
 Drysdale, Lady (Elizabeth), widow of Sir William Drysdale.
 Dunlop, Admiral Hugh, C.B.—15.
 Dunlop, Lieut.-General Franklin, C.B., R.E.—24.
 Gamble, Richard Wilson, Esq., Judge of the County Court of Armagh and Louth.—19.
 Gore-Browne, Colonel Sir Thomas, K.C.M.G., C.B.—17.
 Hamilton, Miss Grace, of Barnes and Coehna, N.B.—11.
 Hardman, Edward Townley, F.G.S., distinguished geologist.—30.
 Heraud, John H., Esq., dramatist, poet, and critic.—20.
 Hindlip, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Allsopp, Lord.—3.
 Howard, the Right Hon. Clara Louisa (Lady Howard of Glossop).
 Kinnaird, the Right Hon. Arthur Fitzgerald, Tenth Baron.—26.
 Longford, the Right Hon. William Lyon Pakenham, Earl of.—19.
 Maunsell, George Woods, M.A., J.P., D.L., Kildare.—28.
 Meadows, Alfred, F.R.C.P., Physician-Accoucheur to St. Mary's Hospital.—19.
 Mellor, Sir John, formerly one of the Judges in the Court of Queen's Bench.—26.
 O'Sullivan, W. H., formerly M.P. for the County of Limerick.
 Phipps, Henry Lepel, Lord.—21.
 Porter, W. H., Esq., of Hembury Fort, Devon, J.P. and D.L.—26.
 Romilly, Frederick, Esq., of Bury, Glamorganshire, J.P. and D.L.
 Russell, J. G. F., Esq., of Aden.
 Saville, Augustus William, Esq., of Rufford Abbey, Notts.—13.
 Tighe, William Frederick Bunbury, Esq., Grenadier Guards.—19.
 Vavasour, the Very Rev. Philip, Canon of the Catholic Diocese of Leeds.—19.
 Wills-Sandford, Thomas George, of Castlere House, Roscommon, J.P. and D.L.—13.
 Wyld, James, Geographer to the Queen.—17.

MAY, 1887.

Adams, Commissary-General Geo. Adams, C.B.—27.
 Baly, General R. A., late H.M. Bombay Army.—21.
 Barrington, Sir John, J.P. and D.L., Killiney, Dublin.—2.
 Baynes, Thomas Spencer, Esq., LL.D., Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and Metaphysics in the University of St. Andrews, principal editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."—30.
 Blake, John Aloysius, Esq., M.P. for the County of Carlow.—22.
 Champenowne, Arthur, Esq., M.A., J.P., of Dartington Hall, Devon.—22.
 Cooper, Sir C., late Chief Justice of South Australia.—24.
 Cousins, Samuel, Esq., the well-known engraver.—7.
 De Gex, Sir John Peter, Q.C.—14.

Douglas-Hamilton, Frederick, Esq., late Her Majesty's Minister Resident at Ecuador.—15.
 Falconer, the Hon. Ion Grant Neville Keith-Falconer, M.A.
 Fox, Wilson, Esq., M.D., a medical writer of reputation.—3.
 Gilden, the Rev. George Robert, M.A., Provost of the Cathedral Church of Tuam.
 Hamilton, Sir Robert N. C., K.C.B., J.P. and D.L., of Silverton Hill, Warwickshire.—31.
 Hill, the Right Rev. Rowley, D.D., Bishop of Sodor and Man.—27.
 Jones, Sir Horace, Architect to the Corporation of London.—21.
 Leinster, Caroline, Dowager Duchess of.—13.
 Lindsay, Major-General Alexander Hadden, C.B.—27.
 Macgregor, Lady (Elga Catherine), widow of the Rev. Sir Charles Macgregor.—4.
 Meath, the Right Hon. William Brabazon, Earl of.—26.
 Pole, Sir Peter Van Notten, M.A., J.P. and D.L., Todenham House, Gloucester.—13.
 Roberts, Lady (Julia Maria), widow of Major-General Sir H. G. Roberts, K.C.B.—30.
 Russell, Admiral Lord Edward, C.B.—21.
 Saye and Sele, the Right Hon. and Venerable Frederick Twisleton Wykeham-Fiennes, D.C.L., thirteenth Lord.—26.
 Sempill, the Right Hon. Frances Emily, Baroness.—13.
 Stevenson, Thomas, Esq., C.E., author of "The Designs and Construction of Lighthouses."—8.
 Thynne, John Boteville, Lord.—19.
 Vivian, General Sir R. J. Hussey, G.C.B.—3.
 Walpole, the Hon. Mrs. Henry, widow of the Hon. Henry Walpole.—20.
 Young, Sir William, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

JUNE, 1887.

Bagge, Lady (Frances), widow of Sir William Bagge, of Stradsett Hall, Norfolk.
 Buckley-Williams, Miss Catherine, of Glanahfen, Montgomery.—23.
 Cherry, George, Esq., Chairman of the Berkshire Sessions.—12.
 Coey, Sir Edward, Kt., J.P. and D.L., of Merville, Antrim.
 Cohen, Lionel, M.P. for North Paddington.—26.
 Cornish, the Rev. H. Herbert, D.D., Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford.—9.
 Dart, Joseph H., M.A., J.P., of Beech House, Hants.—27.
 Dawson, Major-General John, late Bengal Staff Corps.—24.
 Drummond, the Hon. Robert Andrew John, late of Bengal Civil Service.—29.
 Dunlop, Lieut.-General Franklin, C.B., late K.A.—24.
 Erskine, Admiral John Elphinstone, F.R.G.S.—23.
 Green, the Rev. Henry Hilton, Canon of Bristol.—23.
 Harrison, Edward Francis, C.S.I., formerly Comptroller General of India.—5.
 Knight, Finlay, one of the Registrars in Bankruptcy.—28.
 Leven and Melville, Sophia, Countess of.—28.
 Lyons, W. T. Bristow, Esq., of Old Park, Antrim, J.P. and D.L.—4.
 Maunsell, George Woods, Esq., M.A., Oakley Park, Kildare, J.P. and D.L.—26.
 Ogle, General Sir Edmund, R.E.—14.
 Rouse, Major Rolla, J.P. and D.L., of Fernhill Melton, Suffolk.—2.
 Russell, J. G. F., Esq., of Aden.
 Sherbrooke, Henry Porter, Esq., of Oxtou Hall, Notts, J.P. and D.L., brother of Lord Sherbrooke.
 O'Sullivan, William Henry, formerly M.P. for the county of Limerick.
 Thomas, the Hon. Grant E., M.D., formerly President of H.M. Council in Barbadoes.—10.
 Wilchelsea, the Right Hon. George James Finch Hatton, Earl of.—5.

JULY, 1887.

Akers, Major-General Charles Style.—22.
 Alton, Rev. George, Wesleyan Minister at Northampton.—17.
 Bedford, Vice-Admiral E. J., R.N.—1.
 Bolitho, Thomas Simon, Esq., J.P. and D.L., Cornwall, Deputy Warden of the Stanneries.—31.
 Campbell, Colin George, Stonefield, Argyle, J.P. and D.L., Convener of the County.—26.
 Clement, the Right Hon. Thomas Fortescue, Baron.—29.
 Crum-Ewing, Humphry Ewing, of Strathleven, Dumbarton, formerly M.P. for Paisley.—3.
 Cusac-Smith, William Robert, M.A.—31.
 Deane, the Rev. J. B., M.A., F.S.A., Rector of Great St. Helens.—12.
 De Bode, Baron, author of "Travels in Luristan and Aratistan."
 Denham, Admiral Sir H. Mangles, Kt., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.—3.
 Eden, the Hon. Sir Ashley, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.—9.
 Fawcett, William, Esq., J.P., of the Close, Salisbury, father of the late Professor Fawcett, M.P.—5.
 Fleming, James, Esq., Q.C., Chancellor of the Chancery Court, Durham.—23.
 Floyer, the Right Hon. John, of West Stafford, Dorset, J.P. and D.L.—4.
 Gordon, Admiral G. T., K.H.—30.
 Greville, Captain Algonon W. B., of Granard, Longford.—14.
 Hawker, Lieut.-Col., late of the 3rd Dragon Guards.—29.
 Home-Spiers, Sir George, Bart., D.L. for Stirlingshire.—30.
 Jervis-White Jervis, Sir Humphry Charles, of Bally Ellis, Wexford.—23.
 Knox, Sir Thos. Geo., K.C.M.G., late British Minister, Bangkok, Siam.—29.
 Lilly, Samuel, one of the oldest members of the bar.
 Lother (Isabella), Lady, wife of Sir Charles Lother, Bart.—2.
 Mackenzie, Thomas, Esq., of Ord, J.P. and Vice-Lieutenant of Ross.—17.
 Maude, the Hon. Martha, widow of the Dean of Clogher.—25.
 Mayhew, Henry, author of "London Labour and the London Poor."—25.
 Moseley, Walter, Esq., of Buildwas Park, Shropshire, J.P. and D.L.—11.
 O'Rourke, the Very Rev. John, Canon, parish priest of Maynooth.—16.
 Perceval, Alexander, J.P. and D.L.—22.
 Ramsay, General George, formerly Resident at the Courts of Nagpore and Nepal.—3.
 Seymour, Lady (Maria Louisa) Culme, widow of the Rev. Sir John H. Culme Seymour, Canon of Gloucester.—24.
 Sandilands, Commander the Hon. F. Robert.—30.
 Sladen, Lady (Harriet Amelia), widow of Sir Charles Sladen.—12.
 Smith, Col. F. Augustus, V.C., late of the 43rd Foot.—26.
 Smythe, General W. James, F.R.S., M.R.I.A.—12.
 Stanforth, the Rev. Thomas, of Stovis, Windermere.—8.
 Tyrell, Charles, Esq., of Plashwood, Suffolk, J.P. and D.L.
 Verdin, J., of The Brockhurst, M.P. for the Northwich Division of Cheshire.—25.
 Wallace, Sir Stephen, K.C.M.G., late Commissioner, Government Emigration Board.—25.
 Wallace, Rev. Professor, formerly Professor of Christian Ethics in Belfast College.—25.
 Walrond, Theodore, Esq., C.B., Civil Service Commissioner.
 Waterton, Edward, Esq., F.S.A., J.P. and D.L., Privy Chamberlain to His Holiness Pius IX.—22.
 Winchester, the Most Hon. John Paulet, Marquis of.—4.

(August, see page 25).

JUNE.
1888.

June 1st, Friday.
☾ 53m P.M.

St. Nicomede, M.
Lord Howe's victory over the French off Brest 1794. Sir David Wilkie, artist at sea, off Gibraltar 1841. Charles Lever d. 1872. Top stone of Eddystone Lighthouse laid 1881.

2nd, Saturday.

Madame de Seudri, romance writer, d. 1701. Gordon "No Popery" riots 1780. Garibaldi d. 1882.

3rd, Sunday.

1st after Trinity.
Battle of Lowestoft 1665. Dr. Calamy d. 1782. Prince George of Wales b. 1855.

4th, Monday.

Lord Robert Dudley (afterwards Earl of Leicester), married to Amy Robsart 1550. George III. of Great Britain b. 1738. Battle of Magenta 1859.

5th, Tuesday.

St. Boniface, bp.
Dr. Adam Smith, political economist, b. 1723. Carl Maria von Weber, musical composer, d. 1826. Massacre of Hangö 1855.

6th, Wednesday.

Duchess de la Valliere, mistress of Louis XIV., d. 1710. Jeremy Bentham, writer on legal and political reforms, d. 1832.

7th, Thursday.

Bishop William Warburton d. 1779. Climax of the "No Popery" riots 1780. First Reform Bill passed 1832.

8th, Friday.

Seven Bishops sent to the Tower 1638. Sir John E. Mills b. 1820. Douglas Jerrold, comic writer, d. 1857. Belfast Theatre Royal burnt 1881.

9th, Saturday.

☾ 54m P.M.
William Lilly, last of the great English astrologers, d. 1681. Louis XVII. of France d. 1795. Charles Dickens d. 1870.

10th, Sunday.

2nd after Trinity.
The Old Pretender b. 1688. Oxford fired at the Queen 1840. Crystal Palace opened 1854.

11th, Monday.

St. Barnabas, ap. and M.
Duke of Monmouth lands at Lyme 1685. Supposed death of Sir John Franklin 1847. William Cullen Bryant d. 1878.

12th, Tuesday.

Battle of Alnwick 1174. James III. of Scotland killed 1488. Charles Kingsley b. 1819. Dr. Arnold d. 1842.

13th, Wednesday.

St. Anthony of Padua.
Agricola, Roman commander, b. 40. Dr. Arnold b. 1795. Richard L. Edgeworth, writer on education, d. 1817.

14th, Thursday.

Battle of Naseby 1645. End of the Mutiny at the Nore 1797. Battle of Marengo—General Dessaix killed 1809.

15th, Friday.

Edward the Black Prince b. 1330. Wat Tyler killed 1381. Luther excommunicated 1520. Thomas Campbell, poet, d. 1844.

16th, Saturday.

Edward I. of England b. 1230. Battle of Stoke 1487. Duke of Marlborough d. 1722. Battle of Ligny and Quatre Bras 1815.

17th, Sunday.

3rd after Trinity. ☾ 40m A.M.
St. Alban, mar.
John Wesley b. 1703. Joseph Addison d. 1719. Battle of Bunker's Hill 1775. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, d. 1791. Richard H. Barham d. 1845.

18th, Monday.

Battle of Chalgrove Field, death of Hampden, 1648. Battle of Waterloo 1815. Trousers first worn by British soldiers 1823. William Cobbett d. 1835.

"LOCKED IN!" A VERGER'S STORY.

By ROBERT OVERTON.

Now, gennelmen, we come to one of the most interestin' stattoos in the minster. You pucceive in this here niche the heffigy of a hancient cavalier of the days of King Charles the First, the ill-fated monarch what lost his head in a-quarrellin' with Parliament, and then went to war with Holiver Cromwell. The unfortun't king lost his head a second time at Whitehall when the war was done, Cromwell exclaiming as the sufferin' neck was laid on the block, "Take away that borble!" That, gennelmen, is a matter of 'istory which I have throwed in—this here heffigy hadn't nothink to do with it. But one of the battles in the war was fought near here, and this here gennelman in marble bore a hactive part in the confflick. He kinder led 'em on, like the Dook of Cambridge with his umbrella at a review. You pucceive he is mounted on a beautiful white charger; he is in full armour of the period, as would fetch a good price even second-and. In his right 'and he carries a flag, from which 'eavy drops of water is a-drippin' free.

As you can read at the foot of the peddlestall on which the charger and the gennelman is a-standin', the stattoo is erected in memory of Reginald, Lord de L'Arge, as—though a Englishman—is a French name with a soft "g."

A story associated with the stattoo? Certingly there is, and there's another story as is associated with the story as is associated with the stattoo, and in tellin' one I tells the other.

You must know, then, that in the season we have a very large number of wisitors to the minster. They comes from London for the sake of the hozone in the sea hair, and for the bathin' and promenadin' and flirtin' and sich, and of course they pays a visit to the minster, and I'm the only werger allowed to show 'em over. There's a art in showin' wisitors over a place like this as ain't easy acquired. My own opinion is as a respectable werger is born sich, and not made sich. A minster, as a minster, is nothink without a werger to show it over. One old lady went so fur as to give me five shillin's—five shillin's, gennelmen—and to call me the "minsterin' angel" of the place. Five shillin's she give me. The people I shows over in the course of the season is various. They comes in parties, and they comes by theirselves, and they comes in pairs—mostly young pairs and unmarried. No less than seving young men have I knowed in one season to be so overcome by their feelin's and the stattoos as to pop the question by a-squeezin' 'ands in the porch goin' out. Then the young ladies tells their lady friends, and they bring their young gennelmen here to see if it's true as the place has a influence of that sort. Some wisitors is 'igh, some low—as 'igh as five shillin's—and a few—a few, sir—as low down as a shillin'. Some is solemn and some is too light; some hurries through as though dinner was waitin', and the pertaties gettin' cold; and some takes their time. But however various, they all stops at this here stattoo, and gennally asks me whether there ain't a story about it.

Three years ago, just before the reg'ler season set in and rents was ris as usual in consequence, there come a-knockin' me up in my cottage one day two wisitors—a young gennelman and a young lady. The young gennelman's apperiance were wild. He was a tall, thin, lamplighter's-ladder style of young gennelman, with long straight hair hangin' down his neck, and a very pale face, with eyes as didn't so much look at you as through you and beyond you into Space, and no end of other places. He looked like a poet without no reg'ler salary. The young lady were pretty and sweet-lookin', and with a more mortal apperiance. I thought at first the poet was a proposin' gennelman, but from somethink as was said between 'em I found they was brother and sister.

"I want," he says, a-fixin' his gaze through me on to a planet seving million miles the other side of the sun, and a-graspin' somebody there by the button-hole, "I want the man who conducts strangers over the minster."

"What you wants," I says, "is the werger. Hi ham the werger!"

Without givin' him time to recover the shock, I prodooes the keys. The rattle seemed to bring the poetical gennelman down from that planet. He gives his arm to his sister with a pleasant smile, and says to me, "Very well, friend, lead on;" and he follers me into the minster just like a ordinary visitor. But soon as ever we got inside, and he looked up at the great carved roof, and saw the light streamin' in from the painted windows, showin' the shadowy aisles stretchin' to the chancel, and fallin' here and there on the still, white, mar-

19th, Tuesday.

Fete Dieu, one of the highest Romish festivals.
Magna Charta signed 1215. Battle of Methven 1366. Birth of James I. 1566. Charles Haddon Spurgeon b. 1834.

20th, Wednesday.

Trans. King Edward.
Diet at Augsburg 1530. Fitz and 100 of congregation seized 1867. Accession of Queen Victoria 1837.

21st, Thursday.

Longest day.
Sir Inigo Jones d. 1631. Matthew Henry d. 1714. Battle of Vittoria 1813.

22nd, Friday.

Battle of Morat 1476. Battle of Bothwell Bridge 1679. Prelacy abolished in Scotland 1689.

23rd, Saturday.

☾ 7m P.M.
Battle of Plassey 1757. First English Regatta 1775. Lord Campbell d. 1861.

24th, Sunday.

4th after Trinity.
St. John Baptist. Midsummer Day.
Battle of Bannockburn 1314. Foundation of the order of the Garter 1348. Duke of Marlborough b. 1650.

25th, Monday.

First Diet of Spires 1526. Schism Act passed 1714. John Horne Tooke b. 1736. Queen of Spain abdicated 1796.

26th, Tuesday.

Emperor Julian d. 363. Pope Innocent V. d. 1276. Archbishop Leighton d. 1684. Philip Doddridge b. 1702. Rev. Gilbert White d. 1793. George IV. d. 1830.

27th, Wednesday.

Louis XII. b. 1462. Charles IX. of France b. 1550. Roger Holland and six others burnt 1560. Charles XII. of Sweden b. 1682. Battle of Killiecrankie 1689. Battle of Dettingen 1743. Dr. Dodd executed 1777.

28th, Thursday.

Henry VIII. of England b. 1491. Rubens b. 1577. Rousseau b. 1712. Queen Victoria crowned 1838.

29th, Friday.

Star Chamber decree against printing 1594. Elizabeth Barrett Browning d. 1861. Annexation of Tahiti by France 1880.

30th, Saturday.

Conventicle Act passed 1664. Earl of Argyll beheaded 1685. Use of the Pillory abolished 1837.

ble stattoos, up he jumped into the planet again. I could tell it by the change in his face. And when we stopped here by this heffigy of Lord de L'Arge and I read him from the Guide Book the story as is associated with it—well, gennelmen, he just stepped out of that planet into a neighbourin' one fourteen million miles further away. There he met a old acquaintance, and stopped to have a cup of tea with him—at all events, he never come out of that planet during that first visit to the minster. He was actually a-walkin' off without givin' me nothink, and when I were took with a sewere cough it were his sister as cured it, not the poet.

After that, even when the reg'ler season had set in, that young gennelman were always a-visitin' the minster. Some times he come with his sister, and sometimes with parties of visitors, but what he liked best was to wander round the place by himself, and his favourite spot was where this stattoo stands. When other folks was bathin' and boatin' and what not, this here was the place for him. I soon got used to him, and to his strange ways, and a very nice generous young gennelman he was when he got out of them planets. But at times I used to hear him a-talkin' to himself in verse, and then see him writin' in his pocket-book. At other times he'd touch his forehead—so—and mutter, "Not yet—it will come—but not now. I must wait."

One day I said to him, "If it's undisgestion, sir, I've suffered myself, and can enter into your feelin's."

But I saw by the flush that come into his cheeks, and the angry stride with which he walked away from me, that I'd offended him, and as any little unpleasantness which he might have with his digestion were nothink to me, I never ventured into sich conversation with him again. One night, after a very heavy number of visitors had been showed over during the day—but mostly in parties, which is a dead loss as compared with the same number of indiwidths as indiwidths—I sought my virtuous couch unusual early. I'd slept maybe about a couple of hours, and had just fell into a lovely dream. I dreamt that I'd showed a party over—a party of one, that is—as was most unusual mean when the time come—in fact, he come it so low that I don't like to mention *how* low to gennelmen like you. I espostatulated with the party without no effect, when all the stattoos put their 'ands in their trousers pockets in virtuous indignation at being showed over to sich a mean party, and held out to me—each indiwidth stattoo—a shillin' piece. Just as I were calculatin' how much it would come to, stattoo number one drops his shillin' on the floor with a bang, then number two and number three, and so on. One after the other, they was all droppin' their shillin'ses on the floor, and the noise woke me up.

"Was it a dream?" I says at first, for sure enough I heard the noise that really woke me. It was somebody at the door of my cottage—tap, tap, tap—knock, knock, knock.

Who could it be? Surely not a party as wanted to be showed over at that time of night—impossible, for just then I heard the church clocks chime twelve.

The sound of the chimin' woke me right up. A wisitor at midnight! I got out of bed and opened the window, and there by the door, with a shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, I see the sister of the poetical young gent, along with a servint girl. "Miss," I says at once, "down direckly. But what's wrong?"

"My brother," she says—"he has never been home since this morning."

"Down direckly, miss," says I again; and in a minute or two down I was.

Then she told me how her brother had gone out by himself soon after breakfast. She expected him back to lunch, but lunch-time come and dinner-time come, but no brother. When the evening wore on, she began to get a little anxious, but nothing serious, a-thinkin' as he'd got out into the country, or gone p'raps on the sea, and would be back before bedtime. But bedtime come and no brother. In fact, he'd never come home at all.

"Have you been along the beach, miss?" I says.

"Yes," she answers; "and questioned all the sailors we could find. Nobody has seen anything of him since this morning, and then he was seen coming towards the minster. Have you seen him?"

"I saw him this morning in the minster," I says. Then a sudden idea flashed into my head; "and that's where he is now," I says.

"In the minster now!"

"Yes. I never knowed a man so unnateral fond of a stattoo in my life as that young man is of the heffigy of the cavalier with the drippin' banner. He's always at it."

"Yes, yes," says the young lady, eager; "he was trying to write a poem on the story of it."

"I see him come into the minster, miss, but never see him come out; and if so be as he were writin' a pomé about that stattoo, it's my opinion as he got himself locked up a-purpose, so as to get what poets call a afflatus. I thought it were undisgestion," I says; "but it were evidentially a afflatus."

With that I gets my keys, and we all three walks up to the minster. Quickly I opens the door, and very quietly we walks up the aisle, all flooded in the summer moonlight.

Here—here, where we are standing—just inside this pew at the foot of the marble, was the lost brother. The light was fallin' very bright and soft on his pale face and closed, sleeping eyes. So calm and white and peaceful he looked that he might have been mistook for another stattoo. Between his fingers was a pencil, and at his feet—the open pages covered with writin'—was his pocket book. His sister stoops, picks it up, and reads.

"You were right," she says; "he has finished his poem at last."

Then she leans down over him very gently, and kisses her brother on the brow, and wakes him.

I never see anythink took more quietly than that young man took the fack of being found locked up in a minster, fast asleep, at midnight.

"It's all right," he says to his sister. "I was determined to finish it, and I took the best way to do so. Don't look so scared," he says to me, half laughin'; "it's all right."

"Is it all right, sir," I says solemn, "for poets to be found intrudling into minsterses at midnight without bein' showed over by the werger?"

"Yes," says he, "when they give him a sovereign afterwards."

And a sovereign he gave me, sure enough, then and there. Finishin' the pome seemed to have fetched him right away from them planets.

"Come on," he says, and out we all went.

What become of the pome? Why, there were a rage for it. The lokill paper printed it, and since that pome visitors to the minster has been more numerous and more warious than ever. Of course I've got a copy of it. I've told my story now, and the pome's got to tell the other story. Here it is; you see I'm put in the very fust verse:—

THE KING'S COLOURS!

I walk'd in the shadow'd minster,
With the verger by my side,
And I gaz'd on a sculptur'd statue,
Standing in lonely pride.
"What is the story, tell me,
Of this mounted Cavalier?
What deed of gallant daring
Is kept in memory here?
Why holds he a dripping banner?"
To the waiting guide I said.
Then from a book he brought me
This tale of the Knight I read.

* * * * *

Royal in the glitter of armour,
Royal in soldier mien;
Royal in the shimmer of sunlight
On sword and on halberdine;
Royal in the flashing of pennons
Bright as the wild bird's wing;
Royal in the banner they carry—
The Colours of Charles the King—
With never an eye that flinches,
With never a heart that fears,
On to the leaguer'd city
Ride the Royal Cavaliers.

Around her walls the Roundheads
A year have sat them down;
With blood her stout defenders
Pay tribute to the Crown.
Starving and worn and dying,
Oh! eager eyes have scann'd,
From the rise of sun till the day was done,
O'er all the wasted land,
For sight of the goodly troopers
Who are only coming now;
The troopers who ride with steady stride
Over the far hill brow.

Over the hill, across the plain,
With never a rank that breaks;
Never a man who dreads the fight,
Never a hand that shakes;
With white plumes nodding proudly
O'er heads held proudly high,
On to the town the troops march down,
To rescue or to die.
And the stateliest form among them,
In manhood's young bright spring,
Is Reginald, Lord de L'Arge, who bears
The Colours of Charles the King.

On past the flooded river,
Which rolls its swoll'n tide
Fast to the sea between the cliffs
Which frown on either side—
On they come, and the citizens now
Behold the brave array;
And the men begin to man the walls,
While the women begin to pray.
And the crop-eared rebels see them,
And form on left and right;
In silence stern their ranks they turn,
And move to offer fight.

Then Lord de L'Arge his Colours
Clutches with tight'ning hold,
As, rear'd aloft in the summer breeze,
Shakes every gleaming fold.
He turns to the list'ning soldiers
Who wait for the word to charge;
In ringing tone these words alone
Speaks Reginald, Lord de L'Arge—
"If ever a heart be flinching,
If horse or rider lag,
Think of the King and your honour—
Cavaliers, follow the flag!"

Then in the shock of battle
Meet rebels and the leal;
For every man a man goes down
By musket, gun, or steel.
None asks for mercy—no one
Erades his death by flight:
"We'll save the town ere the sun goes down,
For the King and for the Right!"
So cry King Charles's soldiers—
Scornful the one reply:
"Ye shall surely yield, and this bloody field
Shall tell the reason why!"

Brighter and brighter above them
God's blessed sunlight gleams;
The trampled heath their feet beneath
Is red with life-blood streams.
Wherever the fight is fiercest,
Wherever the maddest charge—
Where Death reaps the thickest harvest—
Rides Reginald, Lord de L'Arge.
And tho', torn and shot, his banner
Is now but a fluttering rag,
Still rises high his battle cry,
"*Cavaliers, follow the flag!*"

But, alas! who are left to follow?
For still the foe close round,
And quicker and thicker fall man and horse
On the redly-oozing ground.
Till, with a shout for Cromwell,
Is made the last attack,
And the day is lost, for the Cavaliers
Can move not, front or back.
Now to De L'Arge the rebels
In boastful triumph cry,
"The Lord has given thee up to us—
Yield us thy flag or die."

One piteous gaze around him,
One piteous stifled moan—
Midst comrades dead and living foes
Stands young De L'Arge, alone.

Then flames his eye with passion,
His cheek with hot blood burns;
With gasp of wild defiance,
His charger's head he turns.
He kisses once the Colours,
Then flaunts them high in air;
Gives rein with the shouted challenge,
"*Follow the flag who dare!*"

Oh! never man rode so madly,
Ne'er follow'd pursuit so fast;
On and on, up hill, down dale,
Till the Cavalier at last,
Panting, reaches the river bank,
Where the black waves hiss and surge;
The thud of the rebels' hurrying hoofs
Seem beating his funeral dirge.
Nearer and nearer and nearer yet,
From his gallant hand to drag
The Colours of Charles the King—but hark!—
"*Rebels, follow the flag!*"

And as rings out the haughty challenge,
He drives his spurs well home;
And down plunge charger and gallant
Into the river's foam.
Is there a rebel to follow?
No! no!—see, the colours wave
On the crest of the black deep billows
Which bear to his ocean grave
The first in a host of heroes,
The last of a noble race—
With the Colours press'd against his breast,
And a smile upon his face.

* * * * *

Last year that young gennelman come down again. When he found I were so proud of bein' put into the very fust werse, he gave a laugh, wrote somethink in his book, tore out the leaf and gave it me, sayin', "Well, then, there's a special werse written for you alone." Visitors roars when they reads it; but I don't see nothink to laugh at. Here it is—

My heart beat high within me
As I laid the book aside;
And I rais'd a hand that trembled
My swimming tears to hide.
And tho' old to him the story,
Yet methought the verger's heart—
Tho' it beat in a rugged bosom—
Bore with my own a part,
In the pray'r I breathed for the spirit
Of the brave young Lord de L'Arge—
For he bow'd his head as he softly said,
"*There ain't no reg'ler charge.*"

OBITUARY RECORD.

AUGUST, 1887.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Bell, Col. Whiteford John.—13. | Lawson, the Right Hon. J. Anthony, D.C.L. of Oxford, LL.D., F.C., one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice in Ireland.—9. |
| Buddicom, W. Barber, the well-known engineer. | Melville, Sir Maxwell, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.—5. |
| Dartrey, the Right Hon. Augusta, Countess of.—9. | Falliser, John, Esq., C.M.G., traveller and geologist. |
| Dease, Matthew O'Reilly, Dee Farm, Louth, J.P. and D.L.—17. | Phipps, Lady May Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Frederick Phipps, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. |
| Delamere, the Right Hon. Hugh Cholmondeley, seventh Lord.—1. | Shadwell, General Lawrence, C.B., Northleigh, Reading.—16. |
| De Ramsay, the Right Hon. Edward Fellowes, First Lord.—9. | Simpson, Palgrave John, Esq., M.A., dramatic author.—19. |
| Doneraile, the Right Hon. Hayes St. Leger, Fourth Viscount.—26. | Skeffington, the Hon. Mrs. Chichester (Amelia), widow of the Hon. Chichester T. Skeffington.—3. |
| Drummond, George Essex Montifex, Lord Drummond. | Stewart, Lady (Mary Anne), wife of Sir R. P. Stewart, Dublin.—7. |
| Farguharson, Major-General Lenox James, late Commandant 7th Bengal Cavalry. | Thistlethwayte, Augustus Frederick, Esq.—7. |
| Green-Price, Sir Richard, Bart., Radnor, J.P. and D.L.—11. | Westby, the Rev. H. H. Jones, D.D., Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral —16. |
| Hanmer, Sir Wyndham Edward, J.P. and D.L.—25. | |
| Head, Sir Francis Somerville, of Radlett, Herts.—26. | |
| Larpent, Arthur John, Baron de Hochepleid.—24. | |

ACTS OF PARLIAMENT PASSED DURING THE SESSION OF 1887, 50 & 51 VICTORIA.

** * The figure before each Act denotes the Chapter.*

1. Act to apply certain sums out of the Consolidated Fund to the service of the years ending on the 31st day of March, 1887, and 1888.
2. Act to provide during twelve months for the discipline and regulation of the Army.
3. Act to amend the Acts relating to County Courts, so far as regards the payment of certain expenses.
4. Act to amend the provisions of the Merchant Shipping (Fishing Boats) Act.
5. Act to amend the law respecting the Customs Duties of the Isle of Man.
6. Act to abolish the office of the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas in Ireland, to enable the same fusion of the Courts to be effected in that country as has already been accomplished in England.
7. Act to amend the Custom Law Consolidation Act of 1876.
8. Act to extend the time for therapeymnt, by Incumbents of Benefices, of mortgages made and fixed under a previous Act.
9. Act to remove the disability of the Police to vote at Parliamentary Elections.
10. Act to enable His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught to return to England for a limited time for the purpose of being present at the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee without thereby resigning his command in Bombay.
11. Act for the Conversion of India Stock.
12. Act to define the respective rights of the parishioners of the Old Church of St. Mary, Truro, and of the authorities of the New Cathedral; also to provide for the formation of a Chapter Endowment Fund, and for the transfer of the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter to the New Cathedral body.
13. Act to extend in certain places the provisions of the Superannuation Act, 1859, and to extend and otherwise amend the provisions of the Colonial Governors (Pensions) Acts, 1868 and 1872.
14. Act to apply a sum out of the Consolidated Fund to the service of the year ending on the 31st day of March, 1888.
15. Act to grant certain duties of Customs and Inland Revenue, to alter other duties, and to amend the laws relating to the Inland Revenue.
16. Act to amend the law respecting the National Debt and the charge thereof on the Consolidated Fund, and to make further provision respecting local loans.
17. Act to amend the Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855, in regard to the government of Battersea and Westminster.
18. Act to amend the Trusts (Scotland) Act, 1867.
19. Act to provide for the fencing of quarries.
20. Act to make better provision for the prevention and punishment of crime in Ireland, and for other purposes relating thereto.
21. Act to limit the powers of the Water Companies to cut off the tenants' water supply where the rate is paid by the landlord.
22. Act to amend the Public Libraries Act.
23. Act to amend the Incumbents' Resignation Act, 1871.
24. Act to amend the Crofters' Holding (Scotland) Act, 1886.
25. Act to give Magistrates the power of allowing prisoners charged with a first offence their liberty, subject to proper precautions for their good behaviour.
26. Act to provide compensation to the occupiers of allotments and cottage gardens for crops left in the ground at the end of their tenancies.
27. Act to amend the law with respect to weighing of cattle in markets and fairs.
28. Act to amend and consolidate the law relating to the fraudulent marking of merchandise.
29. Act for the better prevention of the fraudulent sale of margarine as butter.
30. Act to amend the Settled Land Act, 1882.
31. Act to further amend the Acts relating to the raising of money by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and for other purposes.
32. Act for extending certain provisions of the Metropolitan Open Spaces Act, 1881, with amendments to urban sanitary districts throughout England and Wales.
33. Act to amend the Land Law (Ireland) Act, 1881, and the Purchase of Land (Ireland) Act, 1885, and for other purposes connected therewith.
34. Act for the transfer to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the maintenance of certain public parks and works in the Metropolis.
35. Act to amend and simplify the criminal law of Scotland.
36. Act for amending the allowances payable to clerks of general meetings of Lieutenancy.

There were passed, in addition, 37 others, making in all 73 public Acts. Of these, the principal were an Act to provide for the earlier closing of premises licensed for the sale of exciseable liquors in Scotland (chap. 38); an Act to provide for examination into the affairs of Trustee Savings Banks, and to remove doubts as to the law relating to the winding up of such banks (chap. 47); an Act to amend the law of Truck (chap. 46); and an Act to amend the Copyhold Acts, and for the enfranchisement of copyhold and customary lands (chap. 73).

The local Acts numbered 200, among the most important being the Manchester Ship Canal, and the City of London and Southwark Subway Through Extension, which, passing under the River Thames, connects the City with Stockwell.

The session of 1887, while it may be considered an important one in some respects, must be pronounced somewhat meagre as regards absolute business of general interest and public utility. The reason is not far to seek. Parliament opened with a debate on the Address, the discussion, beginning on January 27, was only brought to a conclusion on February 17, by the Speaker exercising the privilege of the Closure, which he possessed under the existing rules. The Procedure debate began on February 22, and the first rule did not pass until March 13. By this rule it is enacted "that after a question has been proposed, a member rising in his place may claim to move 'that the question be now put,' and unless it shall appear to the Chair that such motion is an abuse of the rules of the House or an infringement of the rights of the minority, the question 'That the question be now put,' shall be put forthwith, and decided without amendment or debate." Closely following the Procedure debate came the introduction

of the Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Bill, better known, perhaps, as "The Crimes Bill," and in some quarters as "The Coercion Bill." The discussion of this Bill occupied the almost entire attention of the House until July 8th, when it was read a third time without a division. During the progress of the debate the Closure was applied several times. Irish affairs have, therefore, monopolised the largest share of the business of the session. Of the Acts enumerated above, the one which provides compensation to the occupiers of allotments for crops left in the ground at the end of their tenancies will no doubt remedy a grievance which has long been felt. The Act for the better prevention of the fraudulent sale of merchandise will, it is hoped, put an end to the sale in England of foreign goods purporting to be of English manufacture. Of the Margarine Act—over which there was a hot contest, a determined attempt being made to substitute the term "butterine" for "oleo" or "argarine"—it may be said that it will prevent for the future the sale of imitation butter for real.

POSTAL INFORMATION.

Letter Post.—Letters posted at any branch office, receiving-house, pillar-post, or wall letter-box in the town districts of London up to 7 p.m. are in time for delivery the same night in the districts in which posted, and in certain adjoining districts. All the night mails for the provinces share in the extension of posting time. Thus, in the town districts the posting is as under:—In any letter-box, 6 p.m.; at St. Martin's-le-Grand, at head district offices, with fee of $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; at St. Martin's-le-Grand, with fee of $\frac{1}{2}$ d., 7.45; at the railway stations, with fee of $\frac{1}{2}$ d., up to the time of the departure of the trains. For some towns the payment of a late fee is not required, as the night mail letters are forwarded by late trains.

In addition to the outward dispatch from the metropolis, an equally elaborate series of trains conveys the mails southwards, permitting of a much earlier delivery. There is practically no restriction as to the size of letters. The scale of postage applicable to letters between 2 oz. and 12 oz. in weight is continued without limit. The letter postage advances as follows:—For the first ounce, 1d.; for 2 oz., 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; for all greater weights, $\frac{3}{4}$ d. for every 2 oz., plus a penny. Consequently, letters weighing over 12 oz. will be accepted at the following rates of postage:—Above 12 oz., under 14 oz., 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; above 14 oz., under 16 oz., 5d.; above 16 oz., under 18 oz., 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; above 18 oz., under 20 oz., 6d.; above 20 oz., under 22 oz., 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; above 22 oz., under 24 oz., 7d.; and so on at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for every additional 2 oz. The parcel post is extended to places abroad at the same rates as for India, Gibraltar, and Egypt, and the insurance of registered postal packets, and also of parcels. The West India mails are dispatched regularly every two weeks—i.e., on each alternate Thursday, commencing at the end of July.

Inland Telegrams.—The charge is 6d. for the first twelve words, and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for every additional word. Addresses are charged for.

Postage stamps are used for payment, and the public are required to affix them to the message forms just as they are required to affix them to letters.

When the terminal office—i.e., the office nearest to the address—is a Head Post Office, the amount paid for transmission covers the cost of delivery within one mile or within the town postal delivery when that extends for more than a mile. When the address is beyond the free delivery, portage is charged at the rate of 6d. per mile or part of a mile, provided the whole distance does not exceed three miles; but the charge is calculated from the boundary within which no portage is levied.

Foreign Telegrams.—The rates vary very much, but full information can be obtained on application to the Secretary, General Post Office.

Inland Book Post.—The postage is one halfpenny for every 2 oz. or part of that weight.

A packet posted wholly unpaid is charged with double the book postage; and if posted partially prepaid, with double the deficiency.

Colonial and Foreign Book Post.—The limit of size for a book-packet addressed to any place abroad is 24 in. in length and 12 in. in width or depth. The postage is 1s. a pound.

Foreign Card Post.—The postage of a card is in every case one half the rate for a single letter.

Foreign post-cards with an impressed stamp of 1d. and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each are sold at that rate, and are transmissible to all Continental countries of the Postal Union.

Registration (Inland and Foreign).—The fee for registering a letter, newspaper, or book-packet passing between any two places in the United Kingdom is twopence.

Postal Orders.—Postal orders, for certain fixed sums from 1s. up to £1, are issued to the public at all post offices at which money-order business is transacted.

The following are the amounts for which postal orders are issued, together with the poundage payable in respect of each order:—1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 4s. 6d., 5s., 5s. 6d., 10s., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ l.

The person to whom a postal order is issued must, before parting with it, fill in the name of the money-order office at which the amount is to be paid.

Money Orders.—The commission on Inland Money Orders is:—For sums not exceeding £1, 2d.; exceeding £1 and not exceeding £2, 3d.; exceeding £2 and not exceeding £4, 4d.; exceeding £4 and not exceeding £7, 5d.; exceeding £7 and not exceeding £10, 6d.

The Parcel Post.—The rates of postage are:—For a parcel not exceeding 1 lb. in weight, 3d.; for each lb. after, up to 11 lbs., 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

No parcel is accepted which weighs more than 11 lb., or is not sufficiently paid. The postage must, in all cases, be paid in advance, and, as a rule, by ordinary postage stamps, which should be affixed by the sender before tendering a parcel for transmission by Parcel Post at a Post Office.

Parcels not exceeding 3 lb. weight can be sent to almost any part of the world. Parcels sent to the Australian Colonies must not exceed 11 lb. in weight, and the rate of postage is, for a parcel not exceeding 2 lb., 2s.; and for any fraction of a pound or additional pound, 1s.

Foreign and Colonial Parcel Post.—Parcels within certain dimensions may now be sent to India and the Colonies, as well as most European countries; but they will be liable to the Customs duties, and regulations of each country, and the sender will be required to make a declaration on a special form provided for the purpose.



FORTUNE TELLING.

JULY.

1888.

July 1st, Sunday.

5th after Trinity.

● 3h 52m A.M.

Admiral Crichton assassinated at Mantua 1582. Battle of the Boyne 1690. The first steamer on the Thames 1861.

2nd, Monday.

Visit of V. Mary.

Henry I., Emperor of Germany, d. 936. Archbishop Crammer b. 1480. Battle of Marston Moor 1644. Klopstock, German poet, b. 1724. Jean Jacques Rousseau d. 1778. Sir Robert Peel, d. 1850. President Garfield shot 1881.

3rd, Tuesday.

Louis XI. of France b. 1423. Mary de Medicis d. 1642. Henry Grattan, Irish orator, b. 1759.

4th, Wednesday.

Trans St. Martin

Lord Saxe and Seal beheaded 1450. Christian Gellert b. 1715. Declaration of American Independence 1776. Thomas Jefferson, the author, and John Adams, the chief advocate, of the Declaration of Independence d. 1826.

5th, Thursday.

Dog Days begin.

Queen Margaret of Scotland d. 1537. Mrs. Sarah Siddons, tragic actress, b. 1755. Mrs. Dorothea Jordan, comic actress, d. 1816.

6th, Friday.

Old Midsummer Day.

Sir Thomas More beheaded 1535. Edward VI. d. 1553. D. M. Moir, poet and miscellaneous writer, d. 1851.

7th, Saturday.

St. Thomas a Becket.

Edward I. of England d. 1307. John Huss burned 1415. Richard Brinsley Sheridan d. 1816.

8th, Sunday.

6th after Trinity.

Peter the Hermit, preacher of the 1st Crusade, d. 1108. Edmund Burke, orator and statesman, d. 1797. Sir Edward Parry, arctic voyager, d. 1855.

9th, Monday.

● 6h 16m A.M.

Fire Insurance days of grace expire. Archbishop Stephen Langton d. 1228. Battles of Sempach 1386, and Du Quesne, North America, 1759. Ann Radcliffe, novelist, b. 1744. Henry Hallam, historian, b. 1777.

10th, Tuesday.

John Calvin b. 1509. William, 1st Prince of Orange, assassinated, Delft, 1654. Sir William Blackstone b. 1723.

11th, Wednesday.

Robert I. of Scotland b. 1274. Jack Cade's rebellion 1450. Jack Cade killed at Lewes. Charles Macklin, the comedian, d. 1767.

12th, Thursday.

Caius Julius Cæsar b. 100 B.C. Erasmus, scholar, d. 1536. Horace Smith, novelist, comic poet, d. 1840.

13th, Friday.

Richard Cromwell, ex-protector of the three kingdoms, d. 1712. Jean Paul Marat, French revolutionary leader and writer, d. 1793.

14th, Saturday.

Cardinal Mazarin b. 1602. Destruction of the Bastille, 1789. Baroness de Staël-Holstein d. 1817.

15th, Sunday.

7th after Trinity.

James, Duke of Monmouth, beheaded 1685. William Mackworth Praed (comic poetry) d. 1839.

16th, Monday.

● 0h 12m P.M.

Masaniello, celebrated revolutionary leader, murdered by the populace at Naples 1677. Sir Joshua Reynolds, celebrated painter, born 1723.

17th, Tuesday.

Dr. Isaac Watts, hymn-writer, b. 1674. Marchioness de Grimaldi, British poisoner, executed at Paris 1670. Charlotte Corday, assassin of Marat, guillotined 1793. First number of *Punch* published 1841.

18th, Wednesday.

Dr. John Dee, famous astrologer and mathematician, b. 1527. Gilbert White (of Selborne), naturalist, b. 1720. Dean Stanley d. 1851.

BEWITCHED!

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "In His Own Hand," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE PICTURE.

"HEAVENS! what a face! Lacy, did you ever behold anything so exquisitely lovely?"

"H'm, aw, we—ll, aw, ye—s—my old grandmother."

"Pshaw, man! I am in earnest," broke impatiently from the lips of the first speaker, Norman Willoughby, who stood in front of a shop-window in close proximity to the Albert Memorial at Hastings, gazing as if entranced at a photographic print which had the moment before arrested his attention, whilst he and his friend were strolling past.

"I, too, am in earnest," drawled out the other as he also paused, giving a caressing touch to a pale moustache. "There are women who seem to have a fairy gift of imperishable beauty, and the Dowager Lady Lacy is one of them. Give that fisher-girl white hair, lace lappets, and a velvet robe, and they would not be so very dissimilar."

"What nonsense you are talking! it is rank heresy to compare the fresh young face before us, those dark expressive eyes, perfect as a painter's or a poet's dream, with—pslaw, your *grandmother*!" replied the admirer of beauty, contemptuously, without removing his spellbound eyes from the fascinating picture.

"You never saw my *grandmother*," fell in long-drawn syllables on deaf ears, whilst the silky moustache received another affectionate touch. "But, Willoughby, do you mean to keep a fellow dawdling here until one or the other has a sunstroke? If you are so enchanted with the picture, go into the shop and buy it—in the name of all the gods and graces!"

"Nay, nay, I am not so far infatuated," was the reply, "yet I confess, that face does realize my ideal of feminine loveliness; the soft, sad, dreamy eyes, the sweet sensitive mouth." And with this half apology, and a last lingering look, he turned to follow his friend, who had sauntered on as if the heat, that first day of July, was too oppressive for his manhood.

"So you have chased an ideal half over the globe to find it in a printseller's window at last. And now, I suppose whilst the impression continues, you will be peering into the face of every fisher-girl you may encounter on the sands," hazarded Lacy, in his own peculiar drawl.

"Nay, nay, I have no fancy for fisher-girls in veritable flesh and blood, if a face in a picture charms me."

The pair had by this time reached the parade, and crossed to the long esplanade above the sea-wall. "All in a hot and copper sky," the blazing sun glared down on a sea like molten glass, the tide was coming in lazily, there was scarcely a breath of wind to stir the white and brown sails that seemed to rise and fall on its broad breast; girls and women with books or work were seated on the shingle, and men with only their holiday in their hands lolled idly by their sides and made the most of it. But the shrimpy sands and the mussel-covered rocks were under water, and if Norman Willoughby was on the look-out for the original of the picture the time was ill-chosen. Carriages bowled past them, hats were raised to the occupants, there were casual encounters along the esplanade, conversation drifted into gossip comments, the picture of the bare-legged fisher-girl with the shrimpy-net over her shoulder might have passed into the limbo of forgetfulness, notwithstanding the depth and power of those dark wondrous eyes.

At the glazed shelter at White Rock their walk was interrupted. There was the old baronet, Captain Lacy's father, seated with his only unmarried daughter.

"Why, Willoughby, my boy, is that you?" exclaimed Sir Cecil, offering his hand to the other's warm clasp. "Where have you been roving all these years? If the Manor has not missed its master, half the county has. But I say, Cecy, have you no welcome or a hand to give your old friend Norman Willoughby?" cried the baronet, turning his white head towards the mass of cream-coloured muslin and lace by his side.

Thus adjured, a pair of pale-blue eyes looked up with a faint smile, a hand encased in a delicate silken glove went forth with just a sufficient show of interest and the remark, "I thought Squire Willoughby had forgotten me." At once he took the little hand in his, as he exclaimed in surprise,—

"Surely this cannot be Miss Cecilia? It seems but the other day since I left England, and you were then in the school-room."

19th, Thursday.

The Scots defeated at the Battle of Halidon Hill 1333. Dr. John Cairns, founder of Caius College, Cambridge, d. 1573. Bishop Wilberforce d. 1873.

20th, Friday.

St. Margaret, V. and M. Kett's rebellion in Norfolk, 1549. Caroline Anne Bowles (Mrs. Southey), poetess and novelist, d. 1834.

21st, Saturday.

Spanish Armada defeated 1588. Death of Robert Burns, 1796. Daniel Lambert, the heaviest man that ever lived, d. 1801.

22nd, Sunday.

8th after Trinity. St. Mary Magdalene. Battle of Falkirk, 1298. Battle of Shrewsbury, Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur) killed, 1403.

23rd, Monday.

○ 5h 45m A.M.

Sir Robert Sherley, English military traveller in Persia, d. 1627. Riot in Edinburgh on the reading of the Liturgy 1637. Richard Gibson d. 1690. Battle of Ghuznee 1839.

24th, Tuesday.

Capture of Gibraltar by the British 1704. John Philpot Curran, b. 1750. The first road tramway in London 1801.

25th, Wednesday.

St. James, Ap. and M. Charles Dibdin, author of sea-songs, d. 1814. William Sharp, celebrated line engraver, d. 1824.

26th, Thursday.

St. Anne. Henry VII. b. 1456. Earl of Rochester, favourite of Charles II., d. 1680. Irish Church disestablished 1869.

27th, Friday.

St. Joseph Arimathea. Battle of Saltzbach. Mshl. Turenne killed 1673. Thomas Campbell, poet, b. 1777.

28th, Saturday.

Robespierre guillotined 1794. Attempt to assassinate Louis Philippe by an infernal machine 1835.

29th, Sunday.

9th after Trinity.

St. Martha. Battle of Tangiers, Sebastian, King of Portugal, killed, 1578. William Wilberforce, philanthropist, d. 1833.

30th, Monday.

● 8h 20m P.M.

French Revolution 1830. John Sebastian Bach, eminent composer, d. 1750. Samuel Rogers, poet, born 1793.

31st, Tuesday.

Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, d. 1556. Van Tromp, Dutch admiral, killed at the battle of Texel 1653.

"Four years," corrected she, as if to show how well she remembered; and then Sir Cecil struck in with the remark that "it was quite time he came home and settled down, his tenants would be glad to see him back."

Then followed an invitation to dine with the Lacys in Eversfield Place, and proposals that he should join them in one or two projected drives and yachting excursions. Promises were given, bows and leave-takings were exchanged, and they parted.

The estates of Willoughby Manor and Lacy Honour were contiguous. Speculation began with his departure, and without a spoken word three minds were exercised with the same problem; three minds were bent on giving the Manor a new mistress now that the squire had come back from his travels, unwedded and untrammelled, as had been his boast to the captain when they had met in Southampton a month before.

"Untrammelled!" Was he so at that moment?

He had been delighted to greet his old friends that morning, but when he made his bow and retraced his steps alone, a heavy sigh of relief told of some restraint thrown off.

"So," said he to himself, "Sir Cecil thinks it is time I went home and settled down. Does he propose that insipid Miss Cecilia should assist in the settlement? Heaven, I never felt more restless and unsettled in my life! I was haunted by a pair of intense dark orbs that blotted out her rapid blue doll's eyes even whilst she looked into mine!"

He was staying at the Queen's Hotel on the Parade; had been there a week or more, but lost in his reverie he passed the door, and in a few minutes might have been seen with his back to the Albert Memorial, his gaze again fixed on the picture that had taken his senses captive.

"Am I bewitched or dreaming? Can this be the hand of Fate?" he asked himself more than once whilst standing there. "I feel as if that face held my destiny, and there was no escape. Strange, after meeting the fairest women in the New World and the Old, that a mere picture of a bare-footed girl should cast such a spell over me. But for the banter of Lacy, I would make the picture my own, as he suggested. Pshaw! why should I be swayed by the light raillery of any man? I am my own master."

He entered the printseller's shop, made the purchase, and whilst it was being rolled up at his request, to be carried away with him, he remarked to the salesman that he had been greatly struck with the natural pose of the figure, the peculiarly wistful expression of the eyes, and hazarded a supposition that the photograph had been taken from life.

"Oh yes, sir, I have heard that it was taken on this very beach about three or four years ago. But the girl was not very well treated by her family, and she left Hastings to go into service, so I was told, and has not been seen or heard of since."

He had got his picture, and his information, and what was he the better?

He carried it to his own room, unfolded it, looked at it until every lineament, every curve was limned on his own brain. He locked it up jealously when he went out, lest other eyes than his should rest upon it. He knew she had disappeared, yet whenever the tide turned, he was down on the wet sands tracking the bare-legged shrimpers, as if hoping for the impossible.

He dined with the Lacys, joined in their excursions and their pic-nics, and, though always the gentleman, was so evidently absorbed and pre-occupied that one and all confessed, at the end of the week, they "could make nothing of him."

His very indifference had piqued Miss Cecilia out of her customary languor. She set herself to arouse his slumbering emotions, and bring him as a captive to her feet. They strolled together idly on the pier and the parade; he held her lace-trimmed parasol to screen her complexion from the July sun upon the beach, he turned over her music in their drawing-room. Yet as the days went by she felt she was scorching her own wings, not his.

Only ten days had flown. Sir Cecil was railing at the excessive heat and an incipient attack of gout, Miss Lacy was admiring herself in a chimney-glass, the Captain indulging in flirtation with a Miss Ponsonby, when a note from the Queen's Hotel came into their midst like a bomb-shell. It ran thus:—

"DEAR LACY,—I am off to London by express. Business urgent. Make my apologies to Sir Cecil and the ladies. Return uncertain. Yours hurriedly,

NORMAN WILLOUGHBY."

Here was an unexpected break into plans and schemes.

Sir Cecil grew unbearably testy and irascible. Languid Miss Cecilia, whose ravishing toilette would be utterly thrown away, complained of a headache, and of Squire Willoughby's bad manners.

Nor did Captain Lacy take the proceeding in much better part. Despite their dissimilarity in age and idiosyncrasy he and Willoughby got on remarkably well with each other. Nay! the very difference served as a cement to their friendship. He had hoped to call Norman "brother," and Cecilia had lost her chance. He was annoyed.

Later in the day he was perplexed. Casually passing the printseller's, he chanced to miss the picture Willoughby had pointed out. Into the shop he went, and coolly asked if it was sold. He came out with the knowledge that ten days previously it had passed into the hands of "a tall, dark-bearded gentleman, who seemed greatly taken with it, and so forth."

Herbert Lacy was not wanting in penetration, if he did dote out his syllables, and lounge through a sultry day. In some way he connected that picture with his friend's abrupt departure, but how or why was sheer perplexity.

He was more perplexed when on telling lightly how Willoughby had been bewitched by this picture of the fisher-girl that he said was like his grandmother, Sir Cecil started, asked him angrily why he had not bought it, and sent him all over Hastings and St. Leonards in search of a duplicate.

Let us follow the purchaser and his perplexities.

The possession of that girlish picture had not served to dispel its fascination. In all his twenty-eight years Norman Willoughby had never known such an intense longing for any woman's presence as he experienced to meet the poor girl whose speechless image had become the companion of his solitude.

It was in vain that he fought against the glamour of those half-melancholy eyes. In vain that he chafed and fumed at his own absurd enthrallment. In vain that he paced the Parade at midnight, or strode along the pier in the early morning to leave behind the haunting vision. In vain he strove to set Cecilia Lacy the real in the place of the unknown ideal.

The natural graces of the half-clad shrimper cast millinery and music into the shade.

He was to be met on the pier, on the beach, in the fish-market, in the boat-yards, at all unseasonable hours. If he had unexpressed expectations they were never realised. No sooner was the pier thrown open on the last morning of his stay than he passed the turnstile and began to parade the empty pier as usual, with knitted brows and hands gripped together behind him. He had become a marked man to the pier-keepers.

He had traversed the pier twice or thrice, as often made the circuit of the pavilion at the end, when his eye fell vacantly on a photographer's show-case.

Lightning is not swifter than the change in the whole man.

He stood as if rivetted to the spot, his eyes glowed, his nostrils panted. There before him, among the cabinet-portraits, was the counterfeit presentment of his fisher-girl, but attired in the conventional costume of modern society. Not for an instant did he question the identity of the two portraits, although here were the accessories of art and refinement. The blossom had more than realized the promise of the bud.

Long he gazed. Then on a sudden inspiration he noted the photographer's address. In a few minutes he had left the pier and was crossing the Parade to White Rock Place with hasty strides.

The photographer would fain have misunderstood him, but, framed upon the wall hung the same face, and he could only say, though with some hesitation:

"I am not at liberty, sir, to furnish the names or addresses of our sitters. I am not the principal, and Mr. Sardou is now at our London establishment. This is our card, sir."

Mr. Willoughby secured the card.

Away went he with his prize, to set his man Tim packing up with all speed, whilst he dashed off his hasty note and swallowed as hasty a luncheon, all anxiety to catch the express.

"What is to be the end of this?" he asked himself, as he cogitated behind his cigar in a corner of the carriage. "I am not ordinarily hare-brained or erratic, yet here am I, at eight-and-twenty, enamoured of a picture, chasing a shadow, madly seeking what may be unattainable or un—. No, by heavens, no! not unworthy! Every line of that face is pure. But what am I myself driving at? What am I about to do?"

He had answered his own question very decidedly when the train stopped at Charing-cross.

CHAPTER II.
THE WOMAN.

LEAVING his man to secure rooms at the hotel, Norman Willoughby jumped into a cab, gave an address near Regent Street to the driver, and was rattled off, at a pace in keeping with his own impetuosity, to the studio of Mr. Sardou.

The photographer received him blandly. He regarded him as a new sitter. When the stranger's errand was unfolded, he looked grave—that was quite a different affair.

"We cannot furnish addresses, sir, without most important reasons."

"Well, sir, I can understand the delicacy of your position, but I can assure you my motives for the request are most important."

The photographer shook his head.

"So is my duty, sir. In this case I do not seek to probe your motives, but—"

"Mr. Sardou," interrupted the other, all in a tingle from sole to crown, "I trust you will not regard me as a lunatic, when I admit that I have fallen desperately in love with the face you have photographed, would compass heaven and earth for an interview with the original, would spare no cost, no labour, to obtain the knowledge where to find her, or by what name she is known."

"Many men, sir, fall impulsively in love with pure and beautiful girls, pursue them with ardour, lure them with flatteries and sophistries, and leave them soiled and worthless to die in the dirt. Excuse me, sir, I see you chafe under my remark—but you are quite a stranger to me, and" (he glanced at the card he held) "men of your position rarely seek out *wives* from the peasant-class. That girl is pure as an angel. I cannot con—"

"Sir," again interrupted Mr. Willoughby, "you do me a wrong. I have no sinister or dishonourable motives. If she be all I fondly dream, and she would have me, I would make her my wife before the month be out; on my honour as a gentleman. It may seem madness to you; to me it is as an impelling fate."

He was indubitably in earnest. The photographer hesitated. He felt he had no right to bar the girl's path to good fortune if this was genuine. Yet he mistrusted his own judgment, or he was inclined to shift the responsibility to other shoulders.

"Well," said he at length, "this is all too romantic for my comprehension; you had better consult my wife, Mr. Willoughby, she has a clear head, and if she think it is all right, she will probably tell you where Cicily may be found. But don't build on it, for Mrs. Sardou is as keen as a lancet and firm as a rock. She will read you like a book, and be prompt in decision."

An address was scrawled upon a card, with a word or two by way of credential. Norman Willoughby, with a few words of thanks, hurried to the cab in waiting, and was off on his singular quest, all the more eager for these temporary obstructions, and for the knowledge that the girl was unmarried and pure as lovely.

Her Christian name had slipped from Mr. Sardou's lips. "Cicily!" It hung upon his own. It was musical, if not high-flown. "Cicily!"—What if he should find this grim Mrs. Sardou obdurate.

Grim? nothing of the sort. A pleasant, kindly little woman, with clear grey eyes as round as bullets, and as penetrating. Even with the first interchange of courtesies he saw that she had summed him up in her own mind.

He had to go over the whole ground again, and found the recapitulation far less easy under the scrutiny of those keen eyes. He was hesitating and tremulous as he began, but the very strength of his emotions gave him confidence as he proceeded, and he grew desperately earnest in his entreaties.

Mrs. Sardou listened, with only the occasional interruption of a questioning word. "Well, Mr. Willoughby," said she at last, "you are not a mere boy to fall in and out of love twice or thrice a year; you must have seen the best and the worst of women in your travels over the world, you must have come under the influence of beauty and fashion. This sudden fascination is therefore to be considered quite outside ordinary contingencies. But so far you have only idealized a picture. How will your refinement stand the test of reality?"

He was bursting out into protestations—"Stop," said she, "and listen to me. Four summers ago when I was on the beach at Hastings, I watched a girl about sixteen on the sands, returning with an almost empty shrimping net, and a sadly

melancholy countenance. I spoke to her; learned that she had been unsuccessful, and was afraid of a beating if she went home to Granny Cramp with an empty basket. I asked her to go with me to the studio just as she was, to be photographed, promising to pay her more for her time than she would have earned by shrimping. The picture you saw was the result. It has been very successful."

"Successful!" How the word grated on the listening ear. Mrs. Sardou could see the proud blood of the Willoughbys surge upwards to his brow, but he stirred not.

She proceeded—"After that, I met the girl frequently, was interested in her and her artless story. Her father had been drowned, her mother had died when she was young. Granny Cramp and her son had taken care of her. As long almost as she could remember, she had been sent to pick up her living on the sands or rocks, and Granny beat her when she had neither money nor shell-fish to take home."

"The old hag!" ejaculated Norman, rising and pacing the floor.

"Well, sir," went on his informant, as he resumed his seat, "fishermen's children have not easy lives. But from what I heard of the old woman I feared worse for the poor girl. There is a market for beauty, and she would have sold Cicily as readily as her shrimps."

Willoughby sat before her with bowed head, but she heard a muttered "My God!" and noted the tight grip of the hands clasped between his knees.

"Determined to rescue the girl, I induced her to quit Hastings as my *servant*, offering good wages on the understanding that she served also as a model for Mr. Sardou's art-studies. She still serves us, but not as a domestic. We trained her for something better. She had natural graces; in our own interest we developed them. And now, sir, if you are still desirous to make Cicily Cramp your wife—the mistress of Willoughby Manor—you shall see her at her occupation. But there must be nothing precipitate, and you must consent to be guided by me."

He was in a condition to promise anything that should give a living shape to the shadow he was worshipping.

When Mrs. Sardou turned the handle of a door, did he note the light and cheerful room, the picturesque garden it overlooked, the large table at which a girl, in a light washing-dress, was seated mounting photographs?

He saw nothing but the girl herself, more glorious than his dreams. He saw a mass of rich auburn hair coiled classically round a shapely head, a graceful figure rising on their entrance, a pair of large dark violet eyes that looked inquiringly at them, and a smile that revealed a set of teeth as smooth and white as those of Cecilia Lacy.

"Miss Cramp, can you tell this gentleman, Mr. Willoughby, when Mr. Sardou himself could arrange to give him a sitting? I think, sir, you said you were in haste, as you wanted a locket-photo for a young lady?" said Mrs. Sardou, addressing each in turn.

"Yes, certainly; and I shall be glad if Miss Cramp can appoint a time," said he, following Mrs. Sardou's lead.

"If you reside in this vicinity, sir, I doubt not but you could have an early sitting in the studio *here* before Mr. Sardou leaves in the morning," fell on his ear, with no tone or suggestion of vulgarity or fisher-rearing.

"At what hour?"

"Before ten, sir. Everything shall be in readiness."

"Shall I bring the locket with me?"

"If you think proper, sir; but there is no immediate hurry for that."

He could not for the life of him invent an excuse to linger. Mrs. Sardou came to his aid.

"Had you not better show Mr. Willoughby a few specimens?"

"Oh, certainly!" and in a few minutes he was looking over photographic portraits of all styles and sizes, making conversation and giving orders, as if his ruling passion was vanity. But even that came to an end with a "Thank you" and a "Good morning."

He bowed himself out in an ecstasy of rapturous delight, and the conviction "Cicily Cramp would grace a throne."

There was a little bye-play at the photographer's when his back was turned. Mrs. Sardou grew communicative—told Miss Cramp the gentleman had fallen over head and ears in love with a girl's picture; had made proposals for her to her friends before he had even seen the young lady herself. They had given him a provisional acceptance, had introduced him to her, and now he

was in a desperate hurry to offer his portrait and himself at the same time."

"Dear me, what a romance!" cried Cicily. "He is a fine-looking fellow, not likely to be refused. But I cannot understand how a man with so much character in his face could lay bare his private affairs to a stranger."

Mrs. Sardou was not to be caught napping.

"Oh," she replied, "he saw your carte in the showcase downstairs, and was struck with the likeness to his innamorata."

"Ah, then, that will account for the way in which he looked at me," and the veriest ghost of a sigh followed the observation.

Not more punctual was the clock than Mr. Willoughby, of whom Cicily Cramp confessed she could "do nothing but think." Mr. Sardou received him as an ordinary sitter, was not quite prepared; desired Miss Cramp to "show the gentleman a portfolio of prints to pass the time."

He was somehow a long time, but it passed like a short one. Mr. Willoughby had brought with him three or four costly gold lockets. These he laid before Miss Cramp, and with much deference solicited her opinion which would be most acceptable. With the ease of one into whose hands such things came frequently, she unhesitatingly selected one, bearing on its front a sprig of Forget-me-not, set with turquoise and pearls, saying, "I like this the best, it seems the most appropriate and significant. But tastes vary. Your friend may have a preference for diamonds—and this star."

"No," said he, quietly; "I think her taste will be as simple as your own. The choice is a happy one. Thanks."

The locket-vignette was taken. Then Mr. Sardou hoped it would not incommode Mr. Willoughby to return on the morrow to sit for "carte" and "cabinet."

Mr. Willoughby was most obliging, his time was at Mr. Sardou's disposal. And it so happened that for nearly a week he had an errand to the Highgate studio every day, where Miss Cramp was in waiting.

"I suppose he will be coming to-morrow for his locket," she said to Mrs. Sardou, when it was ready, "and then we shall not see any more of him. I own I shall be very sorry. His romance has quite interested me. I hope his lady-love will set a proper value on his gift. The likeness is excellent. She must be a lucky girl whoever she is, to win such a man. I am sure if I had been the lady herself he could not have been more polite or respectful to me." And as she spoke Cicily closed the locket on the portrait and laid it in its velvet case with a very palpable sigh.

Mrs. Sardou smiled, but broke no confidence.

Imagine the flush of surprise and delight that spread its bloom over Cicily's lovely face, when on the morrow Mr. Willoughby produced a delicate gold chain, and craved permission to clasp the symbolic locket around her neck, telling that it was designed for *her*, that *she* was the one whose picture had made such havoc of his peace; that on her acceptance of his gift and him hung his life and fortune; that the Sardous were cognisant, and had fallen in with his views.

She stood, as it were, dazed, with one hand resting on the table for support, the other in his clasp; bewilderment in her soft eyes, her breath coming in gasps between tremulous lips, but never a word of "aye" or "no" to answer the passionate outpouring of his soul.

The locket-portrait had served him more than once to introduce the theme of his singular attachment, and to put a case for her opinion how his suit was likely to be received. He had talked of his long wanderings, as a man with no one on his ancestral hearth to greet or welcome him, of his heart-hunger for love and sympathy, until her pity and her affection had gone out to him unknown. Yet that day's revelation staggered her. The whirl of joyful emotion was overpowering. Her veined lids drooped, her auburn head bowed, her fingers relaxed—he caught her or she would have fallen—fainting.

He held her close to his breast, her glorious head against his shoulder, he dared to press his lips on her white brow, and though the treatment might be unorthodox, it served to restore her, and to bring a richer bloom into her cheeks.

Almost the first words she uttered on reviving were, "And you could seek me out, knowing I had been only a poor fisher-girl! How can such generous devotion be repaid?"

For answer he clasped the chain and locket round her neck with the words, "Wear this, be mine, and love me ever;" and if he took other payment from her lips, silence must have given consent.

"Happy the wooing that's not long a-doing."

Before July had burned out its last spark, there was a marriage by special license at Highgate Church.

The name the bride signed in the register was *Cecilia Lacy*. The day before the ceremony Mrs. Sardou, who had been a couple of days in Hastings, astonished the bridegroom-elect with the information that her protégée was no kin to Granny Cramp. A dying lady with a child in her arms had been washed ashore under the East Cliff, from the wreck of an Indian steamer seventeen years before. Despoiled of her money and jewels, she had been buried on the sands where she died, as one unknown. The Cramps left the town, taking the child with them. In three or four years they were back in Hastings, rearing the girl as their dead son's, but treating her cruelly. Whispers were current among the fishermen of gold ill-gotten by the Cramps when the *Mysore* went to pieces on the coast. From one or another she had ascertained these facts, before bringing Cicily to London to rescue her. She had purposely withheld these facts from Mr. Willoughby to test his sincerity, but finding him bent on immediate marriage, regardless of his bride's parentage, she had held it her duty to post off to Hastings and wring confession from Granny Cramp.

On entering the low wooden cottage under the East Cliff, she had been surprised to find there were other inquirers in the field. No other than Sir Cecil Lacy and the Captain, who having at length unearthed another print of the fisher-girl, "so like the grandmother," had been led on from one inquiry to another, until finally she and they met on the hearth of the withered old beldame.

Granny Cramp scowled, folded her arms, and set them at dogged defiance; "but," said clever Mrs. Sardou, "I assumed the whip hand, asked how the lady had died whom they had secretly buried on the shore? what had become of her rings and other valuables, and what of her golden-haired child? and what she *kept locked in the old tea-caddy*? I saw the old hag's defiance melt at the last query, backed as it was with the threat of a policeman and a magistrate's warrant for a search, with a prison behind that. Shaking as if with palsy, she unlocked the tea-caddy, and produced a pocket evidently roughly cut from a lady's dress of Indian silk, of which scraps remained; and a knotted handkerchief that had apparently been cut through—not untied. On this was a crest and a monogram, which Sir Cecil declared were those of his brother Herbert, who had been on the *Mysore* with his wife and child when it went down. In the pocket were a couple of letters almost illegible from sea-water and time. They were two Sir Cecil himself had written to his sister-in-law, Olivia. And along with them were half-a-dozen garnet beads on a string, with a golden clasp, engraved "Cecilia." In spite of Sir Cecil's agitation, Granny was persistently silent, until a five-pound note bought from her cupidity a confession not to be extorted from her fears. She insisted that the lady died whilst her husband cut the handkerchief that bound the child to her, and loosed the clinging arms. They had some ado to bring the child round. And if they did strip the body before they buried it in the sands, they'd a right. What good was the gold and things to a dead woman? And if they did run away with the child it was because folk were spiteful, and there was no knowing what they might say. Aye, they took the beads from the girl's neck and sold them; but they kept two or three and the clasp, not knowing what might turn up. Her husband was soft over the girl, or she might have sold her once or twice to gipsies and have escaped all this bother. There had never come naught but ill-luck to them through Cicily. She wished she had been drowned with the rest. 'They must have been bewitched to keep her?' I said. I thought it was fortunate for Cicily some one else had been bewitched, or truth might have been drowned and the dear girl, Sir Cecil's niece, still left in her clutches, a poor fisher-girl."

Norman Willoughby had listened like one "bewitched." He could scarcely realize the transformation of his fisher-maid into the niece of Sir Cecil, even when the old baronet gave her away, and Captain Lacy appeared as best man, and their signatures appeared after that of Cecilia Lacy in the register. For the moment he almost felt as if he had married the wrong woman.

There is still a Cecilia Lacy at Lacy Honour who holds that opinion secretly, and says that her cousin Cicily must have cast some spell over Norman, for no man ever was so devoted to a wife as is the Squire of Willoughby Manor, unless he was *bewitched*.

"Ah, Cecy!" replies Mrs. Willoughby, with a look of wondrous feeling in those dark blue eyes of hers, "I honour and I love my husband. That is the only witchcraft I have used."

AUGUST.
1888.

THE PATERNOSTERS.

A YACHTING STORY.

By G. A. HENTY.

August 1st, Wednesday.

Lammas Day.
Mrs. Inchbald, novelist, d. 1871. London Bridge opened 1831. Emancipation of British slaves 1834.

2nd, Thursday.

William Rufus killed in the New Forest 1100. Thomas Gainsborough, great landscape painter, d. 1788. Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, d. 1849.

3rd, Friday.

James II. of Scotland killed at Roxburgh Castle 1460. Eugene Sue, eminent French novelist, d. 1857.

4th, Saturday.

Battle of Evesham, Simon de Montfort killed, 1265. Christopher Columbus set sail for America 1492. Percy Bysshe Shelley, poet, b. 1792.

5th, Sunday.

10th after Trinity.
Battle of Perth 1600. Lord North d. 1792. Lord Howe d. 1790.

6th, Monday.

Transfiguration. Bank Holiday.
Sea-serpent seen off the Cape of Good Hope, 1818, by H.M.S. "Dædalus." Ben Jonson d. 1637.

7th, Tuesday.

● 6h 21m P.M.
Battle of Thermopylae, Leonidas, King of Sparta, killed, B.C. 480. Death of Queen Caroline 1821.

8th, Wednesday.

Sts. Cyriacus, Largus, Samaragdus, and their companions, martyrs, 303. St. Hormisdas, martyr.
George Canning, statesman, d. 1827.

9th, Thursday.

Izaak Walton, author of the "Complete Angler," b. 1583. John Dryden, poet, b. 1631.

10th, Friday.

St. Lawrence, Martyr.
Battle of St. Quentin 1557. Dr. Benjamin Hoadly d. 1777. Sir Charles James Napier b. 1782.

11th, Saturday.

Half-Quarter Day. Trinity Law Sittings end.
Thomas Betterton, celebrated actor, b. 1655. Dr. Richard Mead, distinguished physician, b. 1673.

12th, Sunday.

11th after Trinity.
Rev. Rowland Hill b. 1744. Robert Southey, poet, b. 1774. George Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive, d. 1848.

13th, Monday.

Dog Days end. Old Lammas Day.
Battle of Benheim 1704. Adelaide, Consort of William IV., b. 1792.

14th, Tuesday.

● 4h 41m P.M.
George Colman (the elder), dramatist, d. 1794. Funeral of Queen Caroline of Brunswick 1821.

15th, Wednesday.

Assumption B.V. Mary.
Napoleon Bonaparte, French Emperor, b. 1769. Sir Walter Scott b. 1771. Battle of Otterbourne 1358.

16th, Thursday.

Battle of Spurs 1513. Frederick, Duke of York, second son of George III., b. 1763.

17th, Friday.

Edward V. and his brother, Duke of York, smothered in the Tower, 1483. Admiral Robert Blake d. 1697. Frederick the Great of Prussia d. 1786.

18th, Saturday.

John. Earl Russell, Prime Minister, from 1846 to 1852, b. 1792. Dr. James Beattie, poet, d. 1803.

19th, Sunday.

12th after Trinity.
Robert Dickenson, poet (The Farmer's Boy), d. 1823. Balzac, French novelist, d. 1850.

"AND do you really mean that we are to cross by the steamer, Mr. Virtue, while you go over in the *Seabird*? I do not approve of that at all. Fanny, why do you not rebel, and say we won't be put ashore? I call it horrid, after a fortnight on board this dear little yacht, to have to get on to a crowded steamer, with no accommodation and lots of sea-sick women, perhaps, and crying children. You surely cannot be in earnest."

"I do not like it any more than you do, Minnie; but, as Tom says we had better do it, and my husband agrees with him, I am afraid we must submit. Do you really think it is quite necessary, Mr. Virtue? Minnie and I are both good sailors, you know; and we would much rather have a little extra tossing about on board the *Seabird* than the discomforts of a steamer."

"I certainly think that it will be best, Mrs. Grantham. You may be quite sure that we would rather have you on board, and that we shall suffer from your loss more than you will by going the other way; but there's no doubt the wind is getting up, and though we don't feel it much here, it must be blowing pretty hard outside. The *Seabird* is as good a sea-boat as anything of her size that floats; but you don't know what it is to be out in anything like a heavy sea in a thirty-tonner. It would be impossible for you to stay on deck, and we should have our hands full, and should not be able to give you the benefit of our society. Personally, I should not mind being out in the *Seabird* in any weather, but I would certainly rather not have ladies on board."

"You don't think we should scream, or do anything foolish, Mr. Virtue?" Minnie Graham said, indignantly.

"Not at all, Miss Graham. Still, I repeat, the knowledge that there are women on board, delightful at other times, does not tend to comfort in bad weather. Of course, if you prefer it, we can put off our start till this puff of wind has blown itself out. It may have dropped before morning. It may last some little time. I don't think it will drop, for the glass has fallen, and I am afraid we may have a spell of broken weather."

"Oh no; don't put it off," Mrs. Grantham said; "we have only another fortnight before James must be back again in London, and it would be a great pity to lose three or four days perhaps; and we have been looking forward to cruising about among the Channel Islands, and to St. Malo, and all those places. Oh no; I think the other is much the better plan—that is, if you won't take us with you."

"It would be bad manners to say that I won't, Mrs. Grantham; but I must say I would rather not. It will be a very short separation. Grantham will take you on shore at once, and as soon as the boat comes back I shall be off. You will start in the steamer this evening, and get into Jersey at nine or ten o'clock to-morrow morning; and if I am not there before you, I shall not be many hours after you."

"Well, if it must be it must," Mrs. Grantham said, with an air of resignation. "Come, Minnie, let us put a few things into a hand-bag for to-night. You see the skipper is not to be moved by our pleadings."

"That is the worst of you married women, Fanny," Miss Graham said, with a little pout. "You get into the way of doing as you are ordered; I call it too bad. Here have we been cruising about for the last fortnight, with scarcely a breath of wind, and longing for a good brisk breeze and a little change and excitement, and now it comes at last, we are to be packed off in a steamer. I call it horrid of you, Mr. Virtue. You may laugh, but I do."

Tom Virtue laughed, but he showed no signs of giving way, and ten minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Grantham and Miss Graham took their places in the gig and were rowed into Southampton Harbour, off which the *Seabird* was lying.

The last fortnight had been a very pleasant one, and it had cost the owner of the *Seabird* as much as his guests to come to the conclusion that it was better to break up the party for a few hours.

Tom Virtue had, up to the age of five-and-twenty, been possessed of a sufficient income for his wants. He had entered at the bar, not that he felt any particular vocation in that direction, but that he thought it incumbent upon him to do something. Then, at the death of an uncle, he had come into a considerable fortune, and was able to indulge his tastes in yachting, which was the sole amusement for which he really cared, to the fullest.

20th, Monday.

St. Bernard.
George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, b. 1592. William Maginn, LL.D., miscellaneous writer, d. 1842.

21st, Tuesday.

● 4h 20m P.M.
John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, beheaded in the Tower, 1553. The Admirable Crichton b. 1561. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, celebrated letter-writer, d. 1762.

22nd, Wednesday.

Battle of Bosworth, Richard III. killed, 1485. John B. Gough, temperance orator, b. 1817. Warren Hastings d. 1818.

23rd, Thursday.

Sir William Wallace, Scottish hero, executed, 1305. George Villier, Duke of Buckingham assassinated at Portsmouth 1628.

24th, Friday.

St. Bartholomew.
The Massacre of St. Bartholomew 1572. Theodore Hook, novelist, died 1841.

25th, Saturday.

Charles I. unfurled his standard at Nottingham, 1642. James Watt, improver of the steam-engine, died 1819.

26th, Sunday.

13th after Trinity.
Battle of Cressy 1346. Prince Consort born 1819. Louis Philippe, ex-king of France, died 1850.

27th, Monday.

Landing of Julius Caesar in Britain 55 B.C. Burning of Milton's books by the hangman by order of Charles I. 1660.

28th, Tuesday.

St. Augustine, bp.
Leigh Hunt, poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, d. 1859. William Lyon Mackenzie, leader in the Canadian Revolution of 1837, d. 1861.

29th, Wednesday.

● 2h. 18m. P.M.
Beheading of St. John Baptist, 30 A.D. John Locke, philosopher, b. 1632. Edmund Hoyle, author of the book on Games, d. 1769.

30th, Thursday.

Archdeacon William Paley, theologian, b. 1743. Queen Cleopatra of Egypt committed suicide B.C. 30.

31st, Friday.

John Bunyan, author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," d. 1688. Philidor, the famous chess-player, d. 1795.

He sold the little five-tonner he had formerly possessed, and purchased the *Seabird*. He could well have afforded a much larger craft, but he knew that there was far more real enjoyment in sailing to be obtained from a small craft than a large one, for in the latter he would be obliged to have a regular skipper, and would be little more than a passenger, whereas on board the *Seabird*, although his first hand was dignified by the name of skipper, he was himself the absolute master. The boat carried the aforesaid skipper, three hands and a steward, and with them he had twice been up the Mediterranean, across to Norway, and had several times made the circuit of the British Isles.

He had unlimited confidence in his boat, and cared not what weather he was out in her. This was the first time since his ownership of her that the *Seabird* had carried lady passengers. His friend Grantham, an old school and college-chum, was a hard-working barrister, and Virtue had proposed to him to take a month's holiday on board the *Seabird*.

"Put aside your books, old man," he said. "You look fagged and over-worked; a month's blow will do you all the good in the world."

"Thank you, Tom; I have made up my mind for a month's holiday, but I can't accept your invitation, though I should enjoy it of all things; but it would not be fair to my wife; she doesn't get very much of my society, and she has been looking forward to our having a run together. So I must decline."

Virtue hesitated a moment. He was not very fond of ladies' society, and thought them especially in the way on board a yacht; but he had a great liking for his friend's wife, and was almost as much at home in his house as in his own chambers.

"Why not bring the wife with you?" he said, as soon as his mind was made up; "it will be a nice change for her, too; and I have heard her say that she is a good sailor. The accommodation is not extensive, but the after-cabin is a pretty good size, and I would do all I could to make her comfortable. Perhaps she would like another lady with her, if so by all means bring one. They could have the after-cabin; you could have the little state-room, and I could sleep in the saloon."

"It is very good of you, Tom, especially as I know that it will put you out frightfully; but the offer is a very tempting one. I will speak to Fanny, and let you have an answer in the morning."

"That will be delightful, James," Mrs. Grantham said, when the invitation was repeated to her; "I should like it of all things, and I am sure the rest and quiet and the sea air will be just the thing for you. It is wonderful Tom Virtue making the offer, and I take it as a great personal compliment, for he certainly is not what is generally called a lady's man. It is very nice, too, of him thinking of my having another lady on board. Whom shall we ask? Oh, I know," she said, suddenly; "that will be the thing of all others; we will ask my cousin Minnie; she is full of fun and life, and will make a charming wife for Tom!" James Grantham laughed.

"What schemers you all are, Fanny! Now I should call it downright treachery to take any one on board the *Seabird* with the idea of capturing its master!"

"Nonsense, treachery!" Mrs. Grantham said, indignantly; "Minnie is the nicest girl I know, and it would do Tom a world of good to have a wife to look after him. Why, he is thirty now, and will be settling down into a confirmed old bachelor before long; it's the greatest kindness we could do him, to take Minnie on board; and I am sure he is the sort of man any girl might fall in love with when she gets to know him. The fact is, he's shy! He never had any sisters, and spends all his time in winter at that horrid club; so that really he has never had any women's society, and even with us he will never come unless he knows we are alone. I call it a great pity, for I don't know a pleasanter fellow than he is. I think it will be doing him a real service in asking Minnie; so that's settled. I will sit down and write him a note."

"In for a penny, in for a pound, I suppose," was Tom Virtue's comment when he received Mrs. Grantham's letter, thanking him warmly for the invitation, and saying that she would bring her cousin Miss Graham with her, if that young lady was disengaged.

As a matter of self-defence, he at once invited Jack Harvey, who was a mutual friend of himself and Grantham, to be of the party.

"Jack can help Grantham to amuse the women," he said to himself; "that will be more in his line than mine. I will run down to Cowes to-morrow and have a chat with Johnson; we shall want a different sort of stores altogether to those we generally carry, and I suppose we must do her up a bit below."

Having made up his mind to the infliction of female passengers, Tom Virtue did it handsomely, and when the party came on board at Ryde they were delighted with the aspect of the yacht below. She had been repainted, the saloon and ladies' cabin were decorated in delicate shades of grey, picked out with gold; and the upholsterer, into whose hands the owner of the *Seabird* had placed her, had done his work with taste and judgment, and the ladies' cabin resembled a little boudoir.

"Why, Tom, I should have hardly known her!" Grantham, who had often spent a day on board the *Seabird*, said.

"I hardly know her myself," Tom said, rather ruefully; "but I hope she's all right, Mrs. Grantham, and that you and Miss Graham will find everything you want."

"It is charming!" Mrs. Graham said, enthusiastically. "It's awfully good of you, Tom; and we appreciate it, don't we, Minnie? It is such a surprise, too; for James said that while I should find everything very comfortable, I must not expect that a small yacht would be got up like a palace."

So a fortnight had passed; they had cruised along the coast as far as Plymouth, anchoring at night at the various ports on the way. Then they had returned to Southampton, and it had been settled that as none of the party, with the exception of Virtue himself, had been to the Channel Islands, the last fortnight of the trip should be spent there. The weather had been delightful, save that there had been some deficiency in wind, and throughout the cruise the *Seabird* had been under all the sail she could carry. But when the gentlemen came on deck early in the morning, a considerable change had taken place; the sky was grey and the clouds flying fast overhead.

"We are going to have dirty weather," Tom Virtue said at once. "I don't think it's going to be a gale, but there will be more sea on than will be pleasant for ladies. I tell you what, Grantham; the best thing will be for you to go on shore with the two ladies, and cross by the boat to-night. If you don't mind going directly after breakfast I will start at once, and shall be at St. Helier's as soon as you are."

And so it had been agreed, but not as has been seen without opposition and protest on the part of the ladies.

Mrs. Grantham's reasons for objecting had not all been given; the little scheme on which she had set her mind, seemed to be working satisfactorily. From the first day, Tom Virtue had exerted himself to play the part of host satisfactorily, and had ere long shaken off any shyness he may have felt towards the one stranger of the party, and he and Miss Graham had speedily got on friendly terms, so things were going on as well as Mrs. Grantham could have expected.

No sooner had his guests left the side of the yacht, than her owner began to make his preparations for a start.

"What do you think of the weather, Watkins?" he asked his skipper.

"It's going to blow hard, sir; that's my view of it, and if I was you I shouldn't up anchor to-day. Still, it's just as you likes; the *Seabird* won't mind it if we don't; she has had a rough time of it before now; still, it will be a case of wet jackets, and no mistake."

"Yes, I expect we shall have a rough time of it, Watkins, but I want to get across. We don't often let ourselves be weather-bound, and I am not going to begin it to-day. We had better house the topmast at once, and get two reefs in the main-sail. We can get the other down when we get clear of the island; get number three jib up, and the leg-of-mutton mizzen; put two reefs in the foresail."

Tom and his friend Harvey, who was a good sailor, assisted the crew in reefing down the sails, and a few minutes after the gig had returned and been hoisted in, the yawl was running rapidly down Southampton waters.

"We need hardly have reefed quite so closely," Jack Harvey said, as he puffed away at his pipe.

"Not yet, Jack; but you will see she has as much as she can carry before long. It's all the better to make all snug before starting; it saves a lot of trouble afterwards, and the extra canvas would not have made ten minutes' difference to us at the outside. We shall have pretty nearly a dead beat down the Solent. Fortunately tide will be running strong with us, but there will be a nasty kick-up there. You will see we shall feel the short choppy seas there more than we shall when we get outside. She is a grand boat in a really heavy sea, but in short waves she puts her nose into it with a will. Now if you will take my advice you will do as I am going to do; put on a pair of fisherman's boots and oilskin and sou'-wester; there are several sets for you to choose from down below."

As her owner had predicted, the *Seabird* put her bow under pretty frequently in the Solent; the wind was blowing half a gale, and as it met the tide it knocked up a short, angry sea, crested with white heads, and Jack Harvey agreed that she had quite as much sail on her as she wanted. The cabin-doors were bolted, and all made snug to prevent the water getting below before they got to the race off Hurst Castle; and it was well that they did so, for she was as much under water as she was above.

"I think if I had given way to the ladies and brought them with us they would have changed their minds by this time, Jack," Tom Virtue said, with a laugh.

"I should think so," his friend agreed; "this is not a day for a fair-weather sailor. Look what a sea is breaking on the shingles!"

"Yes, five minutes there would knock her into matchwood. Another ten minutes and we shall be fairly out; and I shan't be sorry; one feels as if one was playing football, only just at present the *Seabird* is the ball and the waves the kickers."

Another quarter of an hour and they had passed the Needles.

"That is more pleasant, Jack," as the short, chopping motion was exchanged for a regular rise and fall; "this is what I enjoy—a steady wind and a regular sea. The *Seabird* goes over it like one of her namesakes; she is not taking a teacupful now over her bows."

"Watkins, you may as well take the helm for the spell, while we go down to lunch. I am not sorry to give it up for a bit, for it has been jerking like the kick of a horse."

"That's right, Jack, hang up your oilskin there. Johnson, give us a couple of towels; we have been pretty well smothered up there on deck. Now what have you got for us?"

"There is some soup ready, sir, and that cold pie you had for dinner yesterday."

"That will do; open a couple of bottles of stout."

Lunch over, they went on deck again.

"She likes a good blow as well as we do," Virtue said, enthusiastically, as the yawl rose lightly over each wave. "What do you think of it, Watkins? Is the wind going to lull a bit as the sun goes down?"

"I think not, sir. It seems to me it's blowing harder than it was."

"Then we will prepare for the worst, Watkins; get the trysail up on deck. When you are ready we will bring her up into the wind and set it. That's the comfort of a yawl, Jack; one can always lie to without any bother, and one hasn't got such a tremendous boom to handle."

The trysail was soon on deck, and then the *Seabird* was brought up into the wind, the weather fore-sheet hauled aft, the mizzen sheeted almost fore and aft, and the *Seabird* lay, head to wind, rising and falling with a gentle motion, in strong contrast to her impetuous rushes when under sail.

"She would ride out anything like that," her owner said.

"Last time we came through the Bay on our way from Gib., we were caught in a gale, strong enough to blow the hair off one's head, and we lay to for nearly three days, and didn't ship a bucket of water all the time. Now let us lend a hand to get the mainsail stowed."

Ten minutes' work and it was securely fastened and its cover on; two reefs were put in the trysail. Two hands went to each of the halliards, while as the sail rose, Tom Virtue fastened the toggles round the mast.

"All ready, Watkins?"

"All ready, sir."

"Slack off the weatherfore-sheet, then, and haul aft the leeward. Slack out the mizzen-sheet a little, Jack. That's it; now she's off again, like a duck."

The *Seabird* felt the relief from the pressure of the heavy boom to leeward and rose easily and lightly over the waves.

"She certainly is a splendid sea-boat, Tom; I don't wonder you are ready to go anywhere in her. I thought we were rather fools for starting this morning, although I enjoy a good blow; but now I don't care how hard it comes on."

By night it was blowing a downright gale.

"We will lie to till morning, Watkins. So that we get in by daylight to-morrow evening, that is all we want. See our side lights are burning well, and you had better get up a couple of blue lights, in case anything comes running up Channel and don't see our lights. We had better divide into two watches; I will keep one with Matthews and Dawson, Mr. Harvey will go in your watch with Nicholls. We had better get the trysail down altogether, and lie to under the foresail and mizzen, but don't put many lashings on the trysail, one will be enough, and

have it ready to cast off in a moment, in case we want to hoist the sail in a hurry. I will go down and have a glass of hot grog first, and then I will take my watch to begin with. Let the two hands with me go down; the steward will serve them out a tot each. Jack, you had better turn in at once."

Virtue was soon on deck again, muffled up in his oilskins.

"Now, Watkins, you can go below and turn in."

"I shan't go below to-night, sir—not to lie down. There's nothing much to do here, but I couldn't sleep, if I did lie down."

"Very well; you had better go below and get a glass of grog; tell the steward to give you a big pipe with a cover like this, out of the locker; and there's plenty of chewing tobacco, if the men are short."

"I will take that instead of a pipe," Watkins said; "there's nothing like a quid in weather like this, it ain't never in your way, and it lasts. Even with a cover a pipe would soon be out."

"Please yourself, Watkins; tell the two hands forward to keep a bright look-out for lights."

The night passed slowly. Occasionally a sea heavier than usual came on board, curling over the bow and falling with a heavy thud on the deck, but for the most part the *Seabird* breasted the waves easily; the bowsprit had been reefed in to its fullest, thereby adding to the lightness and buoyancy of the boat. Tom Virtue did not go below when his friend came up to relieve him at the change of watch, but sat smoking and doing much talking in the short intervals between the gusts.

The morning broke grey and misty, driving sleet came along on the wind, and the horizon was closed in as by a chill curtain.

"How far can we see, do you think, Watkins?"

"Perhaps a couple of miles, sir."

"That will be enough. I think we both know the position of every reef to within a hundred yards, so we will shape our course for Guernsey. If we happen to hit it off, we can hold on to St. Helier, but if when we think we ought to be within sight of Guernsey we see nothing of it, we must lie to again, till the storm has blown itself out or the clouds lift. It would never do to go groping our way along with such currents as run among the islands. Put the last reef in the trysail before you hoist it. I think you had better get the foresail down altogether, and run up the spit-fire jib."

The *Seabird* was soon under way again.

"Now, Watkins, you take the helm; we will go down and have a cup of hot coffee, and I will see that the steward has a good supply for you and the hands; but first, do you take the helm, Jack, whilst Watkins and I have a look at the chart, and try and work out where we are, and the course we had better lie for Guernsey."

Five minutes was spent over the chart, then Watkins went up and Jack Harvey came down.

"You have got the coffee ready, I hope, Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, coffee and chocolate. I didn't know which you would like."

"Chocolate, by all means, Jack, I recommend the chocolate. Bring two full-sized bowls, Johnson, and put that cold pie on the table, and a couple of knives and forks; never mind about a cloth; but first of all bring a couple of basins of hot water, we shall enjoy our food more after a wash."

The early breakfast was eaten, dry coats and mufflers put on, pipes lighted, and they then went up upon deck. Tom took the helm.

"What time do you calculate we ought to make Guernsey, Tom?"

"About twelve. The wind is freer than it was, and we are walking along at a good pace. Matthews, cast the log, and let's see what we are doing. About seven knots, I should say."

"Seven and a quarter, sir," the man said, when he checked the line.

"Not a bad guess, Tom; it's always difficult to judge pace in a heavy sea."

At eleven o'clock the mist ceased.

"That's fortunate," Tom Virtue said; "I shouldn't be surprised if we get a glimpse of the sun between the clouds, presently. Will you get my sextant and the chronometer up, Jack, and put them handy?"

Jack Harvey did as he was asked, but there was no occasion to use the instruments, for ten minutes later, Watkins, who was standing near the bow gazing fixedly ahead, shouted:

"There's Guernsey, sir, on her lee bow, about six miles away, I should say."

"That's it, sure enough," Tom agreed, as he gazed in the direction in which Watkins was pointing. "There's a gleam of

sunshine on it, or we shouldn't have seen it yet. Yes, I think you are about right as to the distance. Now let us take its bearings, we may lose it again directly."

Having taken the bearings of the island they went below, and marked off their position on the chart, and they shaped their course for Cape Grosnez, the north-western point of Jersey. The gleam of sunshine was transient—the clouds closed in again overhead, darker and greyer than before. Soon the drops of rain came flying before the wind, the horizon closed in, and they could not see half a mile away, but, though the sea was heavy, the *Seabird* was making capital weather of it, and the two friends agreed that, after all, the excitement of a sail like this was worth a month of pottering about in calms.

"We must keep a bright look-out, presently," the skipper said; "there are some nasty rocks off the coast of Jersey. We must give them a wide berth. We had best make round to the south of the island, and lay to there till we can pick up a pilot to take us into St. Helier. I don't think it will be worth while trying to get into St. Aubyn's Bay by ourselves."

"I think so, too, Watkins, but we will see what it is like before it gets dark; if we can pick up a pilot all the better; if not, we will lie to till morning, if the weather keeps thick; but if it clears so that we can make out all the lights we ought to be able to get into the bay anyhow."

An hour later the rain ceased and the sky appeared somewhat clearer. Suddenly Watkins exclaimed, "There is a wreck, sir! there, three miles away to leeward. She is on the Pater-nosters."

"Good heavens! she is a steamer," Tom exclaimed, as he caught sight of her the next time the *Seabird* lifted on a wave. "Can she be the Southampton boat, do you think?"

"Like enough, sir, she may have had it thicker than we had, and may not have calculated enough for the current."

"Up helm, Jack, and bear away towards her. Shall we shake out a reef, Watkins?"

"I wouldn't, sir; she has got as much as she can carry on her now. We must mind what we are doing, sir; the currents run like a millstream, and if we get that reef under our lee, and the wind and current both setting us on to it, it will be all up with us in no time."

"Yes, I know that, Watkins. Jack, take the helm a minute while we run down and look at the chart."

"Our only chance, Watkins, is to work up behind the reef, and try and get so that they can either fasten a line to a buoy and let it float down to us, or get into a boat if they have one left, and drift to us."

"They are an awful group of rocks," Watkins said, as they examined the chart; "you see some of them show merely at high tide, and a lot of them are above at low water. It will be an awful business to get among them rocks, sir, just about as near certain death as a thing can be."

"Well, it's got to be done, Watkins," Tom said, firmly. "I see the danger as well as you do, but whatever the risk, it must be tried. Mr. Grantham and the two ladies went on board by my persuasion, and I should never forgive myself if anything happened to them. But I will speak to the men."

He went on deck again and called the men to him. "Look here, lads; you see that steamer ashore on the Paternosters. In such a sea as this she may go to pieces in half an hour. I am determined to make an effort to save the lives of those on board; as you can see for yourselves there is no lying to weather of her, with the current and wind driving us on to the reef. We must beat up from behind. Now, lads, the sea there is full of rocks, and the chances are ten to one we strike on to them and go to pieces; but, anyhow I am going to try; but I won't take you unless you are willing. The boat is a good one, and, well managed, you ought to be able to make the coast of Jersey in her. Mr. Harvey, Watkins, and I can handle the yacht, so you can take the boat if you like."

The men replied that they would stick to the yacht wherever Mr. Virtue chose to take her, and muttered something about the ladies, for the pleasant faces of Mrs. Grantham and Miss Graham had, during the fortnight they had been on board, won the men's hearts.

"Very well, lads, I am glad to find you will stick by me; if we pull safely through it I will give each of you three months' wages. Now set to work with a will and get the boat out. We will tow her after us, and take to her if we make a smash off."

They were now near enough to see the white breakers, in the middle of which the ship was lying. She was fast breaking up. The jagged outline showed that the stern had been beaten in. The masts and funnel were gone, and the waves seemed

to make a clear breach over her, almost hiding her from sight in a white cloud of spray.

"Wood and iron can't stand that much longer," Jack Harvey said; "another hour and I should say there won't be two planks left together."

"It is awful, Jack; I would give all I have in the world if I had not persuaded them to go on board. Keep her off a little more, Watkins."

The *Seabird* passed within a cable's-length of the breakers at the northern end of the reef.

"Now, lads, take your places at the sheets, ready to haul or let go as I give the word." So saying, Tom Virtue took his place in the bow, holding on by the forestay.

The wind was full on the *Seabird's* beam as she entered the broken water. Here and there the dark heads of the rocks showed above the water. These were easy enough to avoid, the danger lay in those hidden beneath its surface, and whose position was indicated only by the occasional break of a wave as it passed over them. Every time the *Seabird* sank on a wave those on board involuntarily held their breath, but the water here was comparatively smooth, the sea having spent its first force upon the outer reef. With a wave of his hand Tom directed the helmsman as to his course, and the little yacht was admirably handled through the dangers.

"I begin to think we shall do it," Tom said to Jack Harvey, who was standing close to him. "Another five minutes and we shall be within reach of her."

It could be seen now that there was a group of people clustered in the bow of the wreck. Two or three light lines were coiled in readiness for throwing.

"Now, Watkins," Tom said, going aft, "make straight for the wreck. I see no broken water between us and them, and possibly there may be deep water under their bow."

It was an anxious moment, as, with the sails flattened in, the yawl forged up nearly in the eye of the wind towards the wreck. Her progress was slow, for she was now stemming the current.

Tom stood with a coil of line in his hand in the bow.

"You get ready to throw, Jack, if I miss."

Nearer and nearer the yacht approached the wreck, until the bowsprit of the latter seemed to stand almost over her. Then Tom threw the line. It fell over the bowsprit, and a cheer broke from those on board the wreck and from the sailors of the *Seabird*. A stronger line was at once fastened to that thrown, and to this a strong hawser was attached.

"Down with the helm, Watkins. Now, lads, lower away the trysail as fast as you can. Now, one of you, clear that hawser as they hawl on it. Now out with the anchors."

These had been got into readiness; it was not thought that they would get any hold on the rocky bottom, still they might catch on a projecting ledge, and at any rate their weight and that of the chain cable would relieve the strain upon the hawser. Two sailors had run out on the bowsprit of the wreck as soon as the line was thrown, and the end of the hawser was soon on board the steamer.

"Thank God, there's Grantham!" Jack Harvey exclaimed; "do you see him waving his hand?"

"I see him," Tom said, "but I don't see the ladies."

"They are there, no doubt," Jack said, confidently; "crouching down, I expect. He would not be there if they weren't, you may be sure. Yes, there they are; those two muffled-up figures. There, one of them has thrown back her cloak and is waving her arm."

The two young men waved their caps.

"Are the anchors holding, Watkins? There's a tremendous strain on that hawser."

"I think so, sir; they are both tight."

"Put them round the windlass, and give a turn or two, we must relieve the strain on that hawser."

Since they had first seen the wreck the waves had made great progress in the work of destruction. The steamer had broken in two just aft of the engines.

"Get over the spare spars, Watkins, and fasten them to float in front of her bows like a triangle. Matthews, catch hold of that boat hook and try to fend off any piece of timber that comes along. You get hold of the sweeps, lads, and do the same. They would stave her in like a nut-shell if they struck her."

"Thank God, here comes the first of them."

Those on board the steamer had not been idle. As soon as the yawl was seen approaching slings were prepared, and no sooner was the hawser securely fixed, than the slings were attached to it and a woman placed in them. The hawser was tight and the descent sharp, and without a check the figure

ran down to the deck of the *Seabird*. She was lifted out of the slings by Tom and Jack Harvey, who found she was an old woman and had entirely lost consciousness.

"Two of you carry her down below; tell Johnson to pour a little brandy down her throat. Give her some hot soup as soon as she comes to."

Another woman was lowered and helped below. The next to descend was Mrs. Grantham.

"Thank God, you are rescued!" Tom said, as he helped her out of the sling.

"Thank God, indeed," Mrs. Grantham said, "and thank you all. Oh, Tom, we have had a terrible time of it and had lost all hope till we saw your sail, and even then the captain said that he was afraid nothing could be done. Minnie was the first to make out it was you, and then we began to hope. She has been so brave, dear girl. Ah! here she comes."

But Minnie's firmness came to an end now that she felt the need of it was over. She was unable to stand when she was lifted from the slings, and Tom carried her below.

"Are there any more women, Mrs. Grantham?"

"No; there was only one other lady passenger and the stewardess."

"Then you had better take possession of your own cabin. I ordered Johnson to spread a couple more mattresses and some bedding on the floor, so you will all four be able to turn in. There's plenty of hot coffee and soup. I should advise soup with two or three spoonfuls of brandy in it. Now, excuse me; I must go upon deck."

Twelve men descended by the hawser, one of them with both legs broken by the fall of the mizzen. The last to come was the captain.

"Is that all?" Tom asked.

"That is all," the captain said. "Six men were swept overboard when she first struck, and two were killed by the fall of the funnel. Fortunately we had only three gentlemen passengers and three ladies on board. The weather looked so wild when we started that no one else cared about making the passage. God bless you, sir, for what you have done. Another half-hour and it would have been all over with us. But it seems like a miracle your getting safe through the rocks to us."

"It was fortunate indeed that we came along," Tom said; "three of the passengers are dear friends of mine; and as it was by my persuasion that they came across in the steamer instead of in the yacht, I should never have forgiven myself if they had been lost. Take all your men below, Captain; you will find plenty of hot soup there. Now, Watkins, let us be off; that steamer won't hold together many minutes longer, so there's no time to lose. We will go back as we came. Give me a hatchet. Now, lad, two of you stand at the chain-cables; knock out the shackles the moment I cut the hawser. Watkins, you take the helm and let her head pay off till the jib fills. Jack, you lend a hand to the other two, and get up the trysail again as soon as we are free."

In a moment all were at their stations. The helm was put on the yacht, and she paid off on the opposite tack to that on which she had before been sailing. As soon as the jib filled, Tom gave two vigorous blows with his hatchet on the hawser, and, as he lifted his hand for a third, it parted. Then came the sharp rattle of the chains as they ran round the hawser-holes. The trysail was hoisted and sheeted home, and the *Seabird* was under weigh again. Tom, as before, conned the ship from the bow. Several times she was in close proximity to the rocks, but each time she avoided them. A shout of gladness rose from all on deck as she passed the last patch of white water. Then she tacked and bore away for Jersey.

Tom had now time to go down below and look after his passengers. They consisted of the captain and two sailors—the sole survivors of those who had been on deck when the vessel struck—three male passengers, and six engineers and stokers.

"I have not had time to shake you by the hand before, Tom," Grantham said, as Tom Virtue entered; "and I thought you would not want me on deck at present. God bless you, old fellow; we all owe you our lives."

"How did it happen, Captain?" Tom asked, as the captain also came up to him.

"It was the currents, I suppose," the captain said; "it was so thick we could not see a quarter of a mile any way. The weather was so wild I would not put into Guernsey, and passed the island without seeing it. I steered my usual course, but the gale must have altered the currents, for I thought I was

three miles away from the reef, when we saw it on our beam, not a hundred yards away. It was too late to avoid it then, and in another minute we run upon it, and the waves were sweeping over us. Every one behaved well. I got all, except those who had been swept overboard or crushed by the funnel, up into the bow of the ship, and there we waited. There was nothing to be done. No boat would live for a moment in the sea on that reef, and all I could advise was, that when she went to pieces every one should try to get hold of a floating fragment; but I doubt whether a man would have been alive a quarter of an hour after she went to pieces."

"Perhaps, Captain, you will come on deck with me and give me the benefit of your advice. My skipper and I know the islands pretty well, but no doubt you know them a good deal better, and I don't want another mishap."

But the *Seabird* avoided all further dangers, and as it became dark, the lights of St. Helier's were in sight, and an hour later the yacht brought up in the port and landed her involuntary passengers.

A fortnight afterwards the *Seabird* returned to England, and two months later Mrs. Grantham had the satisfaction of being present at the ceremony which was the successful consummation of her little scheme in inviting Minnie Graham to be her companion on board the *Seabird*.

"Well, my dear," her husband said, when she indulged in a little natural triumph, "I do not say that it has not turned out well, and I am heartily glad for both Tom and Minnie's sake that it has so; but you must allow that it very nearly had a disastrous ending, and I think if I were you I should leave matters to take their natural course in future. I have accepted Tom's invitation for the same party to take a cruise in the *Seabird* next summer, but I have bargained that next time a storm is brewing up we shall stop quietly in port."

"That's all very well, James," Mrs. Grantham said, saucily; "but you must remember that Tom Virtue will only be first-mate of the *Seabird* in future."

"That I shall be able to tell you better, my dear, after our next cruise. All husbands are not as docile and easily led as I am."

AN OLD BEAUTY.

By ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER CUDLIP).

THE momentous day, big with the fate of thousands of hapless victims to man's insatiable love of sport—to say nothing of the equally insatiable desire of a large section of civilised humanity for the dainty and savoury dishes yecept "roast partridge" and "partridge pie"—had dawned. In other words, it was the first of September.

There was capital cover-shooting at Harle Grange. An invitation for the first was duly prized by all such men as preferred sport to butchery. The Barnards, father and sons, set their faces sternly against that cowardly massacre of the innocents which goes by the name of battue shooting. They liked to go out early and trudge for hours over turnip field and fox covers, and make good bags manfully and honestly. Still, as they had plenty of birds this year, they were held to be lucky men who were asked to join the "big shoot" at Harle Grange on the "First."

The man who thought himself the luckiest of them all was a Mr. Henderson, a school and college friend of the eldest son, Richard Barnard. Back in June, when Dick Barnard had taken his degree, Mrs. Barnard and Pansy, her only daughter, had gone to Cambridge to be eye-witnesses of the important event, and to stay a couple of days with Dick. During these two days he had given several of his most valued friends brief glimpses of his beautiful sister Pansy. To Harold Henderson he had accorded the honour of an introduction, and an invitation to meet his mother and sister at luncheon.

"You see, mother, Henderson is no longer a youngster; he came to college late, and he's thirty if he's a day. He's such a quiet, staid chap, too, that you needn't be afraid of his flirting with Pansy and turning her head."

"He seems a very sensible, nice person, not at all fast or frivolous," Mrs. Barnard said, in reply to her son's half apology. Accordingly Harold Henderson was invited to the feast, and allowed to look with his sensible eyes upon the beauty, and to engage her in a conversation that was the reverse of frivolous, and that had for its theme himself and his struggles and disappointments. The result was that he did worse than "flirt"—he fell in love

with her; and she—woke to the fact that her soul and heart had expanded to receive the consciousness that life held for her hitherto undreamt of beautiful possibilities.

But Harold Henderson deputed himself so guardedly that neither the mother nor brother scented danger, and when by-and-by Dick came home, and the programme for the "First" was being made out, a hearty assent was given by Mrs. Barnard when he proposed that Harold Henderson should be invited.

"He won't have too many good times after this, I fancy. He had just enough money to take him to college, and now all he has to look forward to is tutoring," Dick explained, compassionately; and Pansy listened with never a quiver of her lovely lips, or a blush on her bonnie face. But for all the external calm, her heart was stirred within her, and a sense of wild joy sent the blood tingling through her veins as she heard her mother answer—

"By all means ask him, Dick. I have spoken to your father, and he quite approves; in fact, he is quite pleased that you have made a friend of such a steady, thoughtful, hard-working young man. Let me see, Pansy! He must have the step-room, for Mrs. Carlisle comes on the third, and we must keep the spare room for her."

"I haven't seen Mrs. Carlisle for ten years," said Dick.

His mother laughed.

"You were devoted to her when you were a little boy, Dick," she said; "she used to say you were the most loyal of all her subjects."

"Was she a great beauty?" Pansy asked, languidly.

"A stunner," Dick replied, impressively, before his mother could speak. "You're an awfully good-looking girl, as you doubtless know, Pansy; but, my dear child, you can't hold a candle to what Mrs. Carlisle was."

"She must be getting old now," Pansy remarked, with the suppressed, half-indifferent contempt which eighteen is apt to feel for anything over eight-and-twenty.

"She has had trouble enough to age any woman," Mrs. Barnard said, sympathetically. "She has lost children and husband within the last five years, and fortune too, I fear."

"How's that? I always had an idea she was fabulously wealthy. She used to wear wonderful dresses, and ride wonderful horses, and look like a princess out of a fairy tale. How has the money taken to itself wings?" Dick asked; and Mrs. Barnard hesitated for a moment before she answered—

"It's a queer story; perhaps I ought not to tell it to you, my children, only I have always held her to be an ill-used and sacrificed woman, and I want you to think well of her, as I do. Her husband got under bad influences, under the influence of designing poor relations, who set him against his wife. She was careless and proud, appearances were against her, and she would not defend herself. In a fit of jealousy he altered his will, leaving her penniless, and he died before he could repent. So she, who had been looked at by society as a mere butterfly, became a working bee. She gives lessons in elocution, and gives recitations; sometimes, she tells me, she makes a good thing of it; sometimes she can hardly keep her head above water."

"It's too pretty a head to be submerged in the waters of poverty," Dick cried, enthusiastically. "I wonder she didn't marry again."

"I suppose she's too old," Pansy put in, disdainfully.

"Oh, she can't be old," cried Dick.

"She can't be young! She was a contemporary of mother's, wasn't she, mother?"

"I think she is younger than I am; but you'll be able to judge for yourself in a few days." Then Mrs. Barnard went off to attend to some housekeeping duties, and in a game of tennis with two younger brothers, Dick and Pansy speedily forgot Mrs. Carlisle.

That lady scarcely recurred to Pansy's memory, indeed, till the "guns" were about to start on the first. Then, as she was standing in the hall playing with her brother's pointers and setters, and listening to a few "last words till luncheon" from Harold Henderson, a telegram was delivered to her mother.

"What is it? who's it from?" was asked on all sides, and Mrs. Barnard told them.

"From Mrs. Carlisle! She will be here to-night. I am so glad. Mr. Henderson, we shall be able to get up the charades you proposed last night, after all. A friend of mine, who is very clever about such things, is coming to-night."

"Come on, Harold," Dick shouted out before Henderson could hear more or ask a question, and he went at once with the name of "Carlisle" ringing disagreeably in his ears. Dreary

thoughts, which that name evoked, alternated with bewildering thoughts of Pansy Barnard, and made him shoot badly. So it came about that when Pansy drove to meet them at one o'clock with a light luncheon, they were none of them sorry to hear Henderson say that his head ached, and that if she would allow him, he would drive back to the house with her?

She was very young, very unconventional, and, for all her calm manner, very impressionable. This man, who was now driving with her through the crisp September air, under the trees that were still thick with leaves, was a fine fellow, one on whom women's eyes invariably rested with pleasure. In the eyes of this unsophisticated girl he was an Apollo, and her eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed with pleasure when he proposed that they should prolong their drive, and that she should show him something of the country.

She agreed, and before their drive was over he had won her heart, by letting her see that his own had gone out to her.

He was as straightforward as it was possible for him to be, considering how he was handicapped by the fear he had that an appointment which was *almost* within his grasp might fail him even yet. He told her of this—told her that should he get it, he should feel justified in asking a girl he loved to love him in return, and touched her hand, and asked for her sweet prayers for his success.

And Pansy's heart sang psalms of thanksgiving for that she had been born to know such joy as this.

"There are letters for you, come by the mid-day post, Mr. Henderson," Mrs. Barnard told him when they reached home. Then she jokingly reproached him for his laziness in coming back and neglecting the superior attractions of sport; and then Pansy escaped from the room, and he began to tackle his correspondence.

The first letter he opened caused him to forget the rest, for it contained the coveted appointment. And in the excitement of the moment, he told Mrs. Barnard of his success and of his love for Pansy at the same time.

She was a sensible woman; moreover, she had had considerable experience in such matters herself, and, unlike many mothers, she had not forgotten the days of her youth! Accordingly she refrained from telling him that she had no faith in the prolonged existence of a love of such sudden growth. But she did require from him a promise that he should say nothing more to Pansy till she had spoken to Pansy's father.

"We are not ambitious for our girl," she said. "Nevertheless, we prize her happiness very dearly, and we will not give her away in haste. Put your prospects clearly before my husband, and if he approves of them, I will trust you with Pansy. But you say nothing of your own family. Will they welcome my child?"

"I have cut my own family."

"You must tell me why?"

"No, Mrs. Barnard; it's an ugly story of a boy's folly and infatuation on the one side, and of harsh, illiberal, Puritanical treatment on the other. I have outlived the sting of being wrongfully accused and falsely condemned. But I can't forget that my own brothers and sisters were the ones to denounce me and decree my downfall. I stand alone! My own family are nothing to me!"

"That is a bitter speech from the lips of a man who is hoping to have a wife and children of his own. Pansy will bring you to a softer frame of mind, I trust, if she marries you."

"Ah! don't say 'if'; say when she marries me," he said, exultantly. "Mrs. Barnard, mine is no mere boy's passion for a pretty face. It is a man's worship of the woman who was born to be his wife."

"Suppose for an instant that Pansy does not return your affection? prepare yourself to find that she has only shown you a child's friendly regard."

"I can't suppose anything of the kind. She has shown me her heart, and it is full of love for me. Don't attempt to be prudent. You will have me for your son; let me kiss your hand with filial respect and affection."

He bent before her and touched her hand with his lips, and the mother's heart rejoiced that her daughter had so winning and bold a lover.

He put his other letters in his pocket and left them unread, for Pansy sauntered past the window just then, under the shade of a large white umbrella, and he hastened out to join her, and tell her of his good fortunes. And somehow or other, though he made no vows and asked for no promise from Pansy, the girl understood that he was hers to command if her father was—what he always was—namely, loving, and just, and kind.



THE GAVOTTE.

SEPTEMBER.
1888.

September 1st, Saturday.

St. Giles, abbot.
Louis XIV. of France d. 1715. Sir Richard Steele, essayist and dramatist, d. 1730.

2nd, Sunday.
14th after Trinity.

The breaking out of the Great Fire of London 1666. John Howard the philanthropist b. 1729.

3rd, Monday.

Battles of Dunbar (1550) and Worcester (1651). Oliver Cromwell d. 1658. "Princess Alice" steamboat sunk in the Thames 1873.

4th, Tuesday.

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, favourite of Queen Elizabeth, d. 1585. French Republic declared 1870.

5th, Wednesday.

Catherine Parr, Queen of Henry VIII. d. 1548. Cardinal Richelieu, celebrated French statesman, b. 1585.

6th, Thursday.

● 4h 50m A.M.

The "Mayflower" left Plymouth 1620. Archbishop Sumner d. 1802. Mehmet Ali murdered 1857.

7th, Friday.

St. Evaristus, bp.
Mohammedan Year 1306 commences. Dr. Samuel Johnson, lexicographer and author, b. 1709. Mrs. Hannah More, moral and religious writer, died 1833.

8th, Saturday.

Nativity of Virgin Mary.
Amy Robsart, Wife of the Earl of Leicester, d. 1600. Sebastopol taken 1855.

9th, Sunday.

15th after Trinity.

Battle of Flodden, James IV. of Scotland slain, 1513. Garibaldi entered Naples 1860.

10th, Monday.

William the Conqueror d. 1087. Battle of Pinkie 1547. Mungo Park, African traveller, b. 1771.

11th, Tuesday.

The taking of Drogheda by Cromwell 1649. Battle of Malplaquet 1705. Siege of Delhi, 1857.

12th, Wednesday.

● 9h 59m P.M.

Siege of Vienna raised 1683. Lord Chancery Thurlow d. 1806. Marshal Blucher d. 1819.

13th, Thursday.

William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, b. 1520. Capture of Quebec, death of General Wolfe, 1759.

14th, Friday.

Holy Cross Day.

James Fenimore Cooper, American novelist, d. 1851. Duke of Wellington d. 1852. Capture of Delhi, 1857.

15th, Saturday.

First balloon ascent in England, 1781. Opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 1830; Mr. Huskisson killed.

16th, Sunday.

16th after Trinity, Ember Week.
Fahrenheit, constructor of thermometers, d. 1736. Moscow burnt 1812. Post Office Savings Bank established 1861.

17th, Monday.

St. Lambert, bp.
Henry Bullenger, Swiss reformer, d. 1575. Concordat, distinguished mathematician, b. 1743.

18th, Tuesday.

Pompeian, Roman emperor, slain 96 B.C. Matthew Prior, poet, d. 1714. Landing of George I. in England, 1714.

AN OLD BEAUTY.

(CONTINUED.)

When the sportsmen came home, they were met by that unerring shot, Mrs. Barnard.

"My dear Richard and dear Dick," she began, slipping a hand into the arms that were disengaged, of both her husband and her son, "be good and listen patiently while I tell you of the game that has fallen to Pansy's gun." Then she told them the whole story as it had been told to her by Harold, judiciously making mention of the good appointment first. Then all in a minute, as it seemed, Mr. Barnard was surrounded by Harold, and Dick, and Pansy, all entreating him to give his consent, and thanking him for it in the same breath. So the whole affair was settled comfortably, and their minds were left in a pleasantly undisturbed state when they went up to dress for dinner, which was to be unusually late this day, in order that the coming guest, Mrs. Carlisle, might be able to partake of it.

Dick was down in the comfortably furnished entrance hall, in which a glowing fire was burning, when the carriage containing Mrs. Carlisle and her boxes arrived. He sprang to meet and welcome her, remembering vividly how she had been his childhood's ideal of feminine beauty, and grace, and splendour.

She was stepping slowly and cautiously out of the carriage, not with the lazy leisurely grace of a woman who knew that all her attitudes became her, and were watched admiringly. But with the careful, prudent manner of one whose limbs were time weighted, and who bore it well in mind that an unexpected jolt might have a pernicious effect upon her system.

Dick had always remembered Mrs. Carlisle as a tall, slender woman, with a beautifully poised and remarkably small head. He hardly knew where to look for traces of the sylph-like figure in this stout lady, whose metallic golden hair was so massed upon her head that not a trace of this latter, stag-like grace remained. But the face was as fair, and the blue eyes were as large and sparkling as ever. "Larger," in fact, than in the days of her youth, he remarked, with surprise. But Dick was rather an innocent boy, and knew nothing of the power of belladonna.

A long, loose, lace-covered black silk garment hung cleverly about her and concealed the lines of her figure. The extreme plumpness of her face and throat, however, was not to be disguised. And what Dick saw clearly was an elderly, rather obese woman, with the remains of great beauty about her.

"I feel the heat so terribly," she began, sinking into the first chair she found in the hall, and fanning herself vigorously. "You are Dick, are you not?" she went on; "you were a dear little boy when I saw you last, and now you are a grown-up man, altered nearly out of my knowledge."

"You are altered, too," Dick said, and the moment he had spoken he felt that he had made a mistake, for Mrs. Carlisle flushed, and looked vexed as she answered—

"I suppose I have, a little, but I was grown up even then, and women don't alter much in ten years till they take the turn down hill. Ah! here is your dear mother. Just the same comely matron she was when I knew her first."

There was a warm greeting between the old friends, and then Mrs. Barnard turned to introduce her daughter.

"This is Pansy," she said, with pardonable maternal pride. "I have often told you about her in my letters, and of how we hoped to keep her at home for a long time, and how the young monkey has got engaged."

The old beauty looked at the young one critically.

"You ought to make a good match in every way, my dear child," she said, kindly, and drew Pansy towards her and kissed her on the forehead. "Who is the happy man?"

"You will see him at dinner; come to your room now, and get comfortable."

Then Mrs. Barnard led the way upstairs, and with a suppressed pant of heat and exhaustion Mrs. Carlisle rolled and surged.

"That fat old thing was a beauty once," Pansy whispered. "Oh, Dick! shall I come to that?"

"Probably you will, if you live long enough," Dick replied, gaily. "But," he added, re-assuringly, "there's many a long year before you, if you wait to arrive at her age before you develop her proportions."

19th, Wednesday.

Ember Day.

Battle of Poitiers 1356. Great Plague reached its climax, 1605. Paris invested, 1870.

20th, Thursday.

● 5h 24m A.M.

Owen Glendower, Welsh patriot, d. 1415. Battle of the Alma 1854. President Garfield d. 1881.

21st, Friday.

Ember Day.

St. Matthias, apostle.
Edward II. of England murdered at Berkeley Castle 1327. Battle of Preston Pans, near Edinburgh, 1745.

22nd, Saturday.

Autumn Season commences.

Battle of Zuthphen, Sir Philip Sidney mortally wounded, 1586. Coronation of George III. 1761. Total defeat of Ayoub Khan 1811.

23rd, Sunday.

17th after Trinity.

Battle of Floreheath, 1459. Korner, German poet, b. 1791.

24th, Monday.

William of Wykeham, founder of Winchester College, d. 1404. Viscount Hardinge, governor-general and commander in India, d. 1856.

25th, Tuesday.

Solemn League and Covenant, 1643. Richard Porson, eminent Greek scholar, d. 1808. Siege of Paris commenced 1870.

26th, Wednesday.

St. Cyprian, abp.
Marquis Wellesley d. 1842. Lucknow relieved, 1857. Funeral of President Garfield 1881.

27th, Thursday.

Battle of Tinehebrai, 1106. Society of Jesuits formed 1540. Louis XIII. of France b. 1601. George Cruikshank b. 1792. Bombardment of Algiers, 1816.

28th, Friday.

● 8h 30m A.M.
Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton," d. 1789. Strasburg capitulated 1870.

29th, Saturday.

Michaelmas Day.
St. Michael and All Angels.
Robert, Lord Clive, founder of the British empire in India, b. 1725. Lord Nelson b. 1758.

30th, Sunday.

18th after Trinity.
St. Jerome.
Bishop Percy, author of "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," d. 1811.

"If I ever do, Harold will feel that I married him under false pretences of slinness, won't he?" Pansy laughed. And then she began directing impatient glances towards the staircase, and wondered why her lover tarried so long on his way to her, on this first evening of their authorised affection.

Meantime, Harold Henderson was experiencing, most undeservedly, the sensations of a rat in a hole, from which he *must* emerge presently, and the entrance to which was guarded by a powerful cat.

He had dressed before he remembered his unread letters. Luckily, or probably he would have felt too utter a wreck to dress at all. Two or three were unimportant. Then he opened one, the handwriting of which was familiar to him, painfully, sickeningly familiar! though he had not seen it for eight years. It ran as follows:—

"MY DARLING HAROLD,—I have made inquiries, and find that you are still unmarried, that you are still faithful to your vow to me. I, too, am faithful. For years I have refrained from reminding you of myself. For years I have struggled hard and denied myself every luxury in order that I might win the competence with which I would be endowed before I let you hamper yourself with me for your wife. Now I have my reward! I have made this competence, and at last, at last! I am ready to yield to your prayer, and marry you. I go down to Harle Grange, near Ipswich, to-morrow, but I shall be back here on Monday. Come to me at once. At last, my own dear love, you will be repaid for all you have suffered on account of your devoted
MINA CARLISLE."

The angry blood rushed up in a torrent to his brow as he remembered that she had *the right* to address him in this way. She had the right! and now he was Pansy Barnard's lover! There was madness, and misery, and shame in the thought; but the madness and misery and shame were due to his own folly quite as much as to Mina Carlisle's. Eight or nine years ago he had been dazzled by her beauty, flattered by her notices, inflamed by the desire he had to show older men that he could win her. Then after a brief dream there had come a stormy awakening, a row, an exposure that set all his family against him, and a cessation of all personal intercourse between himself and the beautiful woman about whom society had elected to go mad for three or four years.

Harold Henderson had been a hot-headed, enthusiastic, reckless young fellow in those days; and though personal intercourse between himself and the queen of his soul was forbidden, he wrote to her vowing that if ever she was free he would make her his wife if she were willing. She had answered, accepting his vow, and giving him her promise in return. And now, after ten years, she had written, claiming the fulfilment of his vow! Just Nemesis! Claiming it on the very day he had asked Pansy Barnard to be his wife!

How should he meet her? How could he avoid her? How should he explain to her that what he once earnestly desired was impossible now? How should he spare Pansy the painful revelation that he had been a young fool once "about a woman old enough to be his mother"? (Yes; this was the way in which he described Mrs. Carlisle to himself now.) How should he manage to stand upright on his hind legs, and deport himself as became a man between the conflicting claims of the young new love and the old "old one"?

These and a hundred other questions he asked himself, and had made no decisive answer to any of them when Dick lounged in to hasten him down to dinner.

"Mrs. Carlisle has come; she was a beauty, you know, ages ago, and she'd be a handsome old woman now if she were not so fat and made up."

"Fat and made up!" Harold interrupted, with a gasp.

"Yes; awfully. Mother says she must have been at least ten years older than every one believed her to be when she was the reigning P.B. Now she's gone hopelessly to flesh, and her face is ruddled and her hair goldened, and she evidently thinks she has a 'young dash,' for she's showing a good deal of it. She tells mother she's going to be married."

"The deuce she does!" Harold ejaculated. Then he knew the moment had come; and he went down to meet her.

They were all in the drawing-room when he went in, and for a moment he could not raise his eyes. Then he heard his own name and hers, and knew that Mrs. Barnard was introducing him, and so at last he threw up his head and faced her! As he did so he heard Mrs. Barnard say: "This is the new member of our family, Mina; this is Harold Henderson who, with Pansy, has just sprung a surprise upon us."

"And very glad I am to meet Mr. Henderson again under such happy circumstances," the old beauty said, with a hearty cordiality that lifted a ton-weight from Harold's heart. Then, as she took her host's arm and led the way to the dining-room, he heard her say: "I knew Mr. Henderson years ago; but of course he must have forgotten me. What a lovely girl your daughter is! He is a fortunate man, and from what I know of him, she is a fortunate girl."

Oh! loyal and brave old beauty! At this moment Harold could have fallen down and kissed her feet, though the "light harebell" would no longer have "raised its head elastic from her airy tread."

He managed to join in the conversation with her during dinner, and to look her in the face several times, and he saw gray hairs beneath the surface gold, and a skin that had grown coarse and ruddy where it was untouched by the hand of art. But in her eyes he read nothing but kindness to himself, and he wondered what form this kindness would take when the inevitable hour of full confidence between them arrived.

All through that evening he watched her keenly, and wondered why his boyish infatuation had blinded him to the fact of her being a woman in her meridian when he had known her ten years ago. He saw her trying to draw Pansy out. He heard her telling the girl that when she (Pansy) came to live in London as a young matron, that she must look upon her (Mrs. Carlisle) as a deputy mother. "You must do this for the sake of the old friendship between your mother and myself, my dear child, and also a little because I knew Harold Henderson when he was a boy, and a very charming boy he was."

"Could she be merely playing with Pansy as a cat plays with a mouse? and would she presently spring upon him with her prior claim, and destroy them both?" There was despair in the thought of such a possibility.

The next morning he tried to get out with the shooting-party. But he was defeated innocently by Pansy, who entreated him to stay at home and play tennis with her. And as they played, Mrs. Carlisle sat above the courts and watched them.

She wore the same cleverly-arranged indefinite kind of garment, which she had arrived in on the previous evening. Her face was paler, and not so fair! Her eyes were sweeter, but not so large! Her *pose* was natural, but showed more signs of exhaustion and fatigue than of languid grace. Altogether she looked nice and more comfortable, but distinctly older.

"Isn't she an old dear?" Pansy muttered confidentially to her lover, once when they rested from their game. "And mother says she was *such* a beauty when she knew her first. She had the figure of a sylph till she was forty-two or three. Wouldn't you like to have seen her in her glorious prime, Harold?"

"I knew her some years ago; she was very handsome then," he answered, and just then Pansy was called into the house by her mother, and Mrs. Carlisle signalled to Harold to approach her.

"Mr. Henderson," she began, quietly, as he came up to her, "I wrote to you three days ago—the letter will follow you here. It was written under the influence of a delusion: old women are subject to delusions, you know! Promise me that you will burn it unread."

"But—" he began to stammer.

"I will listen to no 'buts,'" she interrupted; "the letter contains nothing you would care to read *now*. Come! promise me that you will do as I ask you, and you will have an old beauty for your truest friend, as well as a young beauty for your wife. I am grateful indeed that I am here, that I have seen you before my letter reaches you. I should be a *mortified* old woman, Harold, if you had read that letter."

"That letter shall be burnt," he said; and Mina Carlisle held her head up happily.

"Thank you, my dear old 'boy friend'; let us be thankful that I came here in time to stay the execution of a great folly. Your wife—my old friend's daughter Pansy, shall have the fortune I have made, the fortune I designed for my husband! But I shall have no husband now, and as I must lavish affection on some one, and get some one to reward me for the way I have striven and saved by using my money for the happiness of others, I shall give all I have of love and lucre to Pansy. Give me your arm into the house, Harold. Ah! you find I lean upon it more heavily than I did of old. But my 'heart is of feather,' though my feet are of lead, now that I've seen and spoken to you and got your promise to burn that letter."

OCTOBER,
1888.

October 1st, Monday.

St. Remigius, bp.
Henry III. of England b. 1207. Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, politician and philosophical writer, b. 1679. Limerick capitulated to William III. 1691. Peace between England and France 1801. London University opened 1822.

2nd, Tuesday.

Duke of Cumberland married 1771. Major Andre hanged as a spy by Washington 1780. Fire at the Tuilleries 1880.

3rd, Wednesday.

Treaty of Limerick 1691. A. E. Chalon, artist, d. 1880. Admiral Dundas d. 1802.

4th, Thursday.

Miles Coverdale's Bible finished 1535. Henry Carey, musician, d. 1743. Barry Cornwall d. 1874. Sir John E. Karslake, Q.C., d. 1881.

5th, Friday.

Charles I. orders a fast on second Friday of each month 1643. Marquis Cornwallis, Governor-general of India, d. 1805. Offenbach d. 1880.

6th, Saturday.

St. Faith V. and M.
Edward V. b. 1470. Peace with America 1783. Madame Jenny Lind, vocalist, b. 1821. Marshal Bazaine's trial commenced 1873.

7th, Sunday.

19th after Trinity.
Archbishop Laud b. 1573. Margaret, Maid of Norway, d. 1290. Antonio Sacchini, composer, d. 1780. Edgar Allan Poe d. 1849.

8th, Monday.

Niccolo di Rienzi, last of the Tribunes of Rome, assassinated 1354. Samuel Wesley, musician, d. 1837. Archbishop Whately d. 1863.

9th, Tuesday.

St. Denis, bp.
Michael Cervantes de Saavedra, author of "Don Quixote," d. 1617. Eddystone Lighthouse completed 1750. William Cobbett d. 1856.

10th, Wednesday.

Benjamin West, painter, b. 1738. Dr. John Blow, composer, d. 1708. Treaty of Vienna 1806.

11th, Thursday.

Old Michaelmas Day.
America discovered 1492. Zwingle, Swiss reformer, slain 1531. Sir Thomas Wyatt, poet and statesman, d. 1542. Crystal Palace Exhibition closed 1851.

12th, Friday.

5th 20m A.M.
Edward VI. b. 1537. Hugh Miller b. 1802. Robert Stephenson, engineer, d. 1859. Peking surrendered to English and French 1860.

13th, Saturday.

Murat, Bonapartist King of Naples, shot 1815. Canova, sculptor, d. 1822. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, philanthropist, d. 1845. Mr. Parnell, M.P., arrested 1881.

14th, Sunday.

20th after Trinity.
Fire Insurance days of grace expire. Battle of Hastings 1066. James II. b. 1633. William Penn, coloniser of Pennsylvania, b. 1644. Battle of Jena, 1806.

15th, Monday.

Virgil, Latin poet, b. 70 B.C. Allan Ramsay, Scottish poet, b. 1686. Frederick William IV. of Prussia b. 1795. Mrs. Maclean (L.E.L.) d. 1838.

16th, Tuesday.

Ridley and Latimer burnt 1535. Marie Antoinette, queen of Louis XVI., guillotined at Paris 1793. Kosciuszko, Polish patriot, d. 1817. Houses of Parliament burnt 1834.

17th, Wednesday.

St. Etheldreda, V.
Frederick Chopin, musical composer, d. 1840. Duchess of Edinburgh b. 1853. Austrians vacated Lombardy 1866.

18th, Thursday.

St. Luke, evangelist.
Matthew Henry b. 1632. Richard Nash (Beau Nash) b. 1674. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, d. 1741. Last State Lottery in England 1836.

19th, Friday.

9th 8m P.M.
King John d. 1216. Episcopacy formally abolished 1643. Dean Swift d. 1745. Leigh Hunt, poet, b. 1781.

"THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON,"
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By J. PERCY GROVES.

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY years ago the 8th "Princess's Own" Dragoon Guards—in which gallant corps I, Frederick Holbeche, then held a captain's commission—lay at Threadborough, a manufacturing town of some importance in North Cottonshire.

The 8th had relieved a Lancer regiment early in February, and before the next leave season came round—that is ere we had been at Threadborough eight months—it was the unanimous opinion of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, that a more miserable inhospitable place was not to be found in the United Kingdom. In truth, this Cottonshire borough was an unpopular quarter! The townsfolk were anything but well-disposed towards Her Majesty's troops, and scarcely a week passed without two or three of our men being set upon and brutally mauled by the mill-hands—who were a thriftless, loafing, cowardly lot; there was little or no society in the neighbourhood; neither fishing nor shooting were to be got for love nor money; and, as the nearest meet of the only pack of hounds in the district was eighteen miles from our barracks, as the crow flies, hunting was almost out of the question—except for a favoured few, whose incomes were proportionate to their keenness. Therefore very thankful indeed did I feel when, my application to take "first leave" (14th October to 31st December) having been granted, I was able to bid farewell to Threadborough for a while, and start off on a long-promised visit to my old friend, Richard Travers, the Chief Constable of West Coastshire.

Dick Travers had sold out of the "Princess's Own" some three-and-a-half years before my story commences, and his retirement was considered a regimental calamity. We all looked on Dick as quite an "institution" in the 8th; he had been born in the regiment, of which his father was formerly surgeon; he joined us as junior cornet and, after twenty years' service at home and abroad, he left us as senior captain; while his only sister had married one of "Ours"—Major George Willan. It was in order to provide a permanent home for Mrs. Willan and her daughter Grace, after the Major's death, that Dick Travers accepted a civil appointment, and retired from the old corps, to command which had been the ambition of his life. How great the wrench was, none but himself ever knew!

I went straight down into Coastshire, reaching Whitbury—the county town—on the evening of the 15th October. Travers met me at the station, but his sister and niece were away from home.

First greetings over, and notes compared, I noticed that my friend was not nearly in such good case as when we last met; he looked careworn and dejected, and he was paler and thinner than of yore.

After dinner, when we were smoking our cigars in his "den," I remarked on his want of condition, and Travers then confided to me that he was very much out of spirits, and had a great deal to worry and annoy him.

"In the first place, my dear Fred," said he, "several robberies have taken place in the county during the past twelve months. Houses have been broken into and valuable property stolen; and do what we will, we can neither lay hands on the culprits, nor trace any of the stolen goods. There was a lull in this 'burgling' epidemic during August and September, but the week before last, a yacht laying in the river, near Helmstone, was boarded, and a quantity of plate carried off; and on Monday there was an attempt made on Fairholm Park—old Temporey's place."

"And who may old Temporey be?" I asked.

"Well, he's Chairman of Quarter Sessions, an influential member of the County Police Committee, and a cantankerous old fellow to boot. Confound his impudence! I had a letter from him on Thursday, in which he as much as stated that I and my men were not worth our salt."

"Poor Dick!" I laughed; "you had far better have stuck to the Service. You're too good for a policeman."

"It seems I'm very little good as a policeman," retorted my friend, with a shrug of his shoulders. "If matters don't mend, I shall certainly resign."

"Don't be in a hurry, old fellow," I answered. "Give these rascals—I suppose there's a regular gang of them; give these rascals rope enough, and they're bound to hang themselves

20th, Saturday.

Lord Palmerston b. 1784. Battle of Navarino, 1827. Irish Land League proclaimed illegal 1881.

21st, Sunday.

21st after Trinity.
Smollett d. 1771. Coleridge, poet, b. 1772. Nelson killed at the Battle of Trafalgar 1805. J. P. Curran, celebrated Irish orator, d. 1817.

22nd, Monday.

Revocation of the Edict of Nantes 1685. Sir Cloudeley Shovel, British admiral, d. 1707. Dr. Arnold d. 1842. Louis Spohr, celebrated composer, d. 1859.

23rd, Tuesday.

Insurrection in Ireland 1641. Battle of Edg. hill 1642. Royal Exchange founded 1677. Earl of Derby d. 1860.

24th, Wednesday.

Michaelmas Law sittings commence. Hampton Court Conference 1603. Daniel Webster, American statesman, d. 1852. Colonel Kennedy defeats the Ghalzais 1879.

25th, Thursday.

St. Crispin, M.
Battle of Agincourt 1415. George II. d. 1760. William Hogarth, painter and engraver, d. 1764. Battle of Balaklava 1854. Baron de Rothschild d. 1881.

26th, Friday.

Sir Godfrey Kneller d. 1723. Dr. Philip Doddridge d. 1751. George James Danton, revolutionary leader, b. 1750. Kairwan surrendered to the French 1881.

27th, Saturday.

Captain Cook b. 1728. Madame Ida Pfeiffer, celebrated traveller, d. 1858. Capitulation of Metz 1870.

28th, Sunday.

22nd after Trinity.
11th 5m A.M.
St. Simon and St. Jude.
Alfred the Great, King of England, d. 900. Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne, d. 1708. New Royal Exchange opened 1844.

29th, Monday.

Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded 1618. Admiral Vernon d. 1757. John Keats b. 1795. John Leach, artist, d. 1864.

30th, Tuesday.

George II. of England b. 1683. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, dramatist and politician, b. 1751. Tower of London burnt 1841.

31st, Wednesday.

All Hallows Eve.
Luther's Theses affixed at Wittenburg 1517. John Evelyn b. 1622. John Bradshaw, presiding judge at trial of Charles I., d. 1658.

sooner or later. Having escaped detection so long they'll get careless."

"Perhaps so," rejoined Travers, carelessly. "I should like to lay them by the heels; but as far as retaining the chief constableness, I confess I'm not very hot upon it—that doesn't cause me any great amount of anxiety. I have other troubles, Fred. You remember Gracie?"

"To be sure I do," was my reply. To tell the honest truth I had always felt a sort of cousinly affection for Miss Gracie Willan, whom I had known since she was a child, and who, when her uncle left the 8th, was a very pretty girl of "sweet seventeen."

"She's engaged, or at any rate half engaged, to a man I don't like."

"Engaged to a man you don't like!" I exclaimed. "Who is he, and what's your objection to him?"

"His name is Dudgeon—Hamilton Dudgeon," answered Travers. "He took a small place on the banks of the Colne, about three miles below Helmstone, eighteen months ago, and has lived there with his mother and sister ever since. Mrs. Willan and Gracie are staying there now."

"But why don't you like him, Dick?"

"I couldn't tell you, old fellow—it's a case of 'Doctor Fell,'" rejoined Travers. "He's a good-looking, amusing beggar, and the women-folk are pleasant enough; indeed, though they brought no introductions, everybody in the neighbourhood has called, and they have become decidedly popular; but—but I can't stand him, and the more I see—"

"What says your sister?" I interrupted.

"Oh! she thinks the fellow charming, and declares that Gracie is a lucky girl. The fact is, Dudgeon is well off—very well off, I should say. That yacht I told you about belongs to him. A nice vessel she is too—small, but beautifully fitted up. The burglars did a deal of mischief in her cabin the other night; and, what is worse, half-murdered the only man who was on board at the time."

"Where were the crew then?"

"Gone ashore—into Helmstone. The *Mabel* lays farther down the river, just off *Dudgeon's* place."

"Queer notion—keeping a quantity of plate on board a small yacht!" I observed.

"Very queer notion," assented my host; "but Hamilton Dudgeon is fond of display. Confound the fellow!" he added, with a sudden burst of anger; "I wish he'd clear out, bag and baggage! The mere idea of his marrying my little Gracie enrages me. However, I'm her guardian, and nothing shall induce me to allow the marriage to take place until she is of age; moreover her five thousand pounds shall be tied up, as tightly as the lawyers can tie it."

"You mean to do your best to choke Mr. Dudgeon off, I see."

"Yes, indeed," replied Travers, with a determined expression on his handsome face. "It won't be my fault if Grace Willan becomes his wife."

"Quite right," said I, approvingly.

We then changed the conversation, and chatted over old times and old comrades until long past midnight.

CHAPTER II.

THE "Briars"—as my friend's Travers' modest residence was designated—stood back from the Whitbury-Helmstone Road, a few yards beyond the first milestone out of Whitbury.

Helmstone was seventeen miles from the county-town, with which it was connected by a branch line of the London and West Coastshire Railway. The river Colne flowed through the centre of Helmstone, and after following a sinuous course for some thirty miles, through a well-wooded but sparsely inhabited district, emptied itself into the sea near the fishing-village of Colnemouth.

The Colne was navigable for vessels of light draught right up to Helmstone, which had of late years become a favorite resort for small yacht owners, and was the headquarters of the "Royal Colne and West Coastshire Yacht Club."

On the third day after my arrival at Whitbury, Mrs. Willan and her daughter returned home. They were very pleased to see me again—Miss Gracie especially so; in fact, the warmth with which that young lady greeted me evidently annoyed Mr. Hamilton Dudgeon, who had accompanied them from Helmstone, and who stayed at the "Briars" until the following evening.

Hamilton Dudgeon was a good-looking man of two or three-and-thirty; tall, well-built, and of a rather foreign appearance. He had plenty to say for himself, was full of anecdotes, and

did his utmost to make himself agreeable; but, in spite of his entertaining qualities, I quite sympathised with Travers' dislike to him; and after being a few hours in his company, it was a puzzle to me how he had managed to worm himself into the good graces of the county families—for to my mind, Dudgeon, though a very fair imitation, was certainly not a gentleman.

I had but little opportunity of observing Grace Willan and her would-be suitor, but from what I did see, I came to the conclusion that she might easily be persuaded to give him up, even if there was an engagement between them—which I very much doubted.

"I don't think your niece cares for that fellow, Dick," was my first remark, when Travers and I returned to the smoking-room, after seeing Mr. Dudgeon off.

"Don't you?" rejoined Travers, with a grimace expressive of extreme dislike for his departed guest. "Anyhow, Gracie and her mother are going to stay with Mr. Dudgeon for the Helmstone Bachelors' Ball, which comes off on the 29th. That will be two visits to Riverside in one month!"

"H'm—they must be on pretty intimate terms!"

"Confound it, yes!" said my host, angrily. "Dudgeon asked me, too, and hoped that I would bring you; but I excused myself on the plea of duty, and—"

"Refused for me as well?" I put in.

"Just so."

"I'm sorry for that, Dick. I should rather like to see a little more of this Mr. Hamilton Dudgeon."

"Would you?" retorted my friend. "There's no accounting for tastes! The less I see of the fellow, the better I'm pleased. By the way, Fred—when do you expect your horse down?"

"To-morrow or the next day. I want to get a day's cub-hunting and see something of the country before the regular season commences. I suppose there's not much doing before the first week in November?"

"Well, for the last three years the Colne Valley Hounds have met at their kennels on the first Wednesday in November; but this year our Master—Charles Larcom, who was in the 10th—has some Canadian cousins staying with him, and as they're bound to sail on the 3rd, Larcom has fixed on Friday, 30th, as his opening day."

"The day after the Bachelors' Ball?"

"Yes; they're to meet at Colne Manor."

"Where's Colne Manor?" I enquired.

"Seven miles from Helmstone, and twenty-three from here," answered Travers. "You'll have to lay out all night if you go—which of course you must do."

"Suppose I accept Dudgeon's invitation, go to the ball, and start from his place in the morning?"

"You couldn't do that, Fred," was the reply. "Riverside is on the north bank of the Colne; and there's no bridge nearer than Helmstone. Go to the ball by all means, but put up for the night at the 'Hen and Chickens,' where the Assembly Rooms are."

"You'll not go then?"

"No, my dear fellow," said Travers. "I should like to—but to tell the truth, I am going to meet a Scotland Yard detective at Lifford Junction on the 29th. I have engaged him at my own expense, and do not want anyone to know that he is coming down—so do not mention it."

"Of course not," I answered. "On second thoughts, I don't think I'll go to the ball, but will run over to Helmstone by the last train on the 29th. Stubbs can take the mare in the morning. By the way—is there any other decent hotel in the place?"

"Yes," my host replied, "you can put up at the 'Red Lion'—they've excellent stabling there."

And this I settled to do; and on the 28th, instead of accompanying Mrs. Willan and her daughter to Riverside, I remained at the "Briars" until the following evening, when, having seen my friend off to Lifford Junction, I started for Helmstone by the 11 p.m. train, and slept that night at the "Red Lion."

CHAPTER III.

THE early morning of the 30th October broke dull and murky, with spongy clouds overhead, and on peering out of my bedroom window I saw that it had been raining heavily during the night; but away to the westward—the quarter from whence a gentle breeze was blowing—it looked more promising; and when my worthy groom and acting-valet brought my bath and shaving-water, he informed me there was every prospect of its clearing up.

"'Twon't be too fine, you know, sir," said John Stubbs, qualifying his first statement, as he proceeded to strop my razor in the most approved fashion; "No, sir, 'twon't be *too* fine, but just nice 'unting weather,—cloudy sky, cool hatmosphere, and wind enough to dry up the muck. It's ten minutes to seven, sir," he added, consulting a huge warming-pan-looking watch before leaving the room; "and breakfast 'll be ready at 'alf-past; coffee, grilled 'am, toast, and a hegg—biled."

The meet was fixed for eleven, and as I had the better part of seven miles to ride to cover, I decided to make an early start from the "Red Lion"; so half-past eight saw me riding at a leisurely pace along a well kept cross-country road, on my way to Colne Manor, where I arrived just as the pack—which consisted of fifteen couple of even-sized, old-fashioned hounds, with well-clothed ribs, empty bellies, and good short limbs—appeared on the scene.

For some reason or other (possibly on account of the Helmsstone Bachelors' Ball, which had been a very late affair) there were comparatively few people out:—the Master and half-a-dozen of his friends, including two well-mounted, well turned-out ladies, who were staying at the Manor; seven or eight red-coated members of "C.V.H."—keen hands, whom nothing but sickness or other absolutely unavoidable cause would have kept at home; a couple of hard-riding dragoons from the neighbouring barracks; with the usual sprinkling of farmers, yeomen, well-to-do tradesmen, and horse-dealing vets, made up the field.

I had not much opportunity to take stock of my fellow-sportsmen, for punctually at the appointed hour, Mr. Larcom gave the signal to throw off. Ten minutes' jog-trot brought us to Cranbourne Wood—an enclosed warm-lying covert, with a good deal of gorse amongst its thick-tangled underwood; and without loss of time or unnecessary noise, Peter Rowe, the huntsman, got his hounds to work; whilst his first whip made for a far corner, and there sat, like an equestrian statue, eagerly watching for a view.

The hounds draw the covert well, spreading and snuffing in all directions.

Listen! wasn't that a challenge in the thickest part of the wood?

Yes, sure enough; and now we hear Peter Rowe cheering the hound to the echo.

"Hark! hark to old Tomboy!" exclaims the Master, recognising the opening notes of a favourite hound. "A fox for a thousand!"

Presently Tomboy speaks more confidently, and his eager comrades own to the scent.

A ruddy-coated dog-fox now steals out of cover, and crosses the adjoining pasture—running down-wind; but before he is well away he is viewed by the too eager whip posted at the corner, who instantly "proclaims the audacious felon."

At the sound of the well-known "halloa," Reynard—who is evidently an old customer—quickness his pace, slips through a high ragged hedge, and makes for his point.

"He's away for Beachboro'!" cries Mr. Larcom, as Tomboy, Blusterer, and Resolute crash through the underwood, and hitting off the scent, race across the field.

I got a bad start, and found myself with the ruck; but seeing a well-mounted, gentlemanly-looking man turn sharp to the right, and canter along a hedge-row, I made bold to follow him (at a respectful distance) judging by his appearance that he was one who knew the country, and the probable line our fox would take.

"That's right, sir," this stranger said, when he saw my manoeuvre. "I'll pilot you with pleasure. Over here, if you please."

Jumping a low thorn fence, we entered a ploughed field, enclosed on three sides by a stiff bullfinch.

"Follow me; there's a gap yonder," cried my good-natured friend. "Gently over this heavy land! We've plenty of time, for the hounds seem a little at fault."

The hounds had their noses down, and were hunting every yard they went; but just as we got into the same field with them, the scent became stronger, and they went off at score, filling the air with joyful melody.

"Fo-o-rard!" was again the cry.

The pace was now very severe, and the field began to lengthen out.

Soon we got into a more open, uncultivated country, where fences were few and far between, and another fifteen minutes' hard riding brought us to the confines of a wild, undulating moor.

By this time the field was reduced to eleven persons, including my "pilot" and myself. Hitherto my little mare had gone strong and well, but a mile over the moor took it out of her, and she began to show symptoms of distress.

A check gave us a moment's breathing time. 'Twas only a moment, though, for Peter Rowe lifting his hounds over the bad scenting-ground, they again changed from hunting to racing.

I pressed on, but was rapidly left astern; and my mare floundering along in a slovenly, about-beaten fashion, I felt it was useless to urge her forward, so reluctantly drew rein just as the last of the field disappeared over the brow of a low heather-clad hill.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE are pleasanter situations than being thrown out in a strange, wild country, you can't tell how many miles from home, with the knowledge that you have about got through your horse, and that you are left to find your way to the nearest habitation as best you may. Such was now my position.

My poor mare's distended nostrils and heaving foam-flecked flanks bore unmistakable evidence that she was completely played out, and unable to carry me another mile, even at a foot's pace; then I had not the remotest idea where I was, neither could I make anything of the land-marks, and there was not a soul in sight of whom I could inquire in which direction to turn my steps: added to this, there was a change for the worse in the weather, and the darkening clouds, beginning to lower, brought with them fog and drizzling rain.

Looking at my watch, I found it was close on two o'clock, so we had been running nearly two hours, for it was twelve when our fox broke cover.

"Judging by the pace we came, it must be every yard of twelve miles to Colne Manor," I muttered, dismounting and slackening the girths; "but the question is how far, and in what direction, is the nearest house where I can put up the mare?"

Casting about me, I presently hit upon a half-obliterated cart-track, which I thought it as well to follow, trusting that it must lead to *some*where.

After an hour's trudge through the now soaking rain, I reached a wretched tumble-down hovel, inhabited by an old woman and a sick man—her son. Of the old woman I could make nothing, but the man was both civil and intelligent; and in reply to my inquiries, he informed me that the nearest place where shelter for man and beast could be obtained was at the "Anchor," a solitary public-house on the banks of the Colne.

"Follow this cart-track, sir, till ye come to the road which runs along the river-bank," said the man; "then turn to your right, and the first house you come to is the 'Anchor.'"

"And how far is it from here?" was my anxious question.

"A matter o' five mile, sir," answered the man. "It bain't much of a place," he added; "but they've got a dry, warm stable, and they've got good ale."

"How far is Helmsstone from the 'Anchor'?"

"All of seven mile, sir," was the reply. "It be thirteen from here, even 'cross Buckberry Common. May be, sir," he added, "the landlord could send you into Helmsstone in his market-cart. I know he's got 'un."

So I resolved to make for the inn, and, having bestowed a gratuity upon my informant, I once again set out on my travels.

Reader, did you ever tramp four long miles across a moor, in the face of a drenching rain, leading a tired horse? If so, you'll not be surprised to hear that it was six o'clock ere I struck into the "Queen's Highway," and half-past before I reached the "Anchor."

The "Anchor" was a small road-side public, with scant accommodation for travellers; but there was a fairly decent stable and there was an ostler. Having seen my mare well done by—gruelled, blanketed, and littered down—I repaired to the house and inquired whether they could take me on to Helmsstone. The landlord civilly replied that his horse was lame, but suggested that he should send a messenger to the "Red Lion" for a fly. Approving of this suggestion, I wrote a few lines to Stubbs, directing him to come over in the fly, so that he might see to the mare, and ride her home in the morning.

"Now," said I, when the messenger had departed, "can you let me have a room, the loan of some clothes—for I'm soaked to the skin—and something to eat?"

"Certainly, sir," the landlord replied. "My missus has lighted a fire in the parlour, and Sally is doing a dish of 'am and eggs. As for clothes, sir, if you don't mind wearing some o' mine, I can oblige you. We're about the same size and build."

So presently I found myself seated in a comfortable arm-chair in front of a blazing fire, discussing a jorum of hot brandy and water, and enjoying an undeniably good cigar, which my obliging host produced from his private store, and which I strongly suspect had never paid duty.

Excellent though that cigar was, it was never finished, for before I had got half through it, I fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER V.

My nap had lasted little more than an hour, when I was disturbed by somebody conversing in the next room, which was separated from the "parlour" only by a screen—a papered partition. Unwilling to play the eavesdropper, I was about to make my presence known, when, to my astonishment, I heard one of the speakers say—

"So, this girl is staying at Riverside?"

"Yes; her mother too," replied a voice, which sounded somewhat familiar to me.

"Well, take my advice, just drop it," continued the first speaker. "She has refused you, and a good job, too. A precious idiot you'd look when they came to inquire into your antecedents."

"You may say what you like, Phillips," interrupted the other, who I now knew must be Travers' obnoxious acquaintance, Hamilton Dudgeon; "but marry this girl I will! I intend to carry her off this very night."

"You fool!" exclaimed the man called Phillips; "you shall do nothing of the kind. Are we to sacrifice everything because of your fancy for this cursed wench?"

"I'm no fool," retorted Dudgeon; "that you well know. This girl will have £5,000, which nobody can keep from her—or from her husband! As for sacrificing everything, let me tell you that our game here is played out. Josh Baggs went off on Thursday, and I fear he intends to betray us."

"Baggs does?" said Phillips, with an imprecation.

"Yes; so if we wish to save ourselves and—and property, the sooner we're clear of England the better."

"But if you take this girl with you, you'll raise the whole county," observed Phillips, after a pause. "It's sheer madness."

"Not at all," said Dudgeon, confidently. "People will suppose that she went off of her own accord, and her friends will be only too glad to hush the matter up. I propose to bring her on board this evening—Nell will manage that; and we shall drop down to Colne-mouth with the ebb tide. We shall be at sea before daybreak."

"And where will you make for?"

"For Coruña, to be sure; once in a Spanish port, we're safe."

"Suppose the girl makes a disturbance and claims the protection of the English consul—what then?"

"She'll not do that," answered Dudgeon, with a coarse laugh. "Marry me, she must, to save her reputation."

"What about Nell and the old woman?"

"Nell comes with us to look after my bride-elect," answered Dudgeon. "My mother remains at Riverside for—"

Here the conversation came to an abrupt termination, and I heard the two scoundrels leave the room.

I at once went into the bar, and calling the landlord told him all I had overheard. He was unmistakably astonished.

"We always thought Mr. Phillips was quite the gentleman," said he. "He's had that room for the last two months, and goes in and out as he pleases; there's a door opens into the back yard."

"Does he sleep there?"

"No, sir; he uses it as an office, I believe," answered Boniface. "I understood he was an agent or a traveller, or something in that line. As for Mr. Dudgeon he's an independent—"

"Yes; I know all about *him*," I interrupted. "The question is, where have these fellows gone to? because we must follow them."

"They'll have gone down to the river, sir," was the reply. "Mr. Dudgeon always pulls over from t'other bank in—"

At that moment we heard footsteps in the tap-room, and some one called out:

"Potts—Mr. Potts! my boat has got adrift. You must lend me yours."

"All right, sir—coming, sir," cried the landlord; adding in a whisper, "that's Dudgeon himself."

"Will you stand by me?" said I, hurriedly.

"Ye-es, yes, sir," was the hesitating reply. "There's a sailor chap in the tap, perhaps he'll give a hand as well."

"Certainly, I will," said a voice at my elbow; and turning round I saw a short, stout-built man, dressed in sailor's slops, close beside me. "I'll lend a hand, never fear; you just leave them to me." And as he spoke I heard a sharp "click."

The next moment Dudgeon and his accomplice entered the bar.

"Look out for squalls, and mind the door," whispered the sailor; and walking coolly up to Dudgeon, he said: "Come, Mr. Harry Johnson, the game's up. I've a warrant for your arrest."

Then, quick as lightning, he sprang upon the astonished Dudgeon, and snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, before he could offer the slightest resistance.

"It's Mason, of Scotland Yard!" cried Phillips, with a terrible oath; and he made a rush for the door.

Host Potts tried to stop him, but received a crushing blow in the face which sent him sprawling across the bar. I then closed with the ruffian, and endeavoured to throw him, but he was a tall, powerful fellow, and more than my match.

He had almost wrenched himself loose from my grasp, and having got his left arm free was pounding away at my face—and any other part of my body within his reach—when aid came from an unexpected quarter; for Mrs. Boniface, who had appeared on the scene at the first alarm, snatched up an iron shovel, and dealt my adversary a blow on the back of the head that put an end to further resistance on his part.

As soon as the prisoners were secured, and locked up in a coal-cellar, I took the landlord's boat and pulled to the other side of the river. There was a county policeman stationed close by, and having found him, I took him off to Riverside, which was some two-and-a-half miles distant.

We arrived there shortly after ten, and sending in my card to Mrs. Willan, I begged her to come down and see me.

She had not retired to rest, and came at once—thinking that her brother must have met with an accident. In a few words, I explained what had happened and the true character of the Dudgeons; and begged her to leave Riverside at once.

She of course consented, and Dudgeon's coachman—who was a respectable man, and knew nothing of his master's misdoings—offered to drive us to Helmstone. We accepted the offer, and started off as soon as the carriage was ready; whilst the constable took possession of Riverside.

Next morning the yacht *Mabel* was searched by the county police, and on board, hidden away in different parts of the vessel was found the plate, jewellery, and other property—the proceeds of the recent burglaries in Coastshire.

The burglary in the yacht was, I need hardly say, a made-up affair.

From Mason, the detective, I heard some particulars of the life of Mr. Hamilton Dudgeon, alias Johnson. He was the son of a naval officer, by a Spanish actress—the Mrs. Dudgeon who did the honours of Riverside. Benson had, from his youth, preyed upon society, and being a clever fellow had made a good deal of money. Unlike the generality of criminals he had not wasted his ill-gotten gains; moreover, he had been unusually fortunate in averting suspicion from himself. Having saved nearly a thousand pounds, he conceived the idea of passing himself off as a man of property, and taking advantage of his position to carry out a series of cleverly-executed burglaries. His accomplices were Phillips (his sister's husband), his mother, and the five men who formed the yacht's crew. The yacht was used to stow away the "swag"; for naturally nobody would have dreamt of searching her.

Dudgeon might have carried on his nefarious operations for a long time, had it not been for the defection of Mr. Josh Baggs, who made his way to Scotland Yard, and after stipulating for a free pardon and half the reward, betrayed his companions to Mr. Mason, the detective.

Thankful, indeed, was Grace Willan when she heard of her narrow escape from a fate worse than death. She had refused Mr. Dudgeon at the "Bachelors' Ball," having, so she said, conceived an affection for —, but I must not tell tales. Suffice it to say that Miss Grace Willan is now Mrs. Holbeche, and I congratulate myself most heartily that the master of the C. V. H. changed his opening day from the first Thursday in November to the last in October.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

NOVEMBER.

1888.

November 1st, Thursday.

All Saints Day.
Episcopacy abolished in Scotland 1688.
Great earthquake in Lisbon 1755. Lydia
Huntley Sigourney, American poet, b.
1791. Alexander Cruden, author of the
Concordance, d. 1770.

2nd, Friday.

All Souls Day.
Marie Antoinette, queen of Louis
b. 1755. Sir Alexander Burnes, diplo-
matist, murdered at Cabul, 1841. India
proclaimed an Empire 1858.

3rd, Saturday.

St. Winifred.
Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy,
musical composer, d. 1847. Battle of
Mentana, 1867. Ruffini, author, d. 1881.

4th, Sunday.

23rd after Trinity.
William III. b. 1650. William III.
died 1688. American Declaration of
Rights 1774. Paul Delaroche, celebrated
painter, d. 1859.

5th, Monday.

Gunpowder Plot discovered 1605. The
title of King of France, formerly used by
the sovereign of England, cancelled 1800.
Battle of Tinkermann 1851.

6th, Tuesday.

St. Leonard, conf.
Sir John Falstaff d. 1460. Battle of
Lutzen, Gustavus Adolphus, king of
Sweden, killed, 1632. Princess Charlotte
d. 1817.

7th, Wednesday.

Sir Martin Frobisher, naval explorer,
d. 1594. John Kyrie, "the Man of Ross,"
d. 1724. Last malefactor executed at
Tyburn 1783.

8th, Thursday.

Mayflower reached Cape Cod 1620.
John Milton d. 1674. Madame Roland
guillotined at Paris 1793. Thomas
Bewick, engraver, d. 1828.

9th, Friday.

Lord Mayor's Day.
Akenhead, poet, b. 1721. William
Stothey b. 1757. Prince of Wales b.
1811.

10th, Saturday.

4th 15m P.M.
Mahomet b. 570. Martin Luther b.
1483. Oliver Goldsmith b. 1728. Frederick
Schiller b. 1759.

11th, Sunday.

24th after Trinity. Half-Quarter-Day.
St. Martin.
Cannie d. 1035. Pilgrim Fathers landed
on Plymouth Rock 1620. The Day of
Dupes 1630. Thomas, Lord Fairfax, d.
1671. Burning of the *Sarah Sands* 1837.

12th, Monday.

The Order of Fools established by
Adolphus, Count of Cleves, 1831. Richard
Baxter b. 1615. Amelia Opie b. 1769.
Chas. Kemble d. 1854. Mrs. Gaskell d.
1865.

13th, Tuesday.

St. Britius, bp.
Justinian, Roman emperor, d. 565.
Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, d.
1063. Edward III. b. 1312. William Pitt,
painter, d. 1840. King of Portugal d.
1861.

14th, Wednesday.

Source of the Nile discovered by Bruce
1770. Sir Charles Lisle b. 1797. Prince Ala-
mayn of Abyssinia d. 1879.

15th, Thursday.

St. Machutus, bp.
Andrew Marvell b. 1620. Old Parr
buried in Westminster Abbey 1615.
William Pitt b. 1708. William Cowper
b. 1731. Sir William Herschel b. 1758.
King of Denmark d. 1863.

16th, Friday.

Tiberius, Roman emperor, b. 42 B.C.
Henry III. d. 1272. Drake began voyage
round the world 1577. James Ferguson
astronomer, d. 1776. John Bright b. 1811.

17th, Saturday.

St. Hugh, bp. Queen Elizabeth's Day.
Vesalius, Roman emperor, b. 9 A.D.
Valentinian, Roman emperor, d. 375.
Queen Mary d. 1558. Louis XVII. o.
France b. 1755. Charlotte, queen of
George III., d. 1818. Relief of Lucknow
1857.

18th, Sunday.

25th after Trinity. O 3h 15m P.M.
Cardinal Pole d. 1558. Sir David Wilkie
b. 1785. Funeral of Duke of Wellington 1871.

LOVE AT FIRST HEARING.

By HALL BYRNE.

"No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no 't'other side the way'—
No end to any row—
No indication where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em—
No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade—no shine no butterflies—no bees—
No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no birds—
NO-VE-MBER!" —Hood.

On the evening of the 15th of November, eighteen hundred and— well, "never mind the rest," those tell-tail figures might produce an impression among my readers that I am, if not actually old, at least elderly, while the fact is I am neither. "A man is as old as he feels," and according to that dictum I resemble a certain witty Frenchman, who, when congratulated on his "half century," replied, "Nay, I am not 50, but only 25 for the second time." On the date in question, then, London was visited by the densest fog ever remembered by the "oldest inhabitant." It was the more remarkable from the suddenness with which the evening changed from a comparatively clear and pleasant, to a superlatively thick and unpleasant one. At seven o'clock the stars were visible, while at eight, the street lamps gave but a rushlight glimmer, discernible only by the wayfarers when within touch of the lamp-posts; the globed lights of the gin-palaces and the naked, flaring gas jets of the butchers' and fruiterers' shops seemed mere shreds of flame, hanging loosely in the air; vehicular traffic was suspended, and the road became another "silent highway." The newspapers of the following day teemed with accounts of accidents and hair-breadth escapes therefrom, collisions at sea and on land, mails delayed, sober citizens being lost, and citizens, who were perhaps not sober, being found (drowned), having walked into the rivers or canals. Every one had an adventure to relate, and "the fog" was "in everybody's mouth" for weeks after.

At that time I was a clerk in an accountant's office in the City, and, a few days before this visitation of fog, had changed my lodgings from a southern to a northern suburb. Great pressure of business had kept me late in town for many evenings, and since taking possession of my new "diggings," I had not reached them much before midnight. On this eventful evening, however, I was able to leave the office at seven o'clock, and feeling jaded and faint, proposed to a fellow clerk who lived at Highbury that we should walk home "for the sake of the fresh air." Those who have experienced the fog of fourteen hours a day, in an ill-ventilated, gas-lit, many-clerked office, can understand the blessedness of such "fresh air" even as could be obtained during a walk from Moorgate Street to Holloway. Disregarding the "h" less invitations of the "Favorite" conductor to ride to "Tbury, 'Ollerway, 'Ornsey, or 'Igit 'Ill," we took the marrow-bone stage, and revelled in the balmy gales wafted from the side streets of the "City Road," the "East Road," and the "Lower Road" (now "translated" into Essex Road), until we reached the more aristocratic and salubrious atmosphere of Canonbury Square. Emerging from thence into Upper Street, Islington, we saw "the clouds of night come rolling down," and before we could say, "Hullo!" (which is an exclamation much more in use than the "Jack Robinson" of fiction), we were "shrouded in mist-ery" (punning was my fellow-clerk's weak point). The effect was strange, and reminded me of the witch scenes in Macbeth, when Charles Kean "upholstered" Shakespeare at the Princess's Theatre. It was as if fold upon fold of grey gauze were lowered between us and the gas-lighted shops; down it came, wave after wave, and the pedestrians appeared "as trees walking."

I forget at this distance of time (I was but just past my first "25" then) what had suggested the subject of our chat during the walk, but I do not forget that the subject was love. I fancy my companion had been twitting me with my bachelorhood, for he, although my junior, had "wife and weans" awaiting him at home. He had said that it had been a case of "love at first sight" with him, and I had ridiculed the idea, not so much from hard-headed lack of sentiment as for argument's sake.

"Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?" quoted he.

19th, Monday.

Charles I. b. 1600. Man in the Iron Mask d. 1703. Albert Thorwaldsen, sculptor, b. 1770.

20th, Tuesday.

St. Edmund, King.
Sir Christopher Hatton d. 1501. Carolee, queen of George II., d. 1757. Chatterton b. 1732. French fleet defeated at Quiberon Bay 1759. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn d. 1880.

21st, Wednesday.

Eleanor, queen of Edward I., d. 1291.
Sir Thomas Gresham d. 1579. Henry Purcell d. 1605. James Hogg (the "Ettrick Shepherd") d. 1835.

22nd, Thursday.

St. Cecilia, V. and M.
David Stewart b. 1753. Robert, Lord Aves, d. 1774. Professor Wilson d. 1859.

23rd, Friday.

St. Clement, bp. Old Martinus D.Y.
Thomas Tallis, composer of Church music, d. 1555. First balloon ascent 1782. Sir John Barrow d. 1845.

24th, Saturday.

John Knox d. 1572. Grace Darling b. 1815. Lord Melbourne d. 1861. George Croy d. 1860. Sergeant Cox d. 1879.

25th, Sunday.

29th after Trinity.
St. Catherine, V. and M.
Edward Allen, etc., founder of Dulwich College, d. 1616. D. W. P. d. 1845. Sir Francis Chantrey d. 1841. John Lockhart d. 1854. John Keble d. 1841.

26th, Monday.

5h 20m P.M.
Prince William, son of Henry I., drowned in the *White Ship* 1120. John Elwes, noted miser, d. 1789. Marshal Soult d. 1850.

27th, Tuesday.

Horace, poet, d. 8 B.C. Clovis, first king of France, d. 511. Maurice, Roman emperor, beheaded 602. Great storm of a week's duration 1703. Lord Selborne b. 1812.

28th, Wednesday.

Pope Gregory III. d. 741. Cartouche executed 1721. Washington Irving d. 1859.

29th, Thursday.

Earl of March executed at Smithfield 1330. Margaret, queen of James IV. of Scotland, b. 1486. Cardinal Wolsey c. 1540. Sir Philip Sidney b. 1554. American independence acknowledged 1782. First newspaper printed by steam 1814.

30th, Friday.

St. Andrew, Ap. and M.
Burrielles, tragic dramatist, d. 406 B.C. Jonathan Swift b. 1667. Mark Lemon b. 1800. James Sheridan Knowles d. 1815.

"Pooh, pooh!" I retorted, "the notion's absurd; one's *fancy* may be tickled at first sight, but love, worthy the name, can only spring from congeniality of tastes, sympathies, and aims, and how are these to be discovered at first sight?"

"There's no absurdity at all in the case," said he; "the eye is not only rapid but comprehensive in its observation, and while by its means our sense of outward beauty is gratified, we may—thanks to Lavater and the phrenologists—estimate to some extent the 'inward and spiritual graces' of the person under inspection, so that when an impressionable 'Edwin' is introduced to a susceptible 'Angelina,' he may, if he be an Edwin of sense, as well as of sensibility, discover in the contour of her shapely head, in the firmness, as well as the sweetness of her mouth, in the depth and expression as well as the sparkle of her eyes, that she is 'good as she is fair.' What need of any 'second sight'?"

I laughed, and hoped *his* Angelina had proved "all his fancy painted her." "For myself," I added, "love is a plant of slower growth."

"Ah, well, you'll be caught yet," he said; "however, it will not be to-night; this is going to be the fog of the season, through which Venus herself could not captivate you; you are safe until to-morrow, anyhow."

"Nothing is so sure to happen as the unexpected." Who could have conceived such an insane idea, as that I should, within an hour from this vaticination of safety, be more impetuous than my friend, and fall in love, without even the "first sight" justification? Yet so it was, and this is *how* it was.

When we arrived at "Highbury Corner"—where my friend was to leave me—the darkness was Egyptian, and was not only "a darkness which might be felt," but *smelt* also. Soon the "grey gauze" waves smelling of "washing day" were followed by heavy brown curtains, reeking of soot, and the expression, "You couldn't see your hand before you," described without exaggeration the existing state of things.

"Now," said my companion, "do you think you can find your way home? if not, come home with me."

"Oh! I'm all right," I replied; "I've a first-rate bump of 'locality,' the phrenology man told me; and as I've never yet reached my new quarters by daylight, the fog will not make so much difference; besides, I shall enjoy the fun."

"Will you? I'm not so sure of that. Now look here, or rather feel here. You are now on the right-hand side of the main road facing north; well, keep on this side till you come to 'The Nag's Head,' after passing that, you will have to cross three roadways before you come to the one you should turn down; when you *do* 'turn down,' remember Oleander Road is the second on the left. Is that clear?"

"As mud," I replied; "I mean to be among the Oleanders in less than half an hour; my landlady said something this morning about a steak and kidney pudding for supper. Why, my very appetite will guide me home."

"Good-night, then, and may good digestion wait on that appetite, which will certainly have to wait for that pudding. Cold steak and kidney pudding! Visions of dyspepsia, avant! By Jove, this fog thickens every minute. Good night!"

My friend left me, and I walked—"by faith and not by sight"—for some few minutes without adventure, taking care not to leave the pavement. "Now, Master Walter," said I to myself; "let's see what that bump of locality's worth. This 'dim (ir)religious light' here, comes of course from the little beer-shop where the 'Goose club has commenced'—"

"Hullo! I say, Locality, this is a poor beginning; why, it's a furniture shop, which, I suppose, has been closed when I've passed on other evenings, for I don't remember having seen it. Ah! here's the 'Red Lion,' come,—(I'm sorry that my late hours have drawn so many taverns upon your map, Mr. L.) Eh! what! *not* the 'Red Lion,' but a butcher's? Now look here, my *bump-tious* friend, it's my belief you're a hum—or has this fog demoralized you? Well, I'll give you one more chance, and an easy one, too; this *is* the railway arch, surely? Bravo! Locality; now it's all straight sailing."

Putting on a "spurt" I presently collided against someone coming south, and unwisely turned round to offer an apology. "Beg par—," I began, but my opposer was not in sight, and I heard a retreating voice say, "Beg pardon, old f'ler, didn't know it was you, the moon dazzles yer eyes so."

From this point I commenced to "go wrong," and having forgotten I had turned round, I resumed my walk, with no clearer notion of the points of the compass than he has who is blindfolded, and after cataloguing his "father's horses" is told to "turn round three times, and catch whom he may"

Presently a sort of will-o'-the-wisp came dancing towards me, accompanied by an odour of pitch, and I heard a voice saying, "Light yer home, sir? Buy a link, sir?" I was getting confused, and was somewhat tempted to accept the aid of this low-pitched voice, but I still had a remnant of faith in my phrenological certificate, and resolved that I would try my "bump" once more. "Jog merrily on the foot pathway," I hummed to myself, but I had not "jogged" far, when a cluster of *ignus fatui* (I'm not sure of this Latin plural), some shouting men, and a clatter of a horse's feet, discovered to me the fact that I was *off* the "foot pathway," and in the road, and that a belated "growler" was being led to the stables; more offers of help from *links-eyed* boys, and more independence in my refusal; for I thought I had regained my right side of the way and could descry the red lamp of a surgery which I remembered, and which "Locality" said was Dr. So-and-So's.

"Now, Master Walter, you must keep on 'the even tenour of your way,' and make for your guiding star, 'The Nag's Head,' and then, hey! for the Oleanders and supper."

I walked on, and on, but no guiding star became visible, and not a sound was heard.

"Hang it!" (the "fun" was evaporating) "I can't have passed the blessed 'Nag's Head,' and surely its blaze of light ought to be seen now. Hullo! what do I hear?—a fiddle? Good-night, Locality; I'll follow my ears now, and 'go for' that Paganini."

Thus led, I drew nearer to the music, and groping my way in the direction of the sound, came to some iron railings, on the other side of which a strange, far-away voice was singing "The girl I left behind me," to the scratchy accompaniment of a fiddle. Presently the performance ended, and I heard the creak of a gate, followed by the tap, tap, tap of a stick on the pavement.

"Eureka! here's a stroke of luck!—a blind fiddler, to whom fog and daylight are alike." My spirits revived, and I began to sing, as I followed the tapping,

"I am a roamer, bold and gay,
But in the fog have lost my way."

No response from "the poor blind," so I quickened my pace, and overtook him with a crash.

"Now, then! where are yer comin' to?" said a hoarse, but good-humoured voice.

"Oh! I *beg* your pardon," said I; "I hope I've not hurt you, but it's so plaguy thick, I didn't see you."

"All right; no 'arm done, an' no offence took."

"Thanks; I'm afraid I've lost my way; is this the Holloway Road?"

"Ollerwy Road? No, o' course it ain't. Where d'yer want to go to? 'cause I've on'y got one more turn to do, an' then I'll take yer 'ome, wherever it is? I can smell an' taste this 'ere fog's a thick 'un, but fogs don't make no difference to me, 'ceptin' they makes me 'oarse.'"

I debated a moment with myself whether I should go with this Bartimeus, and then let him take me home, or merely ask him to "put me in the proper way," and trust to "locality" to manage the rest.

"How long will you be over this 'turn,' as you call it, and how far am I from the Oleander Road?"

"Holiander Road? why you're a goin' right away from it. Now, look 'ere, I got to go an' sing a song, an' play a toon or two, close by 'ere, to a poor little chap with a broke back, as keeps awake for me of a Friday night; he's on'y nine year old, an' two out o' the nine 'e's laid in 'is little bed in the same persishun,—that's 'ard lines, ain't it? Still 'e's lively, mind yer, an' in the summer-time they opens the winder, an' me an' 'im 'as a bit o' chat together. Well, I'll jes go an' give 'im 'is turn, then I meets my wife close by—she's blind, like me, yer know, mister—an' then I'll take yer 'ome like a bird. What d'yer say?"

"Say?" I replied, "why, done! Give me hold of a bit of your coat, or I shall lose you, as sure as fate; and, I say, don't be longer than you can help, for I'm as hungry as a hunter. Now then, 'lead on,' Bartimeus, 'I'll follow thee.'"

"All right, on'y my name ain't Barty, nor yet Meus neether, it ain't; my name's Joe,—Joe Kimble."

"Is it?" said a clear feminine voice, so close to me that I started aside. "Oh, I'm so *glad* it's you, Joe, for you can take me home, you know. Aunt will be so frightened; I ought to have been home an hour ago, but I'm completely lost; I thought I was in the main road, but there are no lights, or shops, or anything; *wherever* are we?"

"Why, it's Miss Linton, ain't it?" said the fiddler.

"Yes, Joe, it is. I hope you're going our way, though I know it's not your night for us; but *do* come, fogs make no difference to you, poor old fellow, and for once you have the advantage of us who can see."

"O' course I'll see yer 'ome, miss. I got one customer for your road a'ready; le' me see, what number did you say yourn was, mister?"

"Oh! never mind me," I replied. "This young lady's friends will be anxious; pray attend to her, and I'll follow in your wake. I can find my house if once I'm in the road. The fiddler then explained to the invisible lady that he was 'jest agoin' to play to the little chap with the broke back,' but if she liked he would take her home first."

"Oh dear! I *should* be sorry to disappoint the poor little boy. How long will it take you, Joe?"

"Oh! I won't be long, miss. I was tellin' this gen'l'm'n—if 'e didn't mind coming with me. We'd pick up my missus 'ard by 'ere, an' be in Holiander Road in less than 'arf an hour."

"Very well, Joe; let's start at once. Auntie won't be too anxious, I hope. Let me take hold of your coat, for I positively can't see you; there, now then, quick march!"

"Foller on, sir," said Joe to me, as he gave a preliminary tap on the pavement.

"Oh! I beg the gentleman's pardon for running away with the guide. Perhaps, sir, you too can find a piece of 'Joseph's coat,' although its 'many colours' will be no help to you in this fog."

I don't know what I replied, but as we marched along in single file, my hunger and all desire to reach Oleander Road melted away, and I felt that if only this voice would continue in my ears, I would gladly walk about in the murky air all night.

There are voices, *and* voices, some which would, by their innate harshness, mar the sweetest poetry or noblest prose, and others which would make music of the multiplication table. This charm and power of mere voice, independent of *what* is said or sung, is due, I suppose, to that subtle thing called "*timbre*," which generates what may be termed emotional harmonics, and sets heart-strings, as well as air-waves, in vibration; but whatever may be the scientific explanation of the phenomenon, I can only record the fact that I was completely fascinated by the mere voice of a person I had never seen, and had only heard for a few moments. We walked on, and I listened greedily to the soft, liquid, yet perfectly clear tones of this modern Lorely, as she prattled little common-places about the "dreadful fog," and how she "*could* have got so far out of her way."

Now I was not a "sentimental" young man; on the contrary, *I was an accountant*; moreover there had been "pretty caps set" at me in vain, and my married sisters had assigned me the rôle of "bachelor uncle"; therefore, remembering these things, I call myself to account, for I felt a new sensation at my heart.

"Walter, what are you about? Why, this voice which thrills you so may be 'voice and nothing more,' besides *she may be 'forty and look it'*. Ah! but Bartimeus here called her 'Miss,' and she lives with an 'aunt.' She's young, I'm sure, and pretty too. By Jove, I'm half in love with her already."

"Joe, how clever you are to know just where everybody lives. How *can* you remember them all?" said the siren who was causing me this overhauling of self, as the fiddler stopped and pushed open a gate.

"Oh! I don't know 'ow I does it, but I sees everything inside o' me some'ow, just the same as you do wi' yer eyes, an' me an' my stick knows the feel of all the kerbs, an' lamp-posts, an' railin's, an' things, an' we werry seldom makes a mistake. Now, if you two'll stop here, I'll go down the airey steps, an' play the little chap a toon."

"You *two*!" I remember now how pleased I was at the sort of "leave-the-young-folks-to-themselves" tone in Joe's instructions.

"The blind man and you are old acquaintances, it seems," I said.

"Yes, he comes to us once a week, and isn't it curious? he has a blind wife too; they take different routes all day, then meet in the evening at some sort of blind folks' Clapham-junction, and stump home together arm-in-arm." Then, modulating her dulcet voice to the relative minor: "Isn't it sad for this poor boy here?—compelled to lie still so long, and in pain too; yet I'm told he's very patient and even cheerful,

for Joe says he sometimes jokes him about his playing, and asks for all sorts of impossible tunes on purpose to hear Joe's excuses."

"I must admit," I said, "that Joe's fiddle might be better handled, and his voice is not all that could be desired; but I was very glad to hear him murdering 'The girl he left behind him' just now, for without his aid I should still have been wandering hopelessly in this fog, I fear, and, moreover, I am indebted to him for the pleasure of—"

"Oh, yes, I know that performance well," interrupted Lorely, with a return to the original major-key—and, *sotto voce*, "poor Joe's voice won't reach the high notes of the tune, so when they occur he leaves off singing and plays a chord on his fiddle, something like this, 'An' let the night be — so dark, an' e'er so wet and —dy, — will return safe back agin, to the girl I lef' beyin' me."

This imitation, so perfectly given in the momentary interval between Joe's tunes to the bedridden boy, finished me, and though I laughed outright, the novel sensation at my heart returned with increased force, and I said to myself, "I *must* have a peep at her face, and if that be only half as lovely as her voice, she's an angel."

So I asked her permission to light a cigar, hoping thus to get a glimpse at least of her features.

"Oh, yes; pray smoke. I like the smell of a cigar."

But my vesta was no match for the fog (pun not intended), by its tiny glimmer. I could only descry the merest outline of a figure, which for all I could *see* to the contrary might have belonged to the fiddler.

After a few minutes' smoking, and some chat on the strangeness of our situation, being thus at the mercy of a blind man for "leading," if not for "light," we heard our guide coming towards us, and I said, "I'll ask him to tune up his E string."

"Oh," said Lorely, with a musical little laugh, "he'll tell you he only plays by '*year*.' I've often asked him to put his fiddle in tune, and once, while he was drinking his tea at our door, I tuned it for him just for fun; but his '*year*' must be defective, for next time he came the E was as flat as ever."

"Do you play the violin, then?" I asked, in surprise, for lady fiddlers were very rare in those days.

"Yes, I play a little; it's my second study at the Academy."

Here our guide took us in tow again, and as we walked along, I realised another charm in this "lieblich gedacht" at my side, and that was the outspoken candour of her speech, the ingenuousness, which took it for granted that "*second study*" and "*the Academy*" were terms needing no explanation.

"And she plays the fiddle! Well, I don't care if she is 'forty,' and *does* 'look it' (though I'm certain she isn't and doesn't), *here is my wife if ever I marry*. 'Tis not her face that love creates, as old Whitehead sings (for I haven't seen it), but 'her voice, her touch' have decidedly 'given the alarm,' and 'I'm in love, in love, in love.'"

My readers must know that most of my time not occupied by business I had devoted to music, and was considered a very good fiddler. It was therefore partly to show my companion that we had congeniality of tastes, in one respect at least, and partly from a desire to "show off" a little that I said to our guide, "Oh, I say, Bartimeus, that seems a very good-toned fiddle of yours; let me tune up for you."

"My name *ain't* Barty, nor yet Meus, neether; I told you so afore, and my fiddle's right enough for me; I on'y plays by year." Lorely gave a little "I told you so" cough. "Owsomever," continued Joe, "if you like to put it in toon, you can; I've done playin' for to-night. Here, where are ye? Lay 'old."

I took the fiddle, put it in order, and played an extempore March to the rhythm marked by Joe's stick.

"Ah! you're a perfish'nal, I 'spose, you *can* play, an' no mistake. I say, old 'ard a minnit; my missis 'll be at the corner o' the nex' street; don't say a word; but when I says 'Now,' you jest fire away as you did at fust. My wig, won't she jump!"

"You wicked old Joe," said the voice I loved. "How dare you trick your wife so? What fun, though! come along."

Presently, Joe whispered "Now," and I let off as grand a "display of fireworks" as I could, finishing with some variations on "The girl I left behind me."

Joe, in struggling to suppress his laughter, was seized with a fit of coughing, at the conclusion of which he whispered, "Keep my fiddle a bit," and resumed his "tap, tap, tap." After striking a lamp-post to confirm his whereabouts, he said, very softly, "Keep yer ears open, an' there'll be larks."

"Is that you, Joe?" said a voice from somewhere in the fog.

"Yes, Lizer, it's me;" then, *sotto voce*, to us, "Foller me a tip-toe acrost this bit o' road."

We did so, and remained behind him, when he came to a stand-still.

"Who was that a-playin' jus' now?" said Mrs. Joe, not in the sweetest tone of voice.

"Oo was a-playin' jus' now? Why, me, o course; oo should it be? It ain't the sort o' night for Mister Joe Akin to be in the streets, is it?"

"Joe, don't you be a fool; d'yer think I don't know *your* old scrape when I ears it? Why, you couldn' play like that—no, not to get yer eyesight. Oo was it, I tell yer?"

"Ah! that's the way wi' you wimmin—allus runnin' down yer own belongin's. I been 'avin' my E string tooned up—that's what makes the difference, I s'pose," said the mendacious old joker.

"Oh, *hindeed!* Well, le' me year yer play another toon, then," said his wife, suspiciously.

Joe prodded me with his stick, and I did my very best, quite as much to please Lorely as to contribute to Joe's "larks." I was playing some slow melody on the G string, when we all heard a slap and then a yell from Joe.

"Now, then, wot's that for?"

"For playin' the fool an' not the fiddle. Oo's that be'ind yer?"

While Joe was chuckling at his "larks," his sharper wife had crept close to where he was standing, and discovered she was being tricked. This brought matters to a climax, and explanations having been given, I restored the fiddle to its rightful owner.

Very soon afterwards, Joe said—

"Ere's Holeander Road; what number's yourn?"

I was anything but pleased, for Lizer had walked off with Lorely, and I felt that my adventure was about to end flatly, like a damp squib.

"Oh, I can find my way now," I replied. "Here, Joe, hold out your hand; here's a shilling for you. I say, where does the young lady live? you know, don't you?"

"O' course I do," he whispered; "an' just wouldn't you like to know, too, eh?"

"Yes, Joe, I should. I've—I mean—that is—I've taken a great liking to her."

"Well, she's at 'er door now, 'long o' Lizer; No. 37's 'er 'ouse."

"The deuce it is!" I gasped. "Why, No. 37 is *my*—Here, Joe—here's another shilling for you; you're the finest fiddler in the whole world."

"Come, I say, stow it about my fiddlin'; why, I only plays by year."

Here 'Lizer joined us, and I heard the voice which was now my "corn, wine, and oil," say—

"Good-night, Joe; I've given 'Lizer something for you, and I'm so much obliged to you; and good-night to *you*, sir, with many thanks for your beautiful playing."

A smart little "rat-a-tat-tat" on a knocker guided me to the door she stood at, and after hastily bidding adieu to the two blind folk, I groped my way up the steps, just as Mrs. Malcolm, my landlady, opened the door.

"Is that you, Nelly? Oh, I'm so glad! What a dreadful night! Why, I can hardly see you even now. Come in, or we shall have the house full of fog. Why, I declare! here's Mr. Gooch, too. Well, I never did! Mr. Gooch, I must introduce you; this is my niece, Miss Linton. Nelly, this is Mr. Gooch, who has taken the drawing-rooms, you know, only he's been so late home of a night and left so early in the morning you've not seen him. Well, I declare! to think of your both coming to the door together. Now, Nelly, run and get your things off; and perhaps, Mr. Gooch, you won't mind supping downstairs to-night with us (Won't *mind!* Heavens!), for your chimney *has* smoked so I've been obliged to let the fire out; it's the fog, I s'pose. Don't be long, for the pudding must be boiled to rags;" and still muttering "Why, why!" and "Well, to be sure!" the good old dame retreated, leaving me to crow and thrill at this unexpected *denouement*.

"Was there ever such luck?" I said to myself, while "tittivating." "I was wondering how I should set about gaining a proper introduction, and here everything's done for me; and she's beautiful, too—I knew she must be. But suppose she's engaged," I thought; "surely others have felt the charm of her lovely voice, to say nothing of her beautiful face; and doubtless some fellow-student at 'The Academy' has succumbed to it." (Ugh! how cold the room seemed at that moment!) "But

then," I resumed, more cheerfully, "*she* may not have succumbed. I hope *she's* heart-whole; she *must* be. I can't live without her—*won't*, I swear!"

A knock at my door, and Maggy's voice, announcing that "supper was ready," terminated my hot and cold thrills; and with my heart beating "nineteen to the dozen," I entered the cosy little breakfast-parlour; a cheerful fire and plenty of light sent all the "engaged" fears packing, and when shortly afterwards my Lorely entered, I could fain have laughed out for joy.

"I hope I've not kept you waiting," she began, in her bright, yet velvety tone. "Good evening, Mr. Foskey" (Mr. Foskey, an old bachelor of fifty, was the only other lodger); "how did you get home? Ah! *you've* not been seen home by a blind man and his blind wife. Oh! aunty, it's been *such* fun; only fancy, that but for accidentally meeting with poor old fiddler Joe, both Mr. Gooch and I would have been lost, and then what *would* have become of you? I know what would have happened to *you*, Mr. Foskey; you'd have eaten our share of the pudding; and oh, my! *wouldn't* you have had indigestion. You must really give Joe sixpence next week."

The supper over, Mrs. Malcolm insisted on "a full, true, and particular account" of our adventure, my part of which—up to the point of my falling in with Bartimeus—I recounted briefly, for I was as anxious as my landlady to hear my enchantress; and while she recapitulated all the details of our journey, I feasted my eyes on her beautiful face. Reader, I would I could depict that face for you; but far more do I wish you could hear her speak.

"That is the best part of beauty," says Bacon, "which a painting cannot express; and similarly that is the sweetest melody which is sung only to one." She was neither blonde, nor brunette, but a delicious "blend" of both. Blonde as to eyes and transparency of complexion; brunette, as to hair, brows, and a certain warmth of colouring. As I anticipated from her rapid, yet very distinct enunciation, her teeth were faultless. (Public speakers and singers, please note, and if nature has been unkind, consult a dentist.) With these few outlines, perhaps you can fill in details which may give an idea of her face; but of her voice as it affected, and still affects me, I can give no description. Her most simple utterance sets some chord vibrating in my heart, and, as I tell her sometimes if she were to enact Lurline from either muddy Thames, coaly Tyne, or the Styx itself, I should be compelled to follow her.

I am astonished, but not displeased, that other people seem not to hear the "voix celeste," which sets me quivering, an exception being her aunt, who, when I told her I loved her niece "at first hearing," said, with tears coursing down her cheeks: "Oh, Mr. Gooch, *she has an angel's voice*. Her mother was my youngest sister, and died when Nelly was born; and sometimes when Nell is serious and speaks quietly to me, it is my sister in heaven that I hear."

On the 15th of May following, in reply to a question put to her by a clergyman, my Lorely said, "I will;" and those two monosyllables, and some subsequent forms, changed her name to "Gooch." "Not a very long courtship," you say? Oh yes; it has been very long, for it is going on still, notwithstanding the fact that at a recent concert of our local Harmonic Society the following item appeared in the programme:—

QUARTET IN E MINOR Miss NELLY GOOCH.

1st Violin	Mr. Walter Gooch.
2nd Violin	Mrs. Walter Gooch.
Viola	Miss Nelly Gooch.
Violoncello	Mr. Walter Malcolm Gooch.

We are great at "string quartets," but I hold with good old Willam Byrd, who said: "*There is not any musick of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the human voice.*"

KENILWORTH.

THE MEETING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND AMY ROBSART.

THE large presentation plate which accompanies this issue of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK AND ANNUAL, and which has been reproduced from a painting by Mr. Maynard Brown, reminds us of one of the most romantic chapters of English history. A strange fascination still lingers round the story of the proud and jealous queen, notwithstanding the vanity and cruelty which she undoubtedly displayed. It is, however, too familiar to require re-telling, and the picture therefore may be allowed to speak for itself.

DECEMBER.
1888.

December 1st, Saturday.

Princess of Wales b. 1844. Ebenezer Elliott poet, ("the Anti-Corn Law Rhymist") d. 1840. Metropolitan Meat Market opened 1888.

2nd, Sunday.

1st in Advent. Battle of Austerlitz 1805. Queen Adelaide d. 1840. Coup d'état in Paris 1832. Amelia Opie, novelist, d. 1853.

3rd, Monday.

10h 5m A.M. Samuel Crompton, inventor of the mule for spinning cotton, b. 1753. Robert Bloomfield, poet, b. 1766. Belzoni, traveller, d. 1823. John Flaxman, sculptor, d. 1826. Robert Montgomery, poet, d. 1855.

4th, Tuesday.

Cardinal Richelieu d. 1642. William Drummond, poet, d. 1690. John Gay, poet, d. 1732. Thomas Carlyle b. 1795. Suttee abolished in India 1829.

5th, Wednesday.

Secession from the Church of Scotland 1783. Mozart d. 1791. John Bewick, wood engraver, d. 1795.

6th, Thursday.

St. Nicolas, bp. Henry IV. of England b. 1421. Rev. Richard Harris Barham, comic poet, b. 1783. Her Majesty's Theatre burnt 1807.

7th, Friday.

Cicero, Roman orator, assassinated 43 B.C. Marshal Ney, French general, shot at Paris 1815.

8th, Saturday.

Concep. of V. Mary. Mary, Queen of Scots b. 1542. Richard Baxter d. 1691. Papal Syllabus issued 1864. Duchess d'Anguleme d. 1830. Ring Theatre, Vienna, burnt 1881.

9th, Sunday.

2nd in Advent. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden b. 1594. John Milton b. 1608. Cromwell proposed Self-denying Ordinance 1644.

10th, Monday.

Ember Week. 10h 45m A.M. Llewellyn, last native Prince of Wales, killed 1831. Edmund Gunter, mathematician, d. 1626. Thomas Allcroft, dramatist, b. 1745.

11th, Tuesday.

Sir Roger L'Estrange d. 1704. Charles XII. of Sweden killed at Frederickshall 1718. Charles Wesley, musician, b. 1757. Madame Thiers d. 1880.

12th, Wednesday.

Ember Day. Close of the Barrenes Parliament 1653. Dr. Erasmus Darwin b. 1731. Bolingbroke d. 1731. Colley Cibber, dramatist, d. 1757. Brunel, engineer of Thames Tunnel, d. 1849. Attempted assassination of Lord Lytton 1879.

13th, Thursday.

St. Lucia, V. and M. James V. of Scotland d. 1542. First meeting of the Council of Trent 1545. Henry IV. of France b. 1553. Dr. Johnson, lexicographer, d. 1784. St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway opened 1851.

14th, Friday.

Ember Day. Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, beheaded 1417. George Washington d. 1799. Prince Consort d. 1861. Princess Alice d. 1878.

15th, Saturday.

Ember Day. Episcopacy restored 1661. Isaac Walton, author of the "Complete Angler," d. 1683. Lady Beaconsfield d. 1872.

16th, Sunday.

3rd in Advent. Oliver Cromwell proclaimed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth 1653. Bill of Rights passed 1689. George Whitefield, preacher, b. 1714. Jane Austen b. 1775. Carl Maria von Weber, composer, b. 1786.

17th, Monday.

Sir William Gassene, Lord Chief Justice, d. 1413. Ludwig von Beethoven, composer, b. 1770. Sir Humphrey Davy b. 1779.

18th, Tuesday.

10h 40m A.M. Prince Rupert, military commander, b. 1619. Archbishop Laud impeached 1610. Samuel Rogers, poet, d. 1855. G. H. Ward, artist, d. 1871.

19th, Wednesday.

Revised Book of Common Prayer 1661. Earl of Beaconsfield b. 1805. J. M. W. Turner, painter, d. 1851.

LITTLE JIM'S BIG STORY. THE BOY THAT LIVED SIX CENTURIES.

By THOMAS ARCHER.

HE was a very quiet lad Jim was, and everybody at home wondered to see him bring home two prizes at Christmas—the extra history prize, and the prize for an essay on "Recollections of Childhood," which was the subject given out to the fellows in his class. Nobody read the essay but Jim himself and the examining-master, who looked very hard at Jim, and burst out laughing before he locked the paper up in his desk; but he gave Jim a prize for all that—a book that had a poem in it with the same title as the essay.

Some people said Jim squinted, for he had a funny way of looking at anybody, with his eyes half shut, and he spoke in a low, dreamy kind of voice, and sometimes he stammered. Nobody quite knew whether Jim was clever or not. He was now twelve years old, and was spoken of as "an oddity." His mother believed that he would be a clever man some day; but when she saw him sitting in the window curled up on a chair, with a book on his knee and his chin in his hands, would tell him stories of young men who were meant for the church—or, as she called it, "for the ministry"—so injuring themselves by overstudy that they had to be sent out as missionaries.

Jim's father used to pat him on the head, and look at him just as Jim looked back, with his eyes half shut, as though he was trying to make out what was inside him, and then he used to laugh, and Jim used to laugh in a quiet way, and his father would give him twopence and tell him not to spend it nearer than a couple of miles from home.

Uncle Badger, when he noticed Jim at all, used to put his head on one side, pout out his lips, and say that he supposed he was like most other boys. Precious little difference between 'em, so far as he knew! All a set of impudent young rascals that took liberties because birching had gone out of fashion, and mothers wanted 'em tied to their apron-strings!

Cousin Prudentia, who lived with Jim's mother and father, had no opinion of anything or anybody that any other thing or other body cared about listening to, for it was well known that she was an idiot, and had never known anything, and was treated as such. This was what she said when she was in one of her tempers, and she said it so often and so disagreeably that people began to think she had arrived at self-knowledge and might soon aspire to a better world. Bob was Jim's elder brother, and had just left school and gone as an articled clerk. Dahlia was his little sister, who understood Jim better than all the rest of the family put together—except, perhaps, father.

There were visitors on Christmas Eve—old Mrs. Barley, young Tapper (a friend of Bob's, in the Colonial Office), and some neighbours from next door but one—there was no bearing with the next-door people—and they were all sitting in a wide circle round the fire after dinner, telling stories, guessing conundrums, and smacking their lips over fine old crusted jokes.

Little Jim was sitting on a low ottoman in the corner, close to his mother's chair, and with a book on his knee as usual, but he wasn't reading it. He was looking into the fire, when all of a sudden Uncle Badger said, "Come, Jim!" quite sharply, thinking to startle him; but Jim only bowed his head, and said, in his dreamy way, "Where am I to come to?"

Uncle Badger was rather taken aback for a moment, and there was a titter; but he wasn't to be chaffed by a young rascal of a boy, so he said, "Oh, I thought you were up the chimney, and as it's your turn to tell us a story or contribute something to the general amusement, I wanted to ask you for some of those 'Recollections of Childhood' that won the prize for the great essay." At this Uncle Badger grinned.

"That's where I was when you thought I was up the chimney," said Jim. "I was thinking of the time when I was page to Lady de Ros, in Derbyshire, in 1492, and of the Christmas at the great hall there, when the company sat down to dinner and the dancing bear broke the great bowl trying to get at the custard."

"What on earth does the boy mean—the young rascal?" said Uncle Badger; and there were cries of "Oh!" and "Jim, how can you!" and "Go on, Jimmy!"

"Why, you said 'Recollections of Childhood'—and if you don't believe in met-emp-sy-cho-sis—"

"What!" "The boy's mad!" "Jim, have you had any more port wine since dinner?" "Go it, Jimmy!"

20th, Thursday.

Ignatius martyred at Rome 107 A.D. Stage plays suppressed 1649.

21st, Friday.

Shortest Day. Winter season commences. Michaelmas Law Sittings end. St. Thomas, ap. Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, b. 1117. Boccaccio d. 1375.

22nd, Saturday.

Richard Plantagenet, alleged son of Richard III., d. 1550. Dr. Taft, Archbishop of Canterbury, b. 1811. "George Eliot," novelist, d. 1880.

23rd, Sunday.

4th in Advent. Henry de Lorraine, Duke of Guise, assassinated at Blois 1588. Robert Barclay, celebrated Quaker, b. 1618. Lord Romilly d. 1874.

24th, Monday.

Christmas Eve. Bills of Exchange due on 25th should be paid this day. King John b. 1199. George Crabbe, poet, b. 1754. Peace with America signed 1814. Hugh Miller d. 1853. W. M. Thackeray d. 1863.

25th, Tuesday.

Christmas Day. Sir Isaac Newton b. 1642. Severest Christmas ever experienced in Britain 1890.

26th, Wednesday.

Boxing Day. Bank Holiday. 5h 50m A.M. St. Stephen, M. Thomas Gray, poet, b. 1710.

27th, Thursday.

Holiday at Law Offices. St. John, Evan. Thomas Guy, founder of Guy's Hospital, d. 1724. Joanna Southcott d. 1814. Charles Lamb d. 1834. Josiah Conder d. 1838. Bombardment of Paris commenced 1870. Hepworth Dixon d. 1879.

28th, Friday.

Innocents Day. Holiday at Law Offices. Mary of Orange, queen of William III., d. 1694. Lord Macaulay, d. 1858.

29th, Saturday.

Thomas a Becket murdered 1170. Sir Archibald Alison b. 1792. William Ewart Gladstone b. 1809.

30th, Sunday.

Sunday after Christmas. Titus, Roman emperor, b. 41 A.D. Roger Ascham d. 1568. Royal Society instituted 1660. King and Queen of Spain shot at 1870.

31st, Monday.

New Year's Eve or Hogmanay. Commodus, Roman emperor, murdered 192 A.D. Weyliffe d. 1881. Battle of Wakefield 1460. The Young Pretender b. 1721.

"And have never heard of transmigration."

"Oh, this is too much!" "Never mind, Jim, my boy!"

"Yes; but it is mind, and matter too. I say, if you don't believe in either of 'em, or never heard of 'em, that isn't my fault; and if you can't any of you remember what you did before you were born the last time, and when you were somebody else, and lived in the brave days of old—well then, how can you understand 'Recollections of Childhood'? I say I was thinking about Christmas Eve, 1492, when I was page-boy to Lady de Ros, and the company was sitting down to dinner in the great hall, with the buffet of gold and silver plate at one end, and the deep fire-place where the logs burnt and crackled, and the boar's head had been brought in, and the peacock pasty. It was twelve o'clock at noon, for that was the dinner time then. We got up early, and had breakfast at seven—chines of salt beef and home-brewed ale. The peacock pie was the great dish. The bird was skinned—I have seen the cook do it—and when it had been made into a sort of a paste, with gravy, and almonds, and spices, and baked in a crust, the tail and the neck and head were put so that it looked as though the bird was there, and the tail spread out and the beak gilded. The finest lady of the company carved it, because it was a sort of sacred dish, and the knights and gentlemen would make vows over it, swearing "by cock and pie." Just as it was brought in there came two strolling fellows into the hall with a dancing bear, and one of 'em played a sort of whistle, and the other a tabor, and the bear began to dance to amuse the company till it smelt the custard, and waddled up and jerked the bowl off with its paw, and so had to be chased round the hall helter-skelter and turned out into the snow along with its masters.

"But I had harder work soon afterwards, for though the Wars of the Roses were over, and Henry the Seventh was king, there was almost a civil war in France, and lots of our noblemen here wanted to interfere between the Duke of Brittany and the young king, Charles VIII., who was then only fourteen—two years younger than I was. Our King Henry tried to make up their quarrel, and sent his own chaplain, Christopher Urswick, first to Brittany and then to France, to see what he could do. Christopher Urswick was a very good and learned man, and was an old friend of our family, so that I often saw him, and he took a fancy to me, and asked my lady to let me go with him. That's how it was that I was with some of the gentlemen of the court on Christmas Eve, when we went out boar-hunting, and I was killed trying to protect the Lady Adèle from a wild boar that came tearing through the snow, with its great tusks bare and foaming, and the bristles stuck up on its neck like a hearth-brush. The Lady Adèle had gone out in a sledge drawn by a horse. She wanted to see the sport, and as it was only fair sport to kill the boar with sword or spear, and our party had dismounted and left their horses with the grooms, there was likely to be enough of it. The dogs were pawing round, but the boar came hurtling through the thicket with a grunt that stopped them as they tried to leap upon him, its nostrils steaming and its eyes like coals of fire. Suddenly it turned, swerved round, and bounded furiously towards the sledge where the Lady Adèle sat. I had only a short sword in my belt, but drew it in a moment, and threw myself between the fierce brute and the sledge. The blade passed into the body of the boar just behind the shoulder, but its keen tusk had gored me, and we both lay weltering in gore. I was carried back in a litter made of branches, and in a week was dead. My master, Urswick, came back to England, but didn't bring my body with him. He refused to be made a bishop, for he was rector of Hackney, so perhaps he didn't care to be a bishop—and I suppose you won't deny that his monument's in Hackney Church, because anybody can go and see it.

"Emily," said Cousin Prudentia, severely shaking her finger at mother, "how you can sit there and listen to that boy's falsehoods and profanity I don't understand. He should go to bed this minute if he was my boy."

"But, you see, he isn't!" said mother, smiling gently.

"I don't think Jim means it for falsehood or profanity," said Uncle Badger, thoughtfully, with his chin in his hand.

"Oh, of course I'm not to be believed. I am always called a fool or a story-teller. I'm used to that in this house."

"Well, I won't tell any more of that story till Cousin Prudentia has gone to bed," said little Jim; "but—"

"Hark! There are the waits," said the lady from next door but one.

"Yes; just listen," said little Jim. "They don't play as well as the real old 'waits' played in the old 'quar' at the back of

Saint Saviour's Church in Southwark when I listened to them in the year 1683. The waits, don't you know, were really the watchers in the old time, and the best waits in England were the watchmen of Southwark, for they were musicians too, and when they went round at Christmas-time to watch the streets they played outside the houses of the great, and the best shops. They used to dress in fine style, I can tell you, with lace and feathers, and velvet jackets, and long cloaks, and when I looked out of the window of Mr. Jenks's, the hosier's shop, where I was an apprentice, and saw them in the snow singing the Christmas carol and playing, I longed to learn music. That was the first of my learning to play the fiddle of the organist at the church, for he could play almost everything—the harp and psalter, and all kinds of music just as you read in the Psalms. It was a good thing too that I did, for I joined the waits afterwards, and we used to play at some of the great parties at citizens' houses, and I had lessons in dancing, and used to teach it. I dare say Dahlia and Bob wondered how it was that I was able to tell them what the gavotte was, and how it used to be a sort of a swim, and a couple of hops, and a slide and a turn. Everybody was mad after the gavotte when it was first brought from France, and perhaps you won't believe that I used to go to the Mansion House to teach it to the Lord Mayor's family? I was an old man then. Yes, Uncle Badger, of course. It wasn't likely I should have been so clever if I hadn't been an old man some time or other. Oh, I could tell you a good deal about those old times, especially at Christmas Eve, when there used to be all sorts of games going on; and at midnight the girls would try charms and spells with burning nuts and hanging mistletoe and melting lead."

"Oh, whatever was that for—how did they do it?" said Dahlia.

"Never you mind, dear," replied little Jim. "You don't want to see your future husband just yet; and you wouldn't like to have what happened to Lady Olivia at the Mansion House, when she was dropping the melted lead, not into a bucket of water, but into a silver soup tureen, and—as lead almost always does—when it touched the cold water it burst into a thousand atoms, and Lady Olivia always had the marks in her face like small-pox."

"But you didn't know her, Jim?"

"Didn't I? Not when I was her old music-master, and taught her dancing, and she went to my funeral in the Lord Mayor's private carriage—not the gold state one, but the chocolate one?"

"But that was all a dream, wasn't it, Jim?" said mother, gently. "When did you wake up?"

Little Jim took mother's hand and kissed it.

"I waked up young and happy, mumsey, when Bob and I were at home, while you and father had gone to America; and we went to bed on the Christmas Eve in the best bedroom—your room at the old house, in the great bed with the carved four-post bedstead, and the hanging curtains; and we'd sat up ever so late. But you didn't come, and we wondered what sort of a Christmas Day it would be without you; and then we woke up, and there was a bright light, and a great figure of Punch was looking at us, hanging from the top of the bedstead, and we heard a voice, and it was daylight, and Christmas morning, and you were there in the room, and had brought a lot of toys, and you dressed us both yourself, and we went down to breakfast; and there was a merry Christmas indeed, for father had brought you home well, and we were all together again. That was the last me-temp-sy-cho-sis, mother dear, except that—Well, I'm not the same boy, you know, and nobody can say I'm the same boy, because if our bodies change, and our minds change—and there are some people who are always changing their minds—it's rather puzzling, isn't it, Uncle Badger?"*

OUR PRESENTATION PLATES.

THE six monochrome plates, illustrating the incidents mentioned in "Little Jim's Big Story," are reproductions of paintings by Cortazzo, representing The Banquet (Fifteenth century); The Boar Hunt (Sixteenth century); The Waits (Seventeenth century); Fortune-telling (beginning of Eighteenth century); The Gavotte (end of Eighteenth century); Christmas Presents (Nineteenth century.)

* Critics who are versed in the "sensational productions" of past years may accuse little Jim of having plagiarised from the late Dr. Croly's "Salathiel the Immortal," but there is no reason to believe that little Jim had ever read that work.